



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

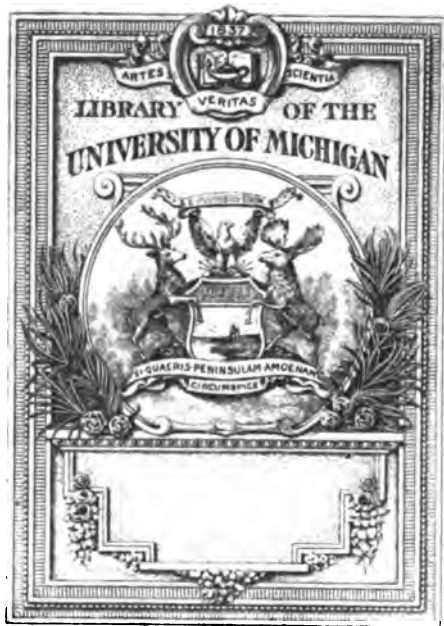
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

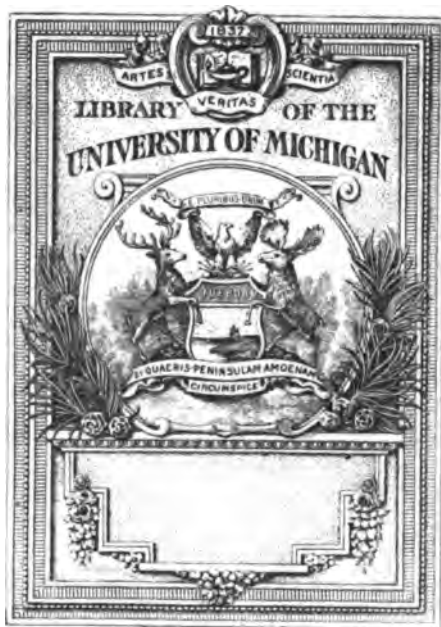
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

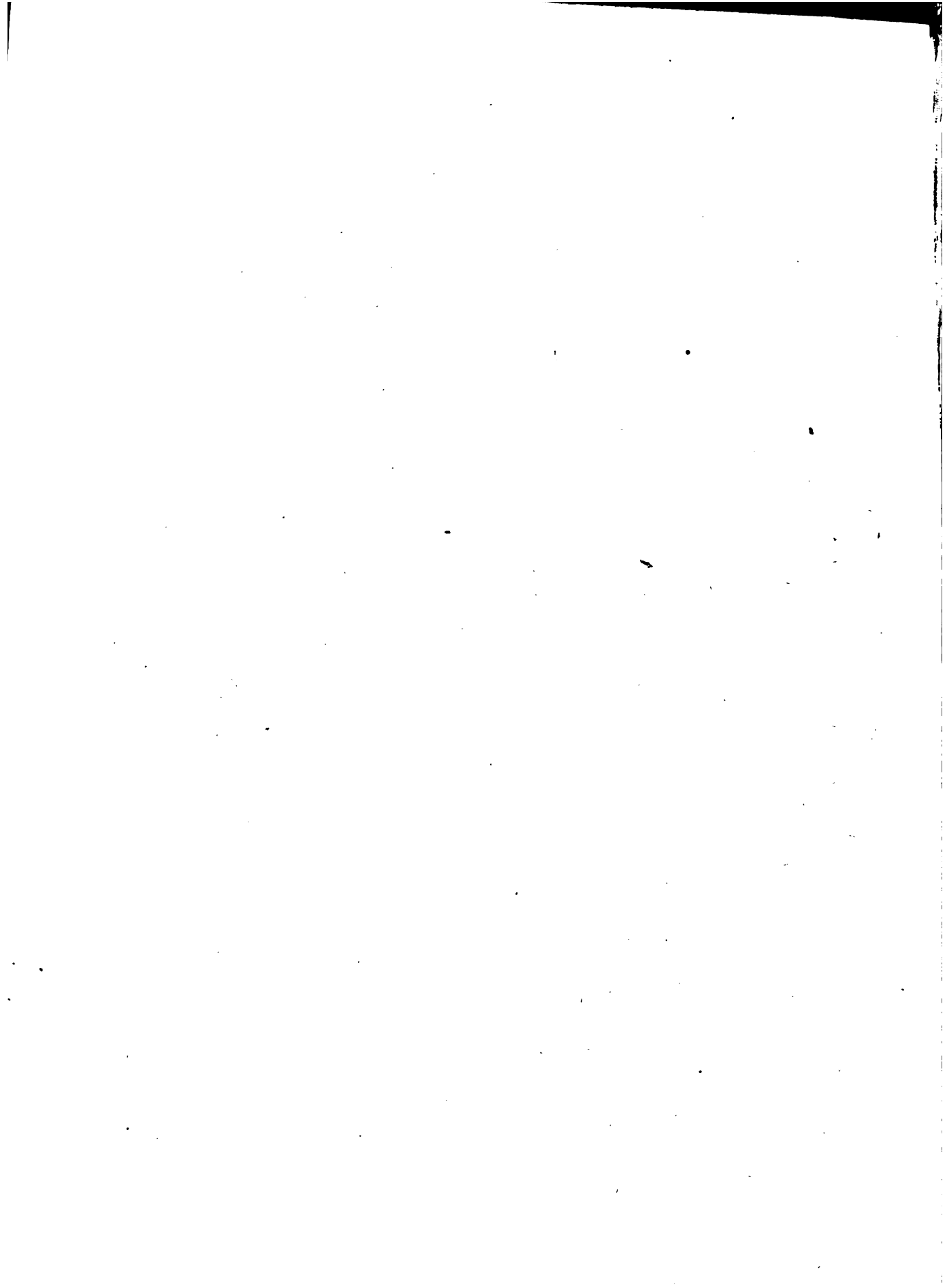
B 1,081,055

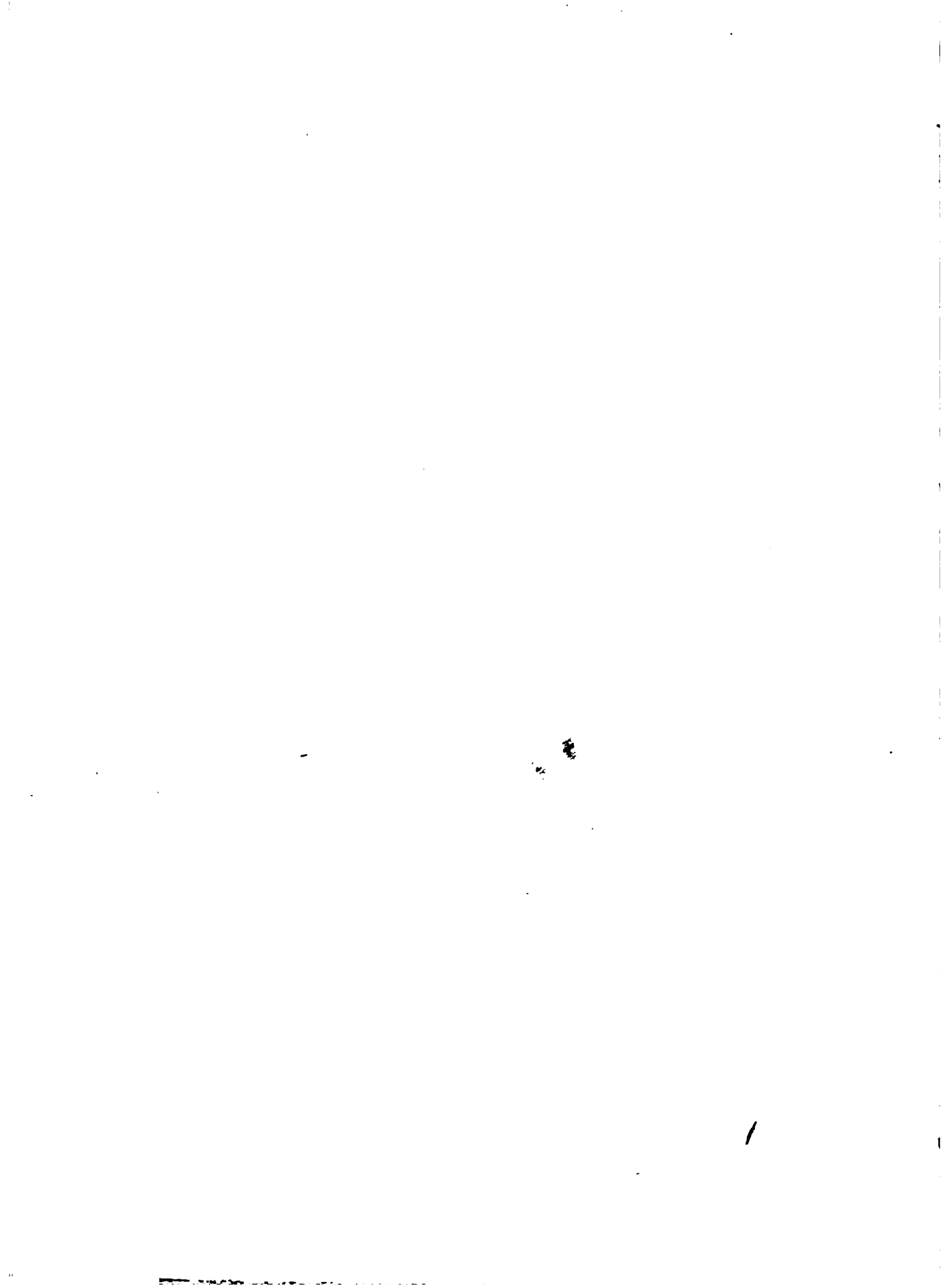


F
171
M22



E
171
M22





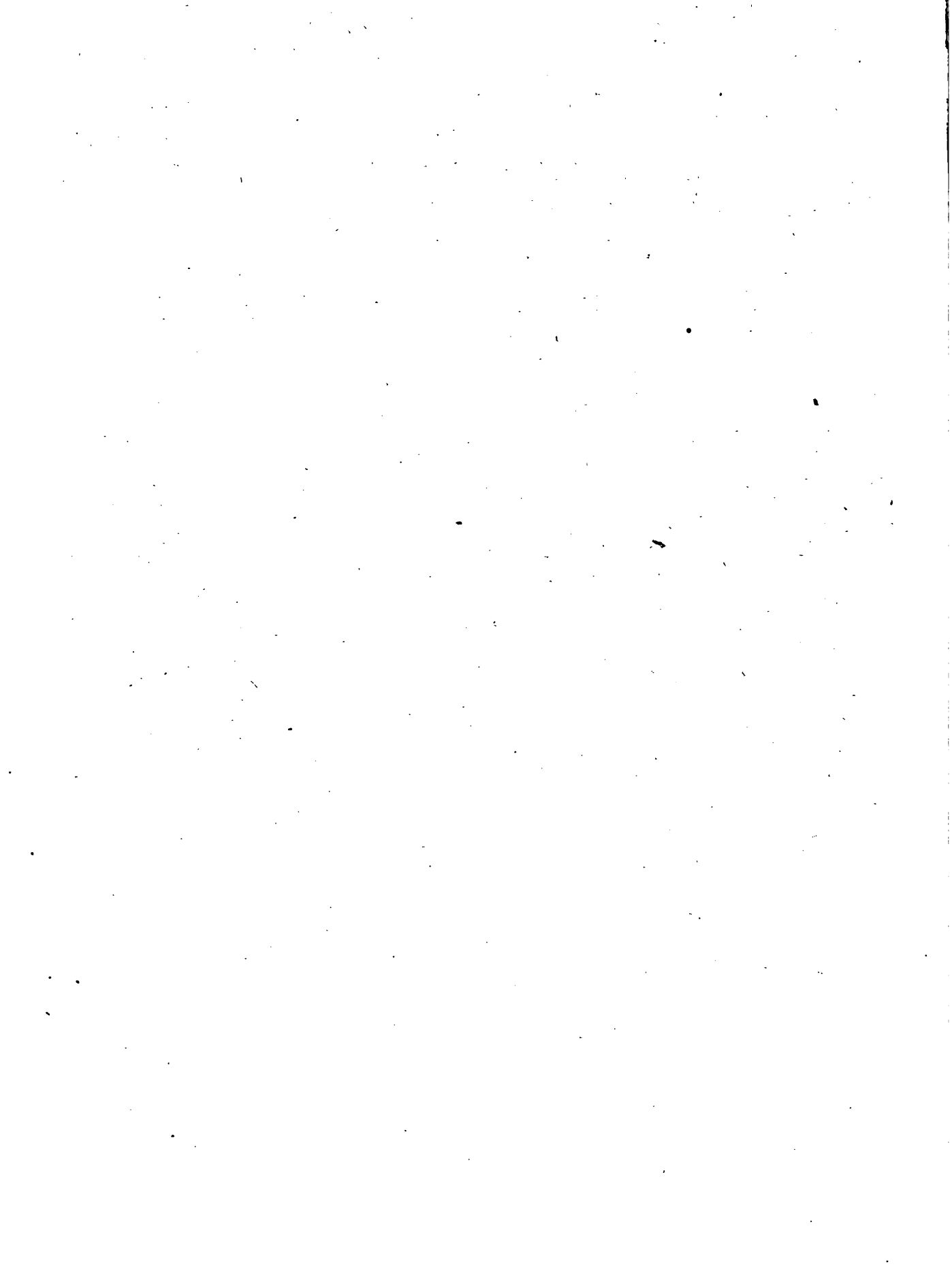
THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

JULY—DECEMBER, 1909

WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK
1909





THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

JULY—DECEMBER, 1909

WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK
1909



INDEX TO VOLUME X

JULY-DECEMBER, 1909

Adams, Mrs. E. S., article by.....	37	Earliest Explorations Far Westward	
Alexander, John McK.	96	from Lake Superior (Upham).....	231
Allstadt, John T.	309 <i>et seq.</i>	"Embattled Farmers," The (Fisher)..	207
Ancestry of the Ohioan (The) (Courtenay)	275	Errata	8
Arctic Summer Trip (an) (Hallock)..	17	Fisher, Lieut.-Col. H. N., article by...	207
Arnold, Paul T., article by.61, 123, 185,	247	Friend Jonathan (Poem) (Odell).....	27
Ashe, Capt. S. A.	98	First Freedmen to Become Soldiers	
Avis, John	338 <i>et seq.</i>	(The) (Hawks)	23
Bagge, Traugott	95	Franklin, Benjamin	150
Baker, Mary E., article by	249	Fries, Adelaide L.	99
Banks, Gen. N. P.	252	Fulton in France	343
Benton, J. H., article by.....	238	Gettysburg	131
BOOK REVIEWS:		Gilmore, Toby	91
Biographical Sketches of Dover, Mass.		Gorges, Ferdinando	71 <i>et seq.</i>
Soldiers	380	Green, Lieut. Israel	314
Handbook of Alaska	380	Greyslaer; A Romance of the Mohawk	
Italy from 1494 to 1790.....	377	(Charles Fenno Hoffman)....	51, 113, 180,
Robert Y. Hayne and his Times....	377		242, 304, 366
Some Hidden Sources of Fiction....	379	Hallock, Charles, article by	17
The Story of the Great Lakes.....	60	Halstead, Murat	335
Boston Draft Riot (The) (Adams)...	37	Hamor, Ralph	285
Brackett, Edwin A.	321 <i>et seq.</i>	Harriot, Thomas	282
British Archives, Extracts from (E. F. McPike)	170, 213	Hawks, Dr. John M., article by.....	26
Brown, Annie	319	Hayley, Rev. J. W., article by.....	298
Brown, Jason	315	Hoffman, Charles Fenno 51, 113, 180, 242,	
Brown, John	309 <i>et seq.</i>		304, 366
Brown, Jr., Mrs. John	321	Hudson-Fulton Celebration, The (F. M. White)	354
Brown, Salmon	317	Hudson and Fulton (Poem), Porter....	348
Brown, Sarah	319	Humors (The) of Genealogy (Wade). 261	
Cabot, Major Stephen	39	ILLUSTRATIONS: The Jolly Flatboat Men, July	
Courtenay, Rev. A. M., article by.....	275	In the Country of the Chesapeake (Val-landigham)	163
De La Vega Garcilasso.....	284	Is the Mecklenburg Declaration a Myth? (Moore)	94
De Montaut, Mlle. de.....	342		
Dudley, Paul	155		
Dunbar, Jennie	332		

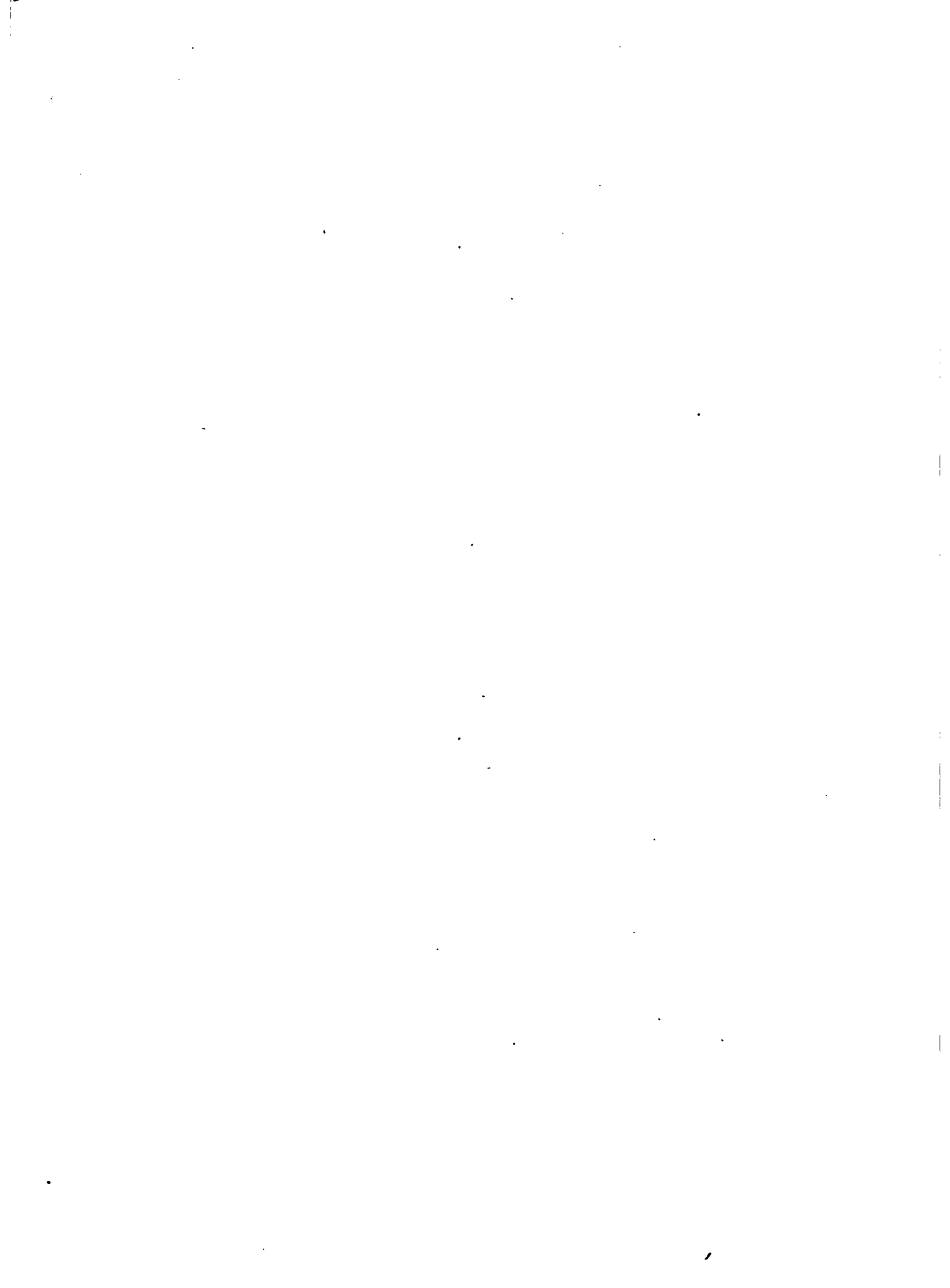
- Jackson, "Stonewall" 337
 John Brown's Raid Fifty Years Ago
 (Mayo) 309
 Johnson, Mrs. (Indian Captivity)..... 273
 Josselyn, John 286
- La France, Joseph 232
 Laud, Archbishop 141
 Lee, Robert E.314 *et seq.*
 L'Enfant, Major Pierre C. 296
 Leonard, Cuff 92
 Leonard, James and Henry.....86 *et seq.*
- LETTERS:
 Beverly Robinson 47
 Cæsar, Rodney 110
 Gen. Artemas Ward.....110
 Lafayette 111
 Lewis Morris 46
 Lydia Maria Child..... 303
 Theodore Sedgwick 302
 Washington 48, 112
 Lincoln, Mary E., article by..... 86
- McIlwaine, H. R., article by..... 143
 McLean, John 194
 McPike, Eugene F., article by... 170, 213
 Martin, Gov. Josiah..... 95
 Mayo, Katharine, John Brown's Raid
 Fifty Years Ago 309
 Milestones in and near Boston (Read)
 151, 194
- MINOR TOPICS:
 An Anti-Slavery appeal 241
 Days of the Forefathers (Hayley)... 298
 Honor paid to L'Enfant..... 296
 Memorial to Anne Hutchinson..... 41
 Preserving Historic Objects 43
 "Warning Out" 238
 Wide-Awakes of 1860 293
 Miner, William Harvey, article by.... 282
 Moore, James H., article by 94
 Morgan, Forrest, article by...1, 71, 137, 220
 Morton, Thomas 285
- New England Town in the French and
 Indian Wars (A) (Wood)...29, 157, 256
 Negro Soldiers in the United States
 Army (Arnold).....61, 123, 185, 247
- NOTES BY THE WAY:
 A Unique Memorial 177
 Beaver Colonies in the Adirondacks 178
 Echo of the Past (An) 176
 First Union Volunteer (The)..... 108
 Flute of Bunker Hill (The)..... 50
 Hymn (A) to Order 106
 Indian Relics from a River Bed.... 50
 Monument at Old Fort Massac..... 109
 Narragansett Indians' Church (The) 107
 Nova Scotia Looking up History of
 Acadians' Exile 177
 Pigeon (A) with a War Record..... 178
 Runestone Shown in Chicago 105
 The New York Lottery, 1746..... 108
 The Patriotic Societies 177
- Oberholtzer, E. P., The Revival of
 Pageantry 350
 Odell, Rev. Jonathan, poem by..... 27
 Old Crown Point Road (The) (Baker) 269
 Old Fort Massac (Scott) 287
- ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS:
 46, 48, 110, 112, 302-3
- Pageantry, The Revival of (E. P.
 Oberholtzer) 350
 Pennsylvania County Names (Prowell) 130
 Piper, Timothy and Thomas..... 300
- POEMS:
 Friend Jonathan 27
 Hudson and Fulton 348
 Porter, P. B., M. D., Hudson and Ful-
 ton (Poem) 348
 Prowell, George R., Pennsylvania
 County Names 130
- Raynham Recollections (Lincoln)..... 86
 Read, Charles F., article by.....151, 194
 Revolutionary War Material in the
 Virginia State Library (McIlwaine) 143
 Rogers' Rangers 299
- Sewall, Samuel 154
 Some Notes on the Beginnings of Ameri-
 can Science (Miner) 282
 Scott, Mrs. Matthew T. 287

INDEX

v

Smith, Charles W., article by.....	9, 79	Vallandigham, E. N., The Country of the Chesapeake	163
Solution (The) of an Old Historic Mys- tery (Morgan).....	1, 71, 137, 220	Wade, Stuart C., The Humors of Genealogy	261
Spring, Mrs. Marcus	331	"Warning Out" (Benton)	238
Stearns, George L.....	323	Warwick, Earl of	71 <i>et seq.</i>
Stevens, Aaron D.	310 <i>et seq.</i>	Washburn, Israel	88
Stevens, Capt. Phineas	272	Washington, Colonel Lewis.....	309 <i>et seq.</i>
Stevens, Thomas W.	350	Washington County Names (Smith)...	9, 79
Stuart, J. E. B.	314	Weld, J. E., article by.....	41
Sumner, Charles	322	Winthrop, John, Jr.	227
Thompson, Henry	320	Wood, Rev. Sumner G., a New Eng- land Town in the French and Indian Wars.....	28, 159, 256
Ullmann, Daniel	250	Wood, William	285
Upham, Warren, Earliest Explorations Far Westward from Lake Superior..	231		







Painted by G. C. Ringham.

THE JOLLY FLAT BOAT MEN.

Engraved by T. Doney.

Published by the American Art Union, 1847.

ON SUCH A CRAFT ABRAHAM LINCOLN MADE THE VOYAGE TO NEW ORLEANS IN 1828.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Vol. X

JULY, 1909

No. 1

THE SOLUTION OF AN OLD HISTORIC MYSTERY

CONNECTICUT is the only American commonwealth which begins its historic existence with a Bluebeard closet to which the key is lost. That the origin of a New England State no farther back than the mid-seventeenth century, in the glare of a jealous publicity then and the limelight of microscopic research and endless detailed records since, should retain a baffling mystery at its heart, can be hardly credible to outsiders, and is striking even to those steeped in its investigation. These, in my belief, have missed the solution through failure to note how insoluble it is. This is neither nonsense nor paradox. So long as we consider a problem merely difficult, we shall accept its factors as given, and either shut our eyes to their contradictions or waste our energies in attempting to reconcile them; once we frankly recognize it as impossible, we shall examine the factors to see which are misstated, as one or more of them must be. Studying to account for two and two making five, or assuming that their making it is of no consequence, we lose sight of the fact that they do *not* make five, and that one of the figures must be wrong.

This is a chief reason why so many eminent antiquarians have left our tormenting enigma without answer: they have never set fairly before their own eyes what its self-contradictions really are, and what acceptance of them involves. Another reason is, that specializing in one field of research usually accompanies, and indeed necessitates, neglect of allied ones, while some questions in any given field depend on facts in others; and the key to our Connecticut puzzle is supplied by Massachusetts and England. Rather curiously, too, the character, conduct, and situation of the actors have never been taken into account; as if documents drew themselves up and persons acted by machinery. On the other hand, if I expand biography a little beyond the bare needs of the argument, I doubt

Paper read before the Connecticut Historical Society, May 4, 1909, with slight changes.

if any will quarrel with what vivifies dead historic bones with living human interest.

First let us hold clearly in mind what the problem is, and what we know of its factors.

From the beginning down to 1639 at least, an English corporate body known in its later form as the Council for New England had sole legal power of granting lands in that section. All settlements there with a lawful title derived it ultimately from that body. Even a royal charter which conflicted with its privileges had no standing in court, though its grantees were subject to the statute of limitations. Until the spring of 1635 none of the lands now forming Connecticut had been granted out by the Council, and its action then was for various reasons a dead letter; but one group of squatters from Plymouth had already settled about the head of navigation on the Connecticut, and another from Massachusetts came a few weeks after the division. Just on the heels of the second party,—which indeed had doubtless hurried thither from the knowledge that they were liable to be forestalled,—arrived in quick succession two agents representing a company of English Puritans and anti-royalists (including some of the Massachusetts Bay patentees), claiming title to possession of the same district under a patent of some sort, presumptively emanating from the Council. They had no copy of it with them, the settlers declined to budge, and they returned to England. Several of the alleged patentees thereupon wrote aggrieved letters to the Massachusetts authorities; one—Sir Richard Saltonstall, ex-deputy-governor of Massachusetts Bay—professing in February, 1636, to have had the patent for over four years. He gave no particulars, and did not explain why he had kept it not only unused but unmentioned so long, and given no one in New England—or, indeed apparently in old England outside his company—no warning to avoid trespass on his property.

Meantime the company had commissioned John Winthrop, jr., for a year to be governor of the Connecticut River “and places adjoining,” and to establish a fort and settlement at its mouth. He did so at the end of 1635, showed the up-stream settlers his credentials, and demanded that they recognize his jurisdiction; but a commission was not a patent, and they held their ground. Three years later one of the company,

George Fenwick, came thither in person; and is said to have brought a copy of the aforesaid patent (or some patent) with him, and exhibited or read it—to whom is not stated, but from the entire history we may infer, to as few as was feasible. We do not know what it contained, except that it is alleged to have been from the Earl of Warwick, ex-president of the Council, to certain lords and gentlemen, and almost certainly covered the territory from Narragansett Bay westward not farther than the Connecticut River; a fact which gives the clue to the mystery, but has never been noted by those who have gone over this field. Whatever it was, it evidently afforded no legal standing. The patentees, finding in poker slang that their “bluff” had been “called,” made no further attempt to press the matter; and having other objects beside profit (a point of great importance in this thesis), they readily allowed and probably aided various other settlements in the territory which they claimed.

Five years afterward, in 1644, Fenwick turned the Saybrook settlement over to the now firmly established Connecticut squatter jurisdiction, and went home to join in the civil war then raging. He asked no price except reimbursement for his outlay, by a ten-year toll on river traffic, which finally amounted to £1,600. But he transferred to the colony no title even to those lands, much less to broader ones, obviously because he had none. He merely agreed to make over to it his rights of jurisdiction from Narragansett Bay to the Connecticut, “if it came into his power”; meaning of course by a validation from Parliament, since the Council for New England was a thing of the past. As it never did come into his power, Connecticut held back £500 for the dereliction, which has a peculiar coincidence with the sum placed in Winthrop’s hands later on to secure a charter. And if he assigned to and left with them also his copy of the alleged patent, their custody of it, use of it, and stories about it, do not impress us with a feeling of its vital importance to them, still less with their eagerness to have others inspect it. According to their testimony before the English commissioners in 1661-2, it was destroyed in the burning of the Saybrook fort in 1647. But oddly, when Springfield in 1648 objected to the river tolls for Fenwick, and made the point that it had never been shown the patent which conferred such authority on Connecticut, no such excuse of the destruction of the document the year before was made, nor was the patent or any copy of it

ever shown them. The New England commissioners, one of them Governor Hopkins of Connecticut (seemingly one of the patent company), merely told them that the patent had been shown—he did not say to whom—“at the time of the consideration” (confederation, in 1643?) and that Parliament the year before had reviewed it, and accorded it the same standing as those of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth—as to which one would like to know how severe was the proof required, and to find the parliamentary minute. The Long Parliament in the last struggle with Charles was not likely to catechize a Puritan colony harshly as to its title to occupancy.

Thirteen years later, on the accession of Charles II., to our surprise we find Connecticut alleging this patent as the legal basis of its existence, and therefore compelled to assume a prior grant from the Council to Warwick, which he had unaccountably forgotten to insert in the deed. But the colony had no formal standing in law, and grasped at any straw of one. The grantees of the new defunct Council (there were three to Connecticut soil as we know it, the Dukes of Hamilton and Lennox and the Earl of Carlisle) might resort to the courts for effective possession of the lands usurped by the squatter swarms, or the new monarch might otherwise abolish the irregular existence of the province. Winthrop, now governor, was sent over with formal instructions to find if possible a copy of the Warwick patent, and have it confirmed; otherwise a new charter making the western bounds of the colony extend at least to Delaware Bay. What private instructions or understandings supplemented these, cannot be known, but may be inferred from what is to come. It is curiously significant, however, that the first draft contained a passage finally expunged, directing him, in case he could not gain a boundary at least as far west as the Hudson, to drop the proceedings, as it was not worth while to spend money on any less favorable charter. Obviously the real reliance was not on either the old patent or a new one, which were convenient, but not indispensable; but on the equities of actual settlement as against paper grants not made good. The sequel showed that this was in fact their safe holding ground.

The old patent was obtainable only at so many removes that if it ever had an existence such as its face proclaimed, the takers had obviously attached no importance to it, and it might have suffered any de-

sirable change in transcription. Warwick's patents, indeed, had an unfortunate aptitude for being lost. That of Massachusetts Bay was so when its purpose had been served and a royal charter had superseded it; and I strongly suspect that the reason why the Plymouth deed has not followed its companion is because the royal charter to supersede it was never obtained. Certainly no instrument intended as the basis of effective rights was ever so carelessly kept or recorded as we are required to believe of this Connecticut deed. Warwick with his son and most of the other patentees were dead: but his nephew and heir apparently could find neither the patent nor its hypothetical Council basis; no copy of it was discoverable, we may assume, in the households of any of the specified eleven original patentees, alive or dead, or of the six or seven others who would seem to have joined later; the asserted fate of Fenwick's copy we have seen; and all that Winthrop could find was a copy of that copy, among the papers of the deceased Governor Hopkins, who had returned to England a few years before. He had no colonial business for which to use it, and why he should have carried it away if it was worth anything to Connecticut is more than singular. They would naturally have kept it as carefully as they did their actual charter later on.

This paper is now in our State House; and it is in every sense a curiosity. It is unique among historic title-deeds in not merely having always been valueless except as a scarecrow, but in making no pretense of being anything else. A reading of it leaves one in no doubt why the holders kept it sacred from the gaze of any one specially anxious to inspect it. It was not from the Council, which is not mentioned in it, but was a private deed of sale from the Council's ex-president, the Earl of Warwick, and not even averring that he owned the lands he thus conveyed, or that any one did or had the right to dispose of them. But strangely, considering Fenwick's contingent offer of transferring jurisdiction from Narragansett Bay to the Connecticut, it covered everything thence to the *Pacific Ocean* as well. This fact must be carefully borne in mind. It was dated March 19, 1632, over three years before settlement was attempted under it; which again was strange for an exceptionally energetic group, who were actively colonizing elsewhere and had the business fully in hand. As to the assumed grant from the Council to Warwick, which alone could make this of any worth, nothing of the

sort was on record, the Council was long vanished and its minutes with it.

As it happened, however, these were chiefly matters of bygone history and worry. The last thing which Charles desired was to embroil himself in a quarrel with a fulsomely loyal colony, to the reverse of advantage; and he readily accorded Connecticut a "renewal" of the Warwick instrument, on a firm legal footing, with New Haven added as a bonus. Two years later, the Hamiltons were roused to assert their rights under the Council grant; in all probability by agencies connected with the Duke of York's grant of New York, including Western Connecticut, as the re-grant of the eastern half to new claimants would render it much easier for the Duke to seize the western without actual war. They petitioned to have the new charter revoked, and themselves installed as owners of the lands from Narragansett Bay to the Connecticut—the very ones we should have identified with the claim of Fenwick and his company but for Winthrop's discovery of that fortunately surviving "copy." It has been asserted as a legal maxim that a royal charter *ipso facto* revoked earlier grants; but in no colonial case does this supposed principle obtain. Connecticut certainly set up no such defense here: but first the patent from Warwick, whose original and whose validating basis had both disappeared, and of whose only two copies one had perished in the Saybrook fort (as they now remembered, though it had slipped their minds the year after the fire), and the other had been carried overseas (name of the abstractor not stated) and could not be reclaimed; second and much more pertinently than this feeble figment, to which no court would pay a moment's attention, that they had earned their occupancy with their own sacrifices of money and labor, blood and tears. The commissioners to whom the case was referred pronounced the latter claim good; and barred out the Hamiltons as having laid out no money or made attempt to enter on their property for nearly thirty years. Some twenty years later, the Connecticut people stated that at *this* time Lord Clarendon had declared the old patent valid; but as with the assertion as to Parliament, we lack too many points of knowledge for confidence.

In 1683 the claim was once more revived by a new Hamilton, the Duke's cousin and heir. As that venomous jack-in-office, Edward

Randolph, was made attorney to prosecute the claim, and as the period accorded with Randolph's general assault on New England liberties, we may guess that he instigated the suit. The same defenses were made as before; and again the decision was given for Connecticut on the same ground, with the more emphasis that now the Hamiltons' burden of *laches* had mounted to nearly half a century. This principle was equitably applied in other colonial contests later, and notably to Connecticut's behoof again in the Wyoming case. In a word, the English government never regarded the New World as "unimproved property" to be held vacant for a rise by speculators, even titled ones. That item at least may be left off its indictment.

So ended the being of the Warwick patent and its assumed basis as practical politics, and began as historic enigmas. For a century and a half there was no basis of argument for or against their genuineness except probability, and the sense of that seems to have been determined mainly by an imagined obligation of State loyalty; as if a doubt of the patent impugned either the historic right of the State to exist, or the personal honor of the officials who (infrequently and briefly and only when driven into a corner) asseverated its genuineness. So far has this gone that one or two State historians flatly affirm not only that the Council had made the grant to Warwick, but that the King had confirmed it; a statement copied by no less a man than Alexander Brown, besides lesser writers. There is no authority for either allegation. There was an added argument from probability: was it likely that a body of the ablest men in England—one of them the president's own son—should accept a grant of moonshine from him, and propose to stake large outlays of money and time and their prestige upon it, either when he could give a solid one, or when the fact that he could not give it was evidence that it might be made useless at any time by a grant of the same territory to others? And was it likely that their supplanters should use it for many years as a basis of jurisdiction when it might at any time be exposed and defied? This last ignored the actual history which I have stated.

But the opposing arguments were crushing, though they have mostly remained unexpressed. It was not likely that the same body of the ablest men in England would neglect to keep a copy of a document

which gave them a secure title to a province, or that having one or more, they followed the lead of their principal in losing them by fire or accident or what not. It was absurd to suppose that if Warwick had one, his lawyers should fail to make any mention of it in a document deriving all its validity from it, and that the lawyers of the grantees should have been equally careless in precisely the same spot, allowing an impregnable deed to be reduced to a worthless quit-claim. It was not likely that if they had any legal standing ground, they would have allowed themselves to be so easily cowed by bare refusals of those who had none whatever, and have resolutely avoided exhibiting their legal bulwark, which if genuine they would have constantly proclaimed and flaunted.

FORREST MORGAN.

HARTFORD, CONN.

(To be continued)

ERRATA.

In the article on Illinois County names, in our issue for May there should be no period in the name "Jo Daviess," the name of "Elisha" Kane should be Elias, and it should have been stated that he was a relative (probably a cousin), though not an ancestor, of the Arctic explorer, Dr. E. K. Kane.—ED.

By error the following note was omitted from page 371 of the June issue:

* The written treaties of the Five Nations, preserved among the government archives, always open with, "We, the Sachems and principal *women* of the Five Nations," etc.

THE NAMING OF COUNTIES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

WITHIN the limits of the state of Washington, there are at present thirty-eight counties; of these, twenty-six were organized by territorial legislatures, eight were created before Washington attained to a separate territorial existence, and four have been added during the period of statehood. The purpose of the present study is to find out what names have been applied to these counties and how they came to be so named.

The naming of counties within the limits of the present state began under the Provisional Government of Oregon with an attempt to name two counties north of the Columbia River in honor of the explorers, Lewis and Clark. The bill for organizing these counties was introduced by Mr. McClure of the committee on districts¹ on the 12th of August, 1845. The bill passed the legislative assembly, but with a rider attached substituting the name Vancouver in place of Lewis and Clark, and defining one district instead of two counties.² In this form, it was approved on the 20th and provided that "All that portion of the Territory of Oregon lying north of the middle of the main channel of the Columbia River, shall be and the same is hereby declared a separate district under the name and style of Vancouver district."³ At the next session of the assembly, attempt was made to eliminate the name Vancouver. On the 18th of December, 1845, Mr. Hill presented a petition praying that the name of Vancouver district be changed to that of Clark and that said district be divided.⁴ Later in the day, he presented also two bills; the

¹ Grover. Oregon Archives, p. 101.

² Oregon Archives, p. 116.

³ Brown. Political History of Oregon, v. 1, p. 174.

⁴ Oregon Archives, p. 149.

one to change Vancouver district to that of Clark, the other providing for the creation of a Lewis county.⁵ Immediate action was taken upon these bills with the result that upon the following day the bill creating Lewis county was passed, as was also a bill substituting in all cases the word "county" in place of the word "district"; but the bill to change the name of Vancouver district was indefinitely postponed.⁶ There were now north of the Columbia River two counties named Lewis and Vancouver. The name Vancouver, however, did not grow in favor and on September 3, 1849, it was definitely enacted, "That the name of the county of Vancouver be and hereby is changed to Clark."⁷

The brief records of the legislative sessions of the Oregon Provisional Government do not indicate the meaning of this contest over county names. H. H. Bancroft, in noting the outcome of Mr. McClure's bill for establishing two counties, asserts that Mr. Applegate, the Speaker of the House, "had a prejudice in favor of the word 'district,'⁸ but offers no explanation of the substitution of Vancouver in place of Lewis or Clark." Its real significance must be sought in the conflicting interests of the English and American settlers. The territory which was being organized was disputed territory, the English claims extending south to the Columbia River, while those of the United States extended north to at least the 49th parallel. It was only natural that the American element wished to see the names of Lewis and Clark established over this country which they had explored for the United States, while the English were just as desirous of associating with it the name of the explorer on whose work their claims were largely based. It was not until the treaty of June 15, 1846, that the claim of the United States was established north to the 49th parallel. Before this time the representatives of the interests of the United States were doubtless in a majority in the legislative assembly of the Oregon Provisional Government, but some of these members seem to have adopted for diplomatic reasons an assumed attitude of fairness to British interests which would account for the re-

⁵ Oregon Archives, pp. 150, 151.

⁶ Oregon Archives, pp. 151, 152.

⁷ Abbott, T. O. *Real property statutes of Washington Territory from 1843 to 1889*, p. 69.

⁸ Bancroft, H. H. *History of Oregon*, v. 1, p. 493.

tion of the name Vancouver until after the organization of Oregon as a territory of the United States.⁹

On February 4, 1851, a third county was created by cutting off the southwest corner of Lewis county.¹⁰ It was named Pacific county on account of its ocean boundary, and is the only county in the United States bearing this name.

With but three counties organized and a population not greatly exceeding 1,000, the people of North Oregon began agitation for a separate territorial government. At a Fourth of July celebration in Olympia, 1851, Mr. John B. Chapman, the speaker of the day, gave expression to the popular feeling in a reference to "the future state of Columbia." So strong was the response that at an adjourned meeting a convention was called to meet at Cowlitz on the 25th of August, to consider the advisability of an appeal to Congress for a division of the Territory of Oregon. The Cowlitz Convention in addition to other business recommended the creation of four new counties. For two of them the names Simmons and Steilacoom were urged.¹¹

At the next session of the Oregon legislature, one county only out of the recommended four was organized. A petition signed by fifty-six persons¹² praying for the establishment of a new county, to be known as Simmons, was presented by Mr. Anderson and a bill to this effect was about to be passed when Mr. M. T. Simmons, who was the man to be honored, protested¹³ and the county was christened Thurston in honor of the first delegate to Congress from Oregon Territory.¹⁴

"Mike" Simmons, as he was familiarly called, was one of the first American settlers in the Puget Sound region. He was well known and generally liked, and although somewhat deficient in "book-learning"

⁹ For discussion of this "assumed attitude of fairness," see Meany, E. S. *History of the State of Washington*, (N. Y. Macmillan, 1909), pp. 144-145.

¹⁰ Abbott, p. 67 (see "*Journal and Local Laws Or. Ter. Session, 1850-51*," p. 38).

¹¹ Thomas W. Prosch, in *The Political Beginning of Washington Territory* in *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, v. 6, p. 152, June, 1905.

¹² Bancroft, H. H. *History of Washington, Idaho and Montana*, p. 51.

¹³ Prosch, T. W. *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, v. 6, p. 152.

¹⁴ Thurston County was created Jan. 12, 1852. See Abbott, p. 68.

was a man of great influence. Samuel R. Thurston offered a direct contrast to the unlettered Simmons. Born in Maine in 1816, he was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1843, moved to Iowa in 1845, emigrated to Oregon in 1847 and was elected delegate to Congress in 1849. After a successful term in Congress, he left for his home in Oregon *via* the Isthmus of Panama, but died at sea off Acapulco, Mexico, April 9, 1851. A monument was erected to his memory by the state of Oregon at Salem, on which is inscribed: "Here rests Oregon's First Delegate, a man of genius and learning, a lawyer and statesman. His Christian virtues equaled his wide philanthropy. His public acts are his best eulogium."¹⁵ Nebraska also has a Thurston county, organized in 1889 and named in honor of Senator J. M. Thurston.

The next session of the Oregon legislature organized four counties out of the newly created Thurston county. One of these was named "in honor of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia,"¹⁶ another "in honor of W. R. King, of Alabama,"¹⁷ and a third "in honor of Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire."¹⁸ The fourth was called Island county, an appropriate name, as it included many islands large and small.¹⁹ It is the only county in the United States of this name. The name Jefferson can lay no claims to individuality there being twenty-three other counties of this name; but it is not inappropriate, however, when is remembered Jefferson's influence in the development of the great Northwest. The significance of the names Pierce and King lies in the fact that these two men had been elected to the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States at the previous fall election, not yet having taken office. There is one other King county and four other Pierce counties in the United States.

On March 3, 1853, the Territory of Washington was created and the eight counties so far noticed were formally adopted as political units of the new Territory. At the first territorial legislature, which

¹⁵ C. B. Bagley in *Seattle Daily Times*, March 15, 1903.

¹⁶ Abbott, p. 65. Created Dec. 22, 1852.

¹⁷ Abbott, p. 66. The bill passed the House, Dec. 21, 1852.

¹⁸ Abbott, p. 68. Created Dec. 22, 1852.

¹⁹ Abbott, p. 65. Created Jan. —, 1853.

met on February 28, 1854, the number was doubled by the creation of eight new counties.

Skamania was cut off from Clark county²⁰ and comprised all of eastern Washington, including much of what is now Idaho and Montana. Eleven years later by act approved January 14, 1865, Skamania county, which by that time had been greatly reduced in size, was divided between Clark and Klickitat counties with provision that the Skamania county officers cease their functions on April 1, 1865. This act was disapproved by Congress in an amendment to the Organic Act on June 29, 1866,²¹ and Skamania county reappeared on the scene. The attempt to divide Skamania county is explained by Mr. C. B. Bagley²² as an effort to weaken the political power of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, which "held Skamania county in its vest pocket." "Its interference in politics," writes Mr. Bagley, "had aroused political antagonisms and it was designed to weaken or destroy its political power by dividing it between two large counties. However, the company showed itself equal to the emergency, by transferring the fight to Congress." The word Skamania is an Indian word said to mean "swift waters." It is said to have been applied by the Indians to the spot about two miles below the Cascades where in ascending the river they met the swift current of the Columbia.

Whatcom county was carved out of Island county in March, 1854.²³ "Whatcom was named in honor of a chief of the Nooksacks. His grave is a mile above Bellingham Bay coal mine."²⁴

Sawamish county was carved from Thurston and named for a local tribe of Indians.²⁵ The name of this county was changed on January 8, 1864, to Mason county²⁶ in honor of Charles H. Mason, the first Sec-

²⁰ Laws of Washington, Session 1854, p. 473. Date not given.

²¹ U. S. Congress, 39-1, Session Laws, 1865-66, p. 82.

²² *Seattle Daily Times*, March 22, 1903, Magazine section, p. 6.

²³ Wash. Laws, 1854, p. 475. Date not given.

²⁴ Statement by Pearlita C. Stadelmann, of Bellingham. The writer is indebted to Mr. Thomas W. Prosch, of Seattle, for information warranting the belief that the town, lake and county were all named for the Indian Whatcom. He was friendly to the early pioneers.

²⁵ Wash. Laws, 1854, p. 474. Date not given.

²⁶ Wash. Laws, 1863-64, p. 71.

retary of Washington Territory. Mr. Mason served with much ability as Acting Governor during much of the time from March 26, 1854, up to his death on July 22, 1859. He was a brilliant young man, having graduated from Brown University at twenty and being only twenty-nine at the time of his death.

Chehalis county (pronounced Che-ha'-lís) was carved from Thurston²⁷ at about the same time as Sawamish county. The name is that of an Indian river and tribe. The word Chehalis means "sand," having reference presumably to the sand bars at the mouth of the river Chehalis.

Cowlitz county,²⁸ similarly, has the name of a local Indian tribe and river. The meaning of the word seems not to have been ascertained.

Wahkiakum county²⁹ (pronounced Wäh-ki'a-kum) gets its name from the tribe of Indians of that name, which in turn is said to have been named from its first chief.

Walla Walla county³⁰ was taken from Skamania when the latter county was only a few weeks old. It formed a region vast in extent but very thinly populated. The county seat was fixed as the land claim of Lloyd Brook on the site of the present city of Walla Walla. Lloyd Brook was made probate judge and justice of the peace. At the next session of the legislature, he was invested with the additional offices of county auditor and county treasurer.³¹ No county officers ever qualified, however, until 1859, when a county organization was affected.³² The name of this county has given rise to much interesting conjecture. It is now generally agreed that Walla Walla is the Nez Percé and Cayuse word meaning "running water." One writer would trace the word back to the "Voila! Voila!" of early French settlers, but the surmise is more ingenious than convincing.³³

²⁷ Wash. Laws, 1854, p. 472. Date not given.

²⁸ Wash. Laws, 1854, p. 471.

²⁹ Wash. Laws, 1854, p. 474. Date not given.

³⁰ Wash. Laws, 1854, pp. 472-73. Date not given.

³¹ Wash. Laws, 1854, p. 480, and Sessions, 1854-55, p. 39.

³² Elwood Evans, ed. *History of the Pacific Northwest*, v. 1, p. 468.

³³ Myron Eells has an interesting discussion of this point in his "Aboriginal geographic names in the State of Washington" in the *American Anthropologist* for Jan., 1892, v. 5, pp. 34-35.

Clallam county, created also by the first territorial legislature,³⁴ was named for a local tribe of Indians. The word is said by the Clallam Indians to mean "strong," or "strong people," being a corruption of their name for themselves, "Nu-sklaime." The statement that the word is derived from the Makah "klo-lub" meaning "the clam people," is probably not correct.

In 1856, an attempt was made to create a Buchanan county, in honor, doubtless, of the President of the United States elected the month previous. A petition was presented to the house by Mr. Caples³⁵ in which certain citizens of Clarke county asked for a division of that county. This petition was accompanied by a bill for the creation of Buchanan county. The bill was advanced to a second reading after which it was indefinitely postponed.³⁶

What is now Kitsap county was created as Slaughter county by act approved January 16, 1857.³⁷ It was named in honor of Lieutenant W. A. Slaughter, killed while defending from hostile Indians the lives of the American settlers in the Puget Sound region, December 4, 1855. However greatly admired and respected was the gallant Slaughter, his name was not the people's choice for the new county, as is shown by its legislative history. On January 9, 1857, Mr. T. D. Hinckley of King county presented to the house of representatives a petition of certain citizens of King county praying to be set off into a new county to be called the county of Madison.³⁸ On the same day, Mr. Henry C. Wilson of Jefferson and Clallam counties presented a petition of A. S. Miller and forty-five others of Jefferson county praying to be set off into a new county to be called the county of Madison.³⁹ In the hands of the committee on counties the name Kitsap was substituted for Madison.⁴⁰ On the 13th of January, the house inserted the name of Slaughter in place of Kitsap and the bill became a law.⁴¹ Immediate protests, however,

³⁴ Wash. Laws, 1854, p. 472. Date not given.

³⁵ Wash. House Journal, 1856-57, p. 26.

³⁶ Wash. House Journal, 1856-57, p. 73.

³⁷ Wash. Laws, 1856-57, pp. 52-53.

³⁸ Wash. House Journal, 1856-57, p. 61.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 61.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 74.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 77-78.

were made to the name of Slaughter. Six days later, on the 19th of January, two bills were introduced for the purpose of changing the name,⁴² but on the following day when they came to a second reading, each was declared out of order "as it would be amending a law of the present session."⁴³ Still further attempts were made to remedy the situation and on the 24th the house passed a bill⁴⁴ entitled, "An act supplementary to an act to create the county of Slaughter," which was approved by the council on the 26th and became a law. This supplementary act provided that a popular vote to decide upon a name should be taken by the people of the county at the next general election. At this election the name was chosen by which the county is still known. Kitsap was the name of an Indian chief who lived within the county on an island still known as Kitsap Island.⁴⁵

Kitsap is unique among county names. It is of comparative interest to note that the Territory of Iowa at the time of its organization had a Slaughter county as a legacy from Wisconsin, of which territory it had been a part. This name, objectionable for several reasons, was promptly eliminated at the first session of the Iowa territorial legislature.⁴⁶

⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 97.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 104.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 185.

⁴⁵ For life of Chief Kitsap, see Evans, Elwood, ed. *History of the Pacific Northwest*, pp. 508-09.

⁴⁶ *Laws of Iowa, 1838-39*, p. 105.

CHARLES W. SMITH.

SEATTLE, WASH.

(To be continued)

AN ARCTIC SUMMER TRIP

ONCE a year, about the 1st of June or later, according to the stage of the water and condition of the ice in the great rivers and lakes of the British Northwest Territory, the Hudson's Bay Company's sternwheel steamer *Athabasca* starts from the confluence of the Pembina and Athabasca Rivers and steams down to the head of Grand Rapids on the last-named stream, stopping at Athabasca Landing, where she awaits the arrival of her sister boat, the *Grahame*, from below, with the annual fur returns of the district. These furs have been collected from all of the twenty-eight trading posts which are scattered throughout the "Great Lone Land," at intervals of two hundred miles apart on the average, and will go first to Winnipeg, and thence to Montreal, and from there to England.

Formerly all transportation was done by batteaux in summer and dog-sleds in winter; but within ten years steamboats have been placed on every principal lake and river where there are company's posts. By the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad it is but five days' all-rail journey from Ottawa or New York to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan River, and thence, by a supplementary jaunt of ninety-six miles across country by wagon to Athabasca Landing, one can sail down to the Mackenzie River delta in less than twenty days' time. It is quite a pleasant summer excursion, with little more hardship than springs from the tedium of a long voyage, provided one can get his "hat chalked" by the chief commissioner of the exclusive Hudson's Bay Company.

Usually the ice breaks up in the Mackenzie River and Great Slave Lake, according to official records kept for twenty years, about the 25th of May, corresponding to the date at which it leaves the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. The river always opens some days before the lake, and, of course, Mackenzie River cannot be reached until the latter is clear. The *Athabasca* is a flat-bottomed stern-wheeler of one hundred and forty tons

burden and eighty feet long, drawing from two and a half to three feet of water when loaded, and steaming an average of ten miles an hour in dead water. At Grand Rapids an island divides the river, and a tramway traverses the islands, by which goods are transported. Thence to Fort McMurray the distance is eighty-five miles, the river being a succession of ten rapids, through which the company has made a practicable channel by removing rocks; and all transportation is done by large "sturgeon boats," so-called from their peculiar model, the bow and stern being spoon-shaped, somewhat resembling a sturgeon's nose. These boats carry about ten tons. Several of the rapids are very wild, and have been the scenes of many disasters. From Fort McMurray to Fort Chipewyan on Athabasca Lake the distance is about two hundred miles, and from there to Smith's Landing about forty miles farther, which is the end of her run. The next sixteen miles between the Landing and Fort Smith are impracticable to navigation by reason of a series of bad rapids with an aggregate fall of two hundred and forty feet. This part of the route is traversed by the steamer *Grahame*, Capt. Segur, a sister craft of the *Athabasca* of the same dimensions and capacity, which was built at Fort Chipewyan in 1882-3, the lumber for her construction being sawn entirely by hand. She also runs up the Peace River, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, as far as the Falls.

At Fort Smith one meets the screw propeller *Wrigley*, Capt. Bell, navigating the lower and most northerly part of the route as far as Fort McPherson, in latitude $67^{\circ} 30'$, a distance of 1,390 miles. Her running time is something less than one hundred and twenty-four hours. Returning, she makes the trip in two hundred and fifteen and one-half hours, or about nine days. Fort McPherson is located on Reel's River, about fourteen miles above its confluence with the Mackenzie, and is the most northerly of all the Hudson Bay Company's posts, though La Pierre's House, eighty miles west, is a few miles nearer the Pole.

From the foregoing synoptical sketch of the route it will be seen how easily any one who desires can get beyond the Arctic Circles, or even into the Arctic Ocean. The early navigators who spent years in vain endeavor to find the northwest passage hardly got any farther north than the *Wrigley* will take one now in twenty days. And the whole journey is an agreeable Odyssey, full of novel situations and startling surprises

accomplished in weather uniformly pleasant. There is a continuous alternation of current and slack water, of long reaches and sweeping bends, of broad water and contracted channels, of precipitous bluffs and low sand bars, of wide expanses covered with grass and flowers and fringed with timber, of prairie, morass, and mountain, and castellated rocks like ruins, and wooded islands in mid-river, like those in the St. Lawrence, varied by a one hundred and twenty-mile voyage on Great Slave Lake, where there is no horizon but the skyline, and the nearest opposite shore is sixty miles distant. Every second day or so the boat rounds up at a trading post, with its cluster of wooden storehouses and dwellings enclosed by thick plank walls reinforced by square block-houses at the four corners, after the regulation pattern, and surrounded by a cordon of Indian tepees or wigwams, and perhaps a vegetable garden enclosed by palisades. The air is warm and genial, sometimes reaching 90° in the shade, and were it not for the scant variety of trees, which are confined to willows, poplars, aspens, larch, spruce, birch, and Banksian pine, and for the extreme length of the summer day, which will be fully twenty-four hours long for a period of six weeks at the coast, one can hardly realize that he is in hyperborean land, where the spirit thermometer drops to minus 60° in the depth of winter.

It is now one hundred years plus five since Alexander Mackenzie made his initial voyage down this great river which bears his name, and discovered the place of its debouchement in the Polar Sea. The details of that intrepid voyage were so carefully noted, and the natural features of the country have so little changed within the century, that very little supplementary information can be added by the voyager of the present day, except so far as it relates to the development and progress of the last ten years. Nowadays coal forges, modern machinery, steam mills, farm implements, and many luxuries can be found at several of the principal posts. Most of them have milch cows, cattle, and other live-stock. At Fort Good Hope, away up in latitude 66° , some of the people raise potatoes, onions, and lettuce. Vetches grow wild in great luxuriance. At Fort Norman, a degree and a half farther south, turnips are raised as well, and some barley. At Fort Wrigley, in latitude 63° , there is a profusion of wild fruit in August—red and black currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, and blueberries. At Fort Simpson, in latitude

62°, barley has been grown with success for twenty years. The Hudson's Bay Company have a large plot of ground on an island in the river where they raise miscellaneous garden produce without artificial means. At Fort Providence, twenty miles north of Great Slave Lake, in latitude 61°, both wheat and barley have been grown successfully for many years, and there is a small mill at the post which grinds it into flour. The English Mission garden produces potatoes, cabbage, cauliflowers, turnips, onions, and green peas.

All the way down the Athabasca River the country is thickly wooded. Some of it is good hay meadow, but there is much swamp and marsh interspersed with lakes and ponds. The back country is of similar character. A hundred miles below McMurray two Indian families are farming, and at Fort Chipewyan the Hudson's Bay folks and their employes, as well as the Catholic and Anglican missions, have jointly raised as many as one thousand bushels of potatoes a year in favorable seasons.

On the Slave River, between Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake, there are extensive tracts of large spruce trees suitable for lumber. At Fort Smith (midway) the Catholics have a mission. At this point the banks of the river rise to one hundred and sixty feet, but for nearly one hundred and sixty miles below, as far as Great Slave Lake, the country is mainly low and flat, and somewhat swampy, with here and there a gravel bank or limestone ridge; Fort Resolution, on the south shore of the lake, near the mouth of Great Slave River, has the usual station buildings, and there is an Anglican mission. Two miles from the post, on an island in the lake, the Catholics have also a mission, and on the south shore, about half-way between Forts Resolution and Providence, a settlement of Indians are farming and stock-raising on a small scale. Fort Providence is on the Mackenzie River. The buildings comprise the usual warehouse and store, machine and workshops, and quarters for officers and servants, and the Catholics have a mission. Four miles above the post the river is a mile and a half wide, a noble stream. Thence to the delta it maintains an average of a mile, with varying depth and conformation of shore, receiving many tributaries as large as the Ohio, and others which vary from two hundred yards to a third of a mile

in width. There are long stretches where the bottom is wide, flat, and swampy. Anon high mountains or foothills impinge upon the margin of the shore. At intervals the river is filled with islands. Fort Simpson is located on one of these islands just at the confluence of the Mackenzie with the Liard, both nearly a mile wide at this point. At this post there is a most interesting museum of natural history, which was opened in 1887 for the purpose of collecting and preserving specimens of all the fauna of the country, as well as minerals, fossils, aboriginal utensils, and implements, bones, and relics. Capt. Bell of the *Wrigley* is an expert taxidermist, who devotes constant attention to mounting stuffed birds, fish, and animals. There are some fossil starfish and ichthyologic vertebræ of great size.

One hundred and thirty-four miles down the river from Simpson is Fort Wrigley, and one hundred and eighty miles farther Fort Norman, established in the early part of the century. It was wiped out by a flood in 1844, and rebuilt in 1845. Just here the main range of the Rocky Mountains on the west approaches within twenty miles, and from this point down to the delta the scenery is impressive and sometimes stupendous, alternating between far-reaching valley vistas and lofty mountain peaks, deep cañons and the debouchement of ice-cold rivers of the color of emerald. Some two miles below the post a limestone ridge rises 1,500 feet above the water. Farther down, the river washes the base of high peaks for six miles. In another place it sweeps majestically through a cañon ten miles long, with limestone strata two hundred feet high, turned up on edge and overhanging the margin. The cañon terminates with an abrupt buttress three hundred feet high, and drops suddenly almost to the level of the flood plain. Farther down, at Sans Sault Rapid, and again at the Ramparts, one-half of the breadth of the channel is alive with foam and whitecaps. The Ramparts are parallel walls of rock one hundred and fifty feet high, between which the steamer passes, and they extend for seven miles. Two miles lower down is Fort Good Hope, founded long ago, and, like Fort Norman, swept away by flood in 1836, but afterwards rebuilt on a securer site. It is a large post, with barracks and stables. Here the Catholics have a mission church, which is claimed to have one of the finest interiors in Canada.

Fort McPherson stands on a gravel bank fifty feet high, which is underlaid with shale. A prominent characteristic of the coast on the west side is the large number of conical hills, composed of fresh-water ice covered with sand and gravel, which rise to a height of two hundred to three hundred feet. Buried in this mass of till are many trunks of large conifers, chiefly spruce, which are as sound as if just cut, and when used for fuel emit a strong resinous odor and burn freely. The Caribou Hills are partly covered with small spruce, and extend for thirty-five miles north and south and twenty miles east and west, rising to a height of twelve hundred feet at the summits and sloping to two hundred feet at the coast. The principal growth along the coast is a species of willow. At the mouth of the Mackenzie there is a three-foot tide, and the seaboard is clear of ice during the whole of July and August for a distance of sixty miles outward and northward. No doubt vessels from Bering Sea could enter the river at ordinary seasons. There is a good winter harbor in Pearl Cove, Herschel Island, which lies eight miles from the most westerly mouth of the Mackenzie.

It is possible that this noble stream, which is now so accessible, will become as popular a resort for ambitious tourists within ten years as the excursion trip to southeastern Alaska now is. The exact date will depend upon the nerve required to build and equip a proper excursion boat.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Evening Post, N. Y.

The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will help in the direction of Mr. Hallock's hopes.—Ed.

THE FIRST FREEDMEN TO BECOME SOLDIERS

AT the outbreak of the Civil War in April, 1861, every anti-slavery man thought he saw at once the proper way to end the strife in the shortest possible time. That way was to proclaim liberty to the slaves and make soldiers of the men. It seems very strange now to think how long it was before such action was advocated by the public press. The first article to appear in a newspaper, advocating the arming of the slaves, was printed in the Manchester (N. H.) *Daily American* of August 27, 1861, and was written by the author of this paper.

On my way home from Washington, D. C., in February, 1862, I called at the office of the New York Freedmen's Aid Association and volunteered my services as physician to the freedmen on the Sea Islands of South Carolina. Sailing from New York in March, I reported at Hilton Head, S. C., to Edward L. Pierce, who was in charge of the affairs of the freedmen, and was assigned to duty on Edisto Island. From there I wrote in March to Major-General David Hunter, suggesting to him that he raise a regiment of Negroes, reminding him what good soldiers they made under Toussaint in Hayti.

One of the first things to be done towards raising the regiment was to secure for officers in the new regiment white men with some military experience. Volunteers from regiments in the Department were called for and the following non-commissioned officers responded to the call: From the 100th Penn. Vols. ("Roundheads"), Sergeants William James, James Pomeroy, J. H. Randolph, Alexander Heasley, and Harry West. From the 48th N. Y. Vols., Sergeants W. H. Danielson and

(Dr. Hawks served as surgeon of colored troops for nearly the whole period of the Civil War. He was Acting Surgeon of the First S. C. V. of Colored Infantry, and later Surgeon of the Twenty-first Regiment, U. S. C. T. In July of 1863, Dr. Hawks, with his wife as assistant, had charge of General Hospital No. 10 in Beaufort, S. C., where were cared for the wounded men of Colonel Shaw's regiment, who had been engaged in the charge on Fort Wagner, Morris Island.)

Henry Beach. From the N. Y. Engineers, C. T. Trowbridge, John Trowbridge, Geo. Walker, James Harrold, and John Goddard. The regiment was raised and made useful as laborers about the wharves and in the quartermaster's department, but with very little time to devote to military drill. The War Department was not willing, although it was in great need of soldiers, to take so radical a step as to arm the fugitive slaves.

Horace Greeley in the *Tribune* had addressed a letter to the President, headed, "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," in which he urged that a proclamation be issued declaring liberty to the slaves. In reply to this letter Mr. Lincoln said: "It is my duty to put down the rebellion without interfering with slavery; if I must touch slavery, I shall touch it as lightly as possible." Hence the services of these slaves as soldiers were refused, and the so-called Hunter Regiment was disbanded, with the exception of Company A on duty on St. Simon's Island.

But the fates had ordered otherwise; the slaves were to become soldiers and fight for the Union and their own liberty. Brigadier-General Saxton, commanding the Beaufort District, visited the War Department in Washington and in September returned to Beaufort with authority from the Secretary of War to raise a brigade of five thousand Negro soldiers! And in a few weeks after Hunter's regiment was disbanded, the enlistment of the freedmen began in earnest. Captain Trowbridge's Company A became Company A in the new regiment, which was styled the First Regiment of S. C. Volunteers, but was afterwards called the 33rd Regiment, U. S. C. T. Captain William James enlisted twice as many recruits as any other officer—a full company for himself and as many in other companies.

This event, the first muster of freedmen into the United States Army, was a very important epoch in the history of the United States, and occurred on November 7, 1862, at General Saxton's headquarters in Beaufort, S. C. It was on the first anniversary of the capture of Port Royal, and at the time of the organization of the Department of the South. Captain James had his men drawn up in line; and as he read their names from the roll, each man answered "Here." Then, with uncovered heads and right hands raised, the men took the usual oath of allegiance, which

was administered by General Saxton. This simple ceremony over, the newly made soldiers marched back to their camp. But the greatness of the occasion, considering its far-reaching consequences, can hardly be over-estimated. Only a few months before, these men were chattels. They had no family names; they were listed by their owners under a single given name, such as Tom, Dick, Harry, July, Friday, Plato, Homer, Jupiter, like other live-stock on the plantation. Now they took surnames, which are not only written on the records of their Company, but are inscribed on the rolls of the Adjutant-General at Washington with those of the other defenders of the nation. Thus they became founders of family names * which will be honored by their descendants through all future generations.

Our regiment now numbered eight hundred at Camp Saxton, four miles south of Beaufort. We had a major, a chaplain and lieutenant-colonel, but no colonel. There was a lieutenant-colonel in a New York regiment who desired the position, but we needed a man to command the new regiment who was a friend to the Negro. I called on General Saxton in company with Chaplain Fowler, and recommended Rev. Thomas W. Higginson of Worcester, Massachusetts, giving some account of his active anti-slavery work in Kansas and in Boston. It is not so very strange that General Saxton had not heard of this man; for the general was an officer in the regular army. Higginson was at the time, though I did not know it, a captain in the 52nd Regiment Mass. Vols. He was immediately commissioned as colonel and in a few days he arrived and took command of the regiment. He very soon secured the confidence and respect of the officers and men under his command. He seemed determined to put his regiment in the best condition possible. Sufficient proof of his success in that line is found in the fact that the appearance of the regiment on parade and inspection won the praise of the officers of the regular army.

I shall never forget the impressiveness of the daily dress parade; on these occasions, when the regiment was in position, Colonel Higginson stood like a statue facing the men in line of battle, and in a loud, clear

* Anyone desiring to see the list of the first freedmen mustered into the army may address Dr. J. M. Hawks, 16 Newhall Street, Lynn, Mass.

voice of command said, "Attention, battalion, shoulder arms!" It seemed to me that he spoke not merely to the thousand men there in uniform, but to the hundred thousand that were to come and did come and "shoulder arms" in defence of the Union. Among the other commands that of "Load at will, load," when, with the regularity of a great machine, a thousand steel ramrods went ringing down into the muskets, was thrilling and assuring.

As it had been my privilege and pleasant duty to examine many of the new recruits for this regiment and to see them mustered into the service, it was also a valued privilege to be with them when first under the fire of the enemy. This was at Blew & Todd's Mills, near Darien, Georgia, in November, 1862, on an expedition commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Beard of a New York Regiment. Captain James was ordered to reconnoitre the neighborhood with his company. In the action which followed, Corporal Isaac W. Jenkins was wounded by a musket ball which shattered the bone of his left arm. He went to his officer and said, "Captain, my arm is broken, shall I go to the rear?" In the Freedmen's Hospital a few days afterwards, I removed about four inches of the shaft of the bone, which had been broken into eighteen pieces. The corporal made a good recovery and his arm became about as useful as ever. These men made true and trusty soldiers, and from this small experimental beginning of the First Regiment of S. C. V. of Colored Infantry, there came to be 138 regiments of colored infantry and 17 of cavalry and artillery, which took part in more than two hundred and eighty engagements and won the official praise, "The colored troops fought nobly."

The honor alluded to of establishing family names is for individuals of the colored race. But who can estimate the value of the Negro soldiers to the Union army? At what time in our long struggle could all these trusty and loyal legions have been spared? In those dark and gloomy years when the war hung in even scale, who can say that the weight of the Negro soldiers in the balance did not tip the beam in favor of the Union?

JOHN M. HAWKS, M. D.

The American Missionary, N. Y.

FRIEND JONATHAN

1810

WHO, when destructive Cannons roar,
And traverse widow'd Europe o'er
Would plant them on his native shore?—
Friend Jonathan.

And who resolves, with might and main,
For all the trouble he has ta'en
To drive the British off the main?—
Friend Jonathan.

Who raves in Congress night and morn
That British Freedom can't be borne,
That She and Commerce must be shorn?—
Friend Jonathan.

Who common sense and justice braves,
Forgetting as he madly raves
That "Britons never will be slaves"?—
Friend Jonathan.

Who rears beneath his ragged wing,
A Frenchman for his future King,
Nor even guesses such a thing?—
Friend Jonathan.

Napoleon, to his purpose true,
For other victims pants anew—
And who comes next? I guess 'tis you—
Friend Jonathan.

FRIEND JONATHAN

Like Be'lzebub—with eye askance
He shakes your hand—but swears to France
To lead you yet a pretty dance,
Friend Jonathan.

And if you slyly think to snatch
Advantage from the peace you patch,
You count your chickens ere you hatch—
Friend Jonathan.

REV. JONATHAN ODELL.

(At the time, it was charged that the United States meditated a French alliance against England. The author was Rev. Jonathan Odell, for particulars and portrait of whom, see the *MAGAZINE* for July, 1905.)



A NEW ENGLAND TOWN IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

THE town of Blandford, Mass., was settled in 1735 by a colony of Scotch-Irish. They were among the original immigrants from the north of Ireland to Massachusetts in 1718, first settling in the vicinity of Boston, thence proceeding to Worcester and vicinity. Then they congregated in and about Hopkinton. In all these towns they were in the midst of English settlers who had come before them. In Blandford they were the first settlers on the field. There they built on no other man's foundation. They set up a church of their own sort and developed a civic community characteristic of them as a people,—the town of Londonderry, N. H., being the most notable example. The people of the two communities came over in the same ships.

Blandford is situated on the first series of wild and rugged hills which rise from the Connecticut valley westward of Springfield and Westfield. The town street extended north and south on a plateau fifteen to sixteen hundred feet high. These hills are practically the first of the Berkshires, though technically they constitute the western boundary of old Hampshire (now Hampden) county. Towns far to the westward, on the frontiers of New York, had come into being before Blandford, but a vast and heavily forested area lay between. It was said, with a good degree of truth, that northward of Blandford, there was not a settlement, other than military, nearer than Montreal.

A main artery of travel extended through the town to the more westerly settlements and Albany, but it was a mere bridle-path for years. Down through the years, as stage-coach traffic and military expeditions used this road, the dense forest so impressed the imagination of the people that it was known by the name of "the Green Woods," a name which local tradition retains in this twentieth century, when forest denudation has accomplished its worst.

Sixty families settled in these wild and gloomy forest, and began the difficult and prolonged attempt to subjugate unwilling nature. For the most part the Indian himself had forsaken these stony ridges and wild ravines. His settlements were in the valleys of the Connecticut, the Woronoco, the Pocumtuck, the Housatonic and the Hoosac. Some of the more inviting intervalles had also been included among his favorite haunts, but this inhospitable region of rock-ribbed mountains, wind-swept heights and steep and darksome gorges he for the most part let alone, except as the war path or some unusual call to long wanderings compelled him to pass over these undesired acres. The Indian's wigwam sent no curling smoke up through the leafy canopy of Blandford hills to heaven.

There were two long avenues of light and fellowship through the silence and mystery: the town street, or first division road, and the second division road, running parallel to the first, more than a mile distant. Then there was the other road across the province, cutting athwart the two division roads. Along these narrow openings were ranged at intervals the homely log houses of the settlers. Here and there, outside the settlement, homes were built, though but few, and there were outlying farms. These, whether farms or homes, were usually arranged together by twos. It was too lonely and too dangerous for men to live or even work otherwise. Two were better than one, and a threefold cord was not quickly broken.

It was six years before the little settlement could muster resources enough to warrant incorporation. The people were self-reliant, but were cruelly poor nevertheless. Most of their farms were mortgaged, and what they obtained came out of the soil as the reward of their own labor. Then came the desolation of war. The little municipality may almost be said to have begun its existence as a foundling laid at the door of an army barrack. From its youth up it became a man of war. The army of city rest-seekers who annually throng our rural resort when the sun is high and the summer breezes blow are prone to wonder why the early pioneers sought so inaccessible and rugged an abode. But indeed the town was in the very maelstrom—so easily forgotten are the pains, toils and sacrifices of by-gone years and now obsolete conditions.

“What’s past, and what’s to come, is strew’d with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion.”

All the wars of Europe in the middle of the eighteenth century, including the Seven Years’ War, were for empire, either in the New World or in India. If the Old World were agitated from heart to extremities over the future destiny of North America, New England, which furnished soldiers and money, and whose very soil was reddened in the struggle, was stimulated to the highest pitch of “resentment, apprehension and martial energy.”¹ Religion entered in to intensify all the horrors of war, which was waged between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic power. Puritan New England regarded it as a holy war, and days of fasting and prayer were provided and ranked along with the supplies of war by a zealous legislature and a wide-awake people. Like the countrymen of Nehemiah, the men of Blandford worked and worshipped armed: “every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held his weapons, and the builders every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded.”

At the March town meeting in 1743 there went up this sorrowful wail, born of necessity, not desire, as every shred of evidence bears witness: “Voted that a Letter be sent to ye Gentlemen proprietors² by Thomas McClentock³ Laying ye weakness of ye town befor them and intreat them to Lay our Call befor his Excelency intreating that help may be Sent to us and if help be sent that some method be ordered for their boarding because ye town is not in a Capacity to finde them.” What help, other than military aid, should be required or asked for which would call for the “finding” of men which the little community in its poverty could not undertake, is not easy to see. This isolated eyrie foresaw war. It was an outpost of the commonwealth.

Early in 1744 the peace of thirty years between England and France was terminated. Before Boston was appraised of the momentous fact, a New England garrison in New France had already been cap-

¹ Palfrey’s *History of New England*.

² All non-resident.

³ The (Presbyterian) minister of the people.

tured. The General Court responded with spirit to the proposals of Governor Shirley to meet the emergency. Five hundred men were promptly impressed, and powder was distributed at cost to all the towns in Massachusetts. A range of forts was provided for between the Connecticut and Hudson rivers. In January, 1745, the Governor made the astounding proposal to the Court that a sudden and secret campaign be set on foot to surprise and take Louisburg—by far the strongest fort north of the Gulf of Mexico—and recommending a force of four thousand men for the purpose. The proposal was promptly declined, but was later reconsidered and adopted. The forces were to be raised as follows: Massachusetts, 3,250 men; Connecticut, 500; Rhode Island, 300; New Hampshire 300. They were to go by transport, under the popular leader, William Pepperrell. The campaign was preceded by a day of fasting and prayer, called by the General Court, and the surprising and glorious victory was followed by a day of thanksgiving. Pepperrell gave this motto to his forces as he led them on to conflict: "Nil desperandum, Christo duce."⁴ It was said to have been given to him by Whitefield, the famous preacher.

In this initial campaign the infant town of Blandford was represented. How many of its citizens went on this expedition there is no means of finding out. The town records for these years are lost. The muster rolls and official returns were all sent to England for inspection in order to the payment of the soldiers, and were never returned. A very fragmentary list has been compiled from sundry sources, and published in the Massachusetts *Historical and Genealogical Register*.⁵ Therein occurs the name of John Huston, that Blandford church deacon, tavern landlord and town worthy.⁶ He is first mentioned in connection with his agent, Sergeant Enoch Davis. Huston received a commission as captain, and thereafter became locally addressed by that title, an incidental identification of the individual concerned. He was recommissioned at Louisburg, Oct. 2, 1745, being assigned both times to the Fifth company, Fourth Massachusetts regiment, Colonel Samuel Wil-

⁴ Nothing is to be despaired of with Christ for our leader.

⁵ Vols. 24, 25, q. v.

⁶ *The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford, 1733-1833*, pp. 20 ff., by the author of this article.

lard. In 1746, Captain Huston was acting as agent for his regiment, along with other agents of other regiments "which met May 20, 1746, at Capt. Peter Prescott's." These agents were detailed for the purpose of receiving bounties or spoils of war. Captain Huston, being a surveyor in a large way, and prominently connected with the layout of numerous towns in Western Massachusetts, was a man of considerable business experience, and an entirely suitable person for such diplomatic business. Captain Estes Hatch was over the Tenth company in the same regiment, his commission dating from Feb. 4, 1744. Whether he was resident in Blandford at precisely that time may be in doubt. He took the deed of a farm in Blandford, Sept. 21, 1749, paying for the acquisition "two Mares & a Colt & a gold Watch." Oliver Watson is listed as a private in the Fifth company, Eighth Massachusetts regiment. Colonel John Choate, but the Watsons did not come to town until later. The name of Jonathan Boyce is found as that of a "volunteer under the command of Daniel Bacon to attack the Island battery." There is nothing whatever decisive in the name itself against identifying it with John Boies of Blandford. John and Jonathan were in those days often interchangeable, and as for the surname, it was spelled by others than the owners of it in all sorts of ways. The name of Hugh Hamilton is returned on several lists of the provincial war records, in the years 1747 and '48.⁷

Before the actual breaking out of the war, so serious were the apprehensions of the people that the General Court deemed it best "that the Inland Frontiers of this province be put into a better posture of defence." This was particularly to guard against the hostile raids of Indians, whose guerilla instincts everywhere precluded their being kept within the bounds observed by civilized nations in warfare. They were an ever-dreaded foe whose pitiless massacres had for generations already filled New England homes with terror. An act was passed by the legislature and signed by Governor Shirley Nov. 11, 1743, appropriating one hundred pounds, to be laid out in each of the settlements of Fall Town, Colrain, Blandford, Stockbridge, Sheffield and Upper Housatunnock, and sixty pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence to New Hampton, "Erecting in each of the beforenamed settlements, for their

⁷ *Hist and Gen. Register*, Vol. 92, pp. 77, 91, 123.

security during the War, a Garrison or Garrisons of Stockades or of Square Timber, round some dwelling house or houses, or otherwise as will be most for the security and Defense of the whole Inhabitants of each place." * The Governor furthermore instructed the committee in charge of these enterprises that they should have regard also to purposes of aggressive warfare, "for the annoyance of the Enemy in any of their Settlements."

Rev. John Keep says,⁸ concerning the local fortifications, "Early in the settlement three forts were erected for the safety of the people: one upon the lot now occupied by Captain Elijah Knox, the other where Mr. Tuttle now lives, and the other the lot occupied by Samuel Boies." The Elijah Knox lot, still known as the "Knox place," is about three-quarters of a mile below the center school house on the road to Westfield. The Tuttle lot was just north of the meeting house, now the Agricultural Fair ground. The Samuel Boies place was about a mile above the last named, on the town street, a little south of the present "gore road," so called. A square mound is still very faintly discernible in the meadow where the fort was said to have been. The three forts were approximately a mile apart, two guarding the town street, with its homes and town buildings, and the other the important thoroughfare of the Province so far as it lay within the vicinity of the village. Tradition has added another, near Pixley's tavern, four miles to the westward, where a Province Act had established a tavern in 1733, before the settlement had been made,⁹ but there is no definite evidence to attest it. Mr. Keep's narrative continues: "For more than a year all the families were collected every night into these forts as a safe lodging place. How great the inconvenience and discouragement of such a mode of life! And after the people presumed to lodge in their own dwellings the cases were frequent in which, upon an alarm, they would in the dead of night hurry with their families to the fort. When they were in the field for work, they would take with them their arms, set one man as a sentinel while the others labored; nor did they deem it safe to meet on the Sabbath for religious worship except they took with

* Province Laws, Vol. XIII, Chap. 184, 1743-4.

⁸ A discourse delivered at Blandford, Tuesday, March 20, 1821, p. 8.

⁹ See *The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford*, Chap. I.

them their arms." Before Mr. McClenachan came, and while Mr. Harvey was preaching, the latter was engaged by the people to hold services "at the fort" on some day of the week, besides the usual services of the Sabbath.¹⁰ Dr. J. G. Holland, in his *History of Western Massachusetts*,¹¹ mentions only one "small fort" in Blandford. One—not improbably the central one, near the meeting house—was probably larger and stronger than the others, and may have been the fort to which Rev. Mr. Harvey was periodically assigned. That there were in fact three forts is abundantly attested, not only by tradition, but record, as for example the action of the town at its meeting on the 30th of March, 1748: "Voted that the soldiers that are to Come to this town shall keep the three forts that are in this town."

Louisburg had fallen early in the summer of 1745. But that by no means assured the success of the English cause elsewhere. The enemy were still in the field. On May 31, 1746, the provincial legislature authorized an additional enlistment of three thousand men to join an expedition against Canada, the particular destination being Crown Point. This was in response to the wish of George II. The action was taken willingly, but in the face of great hardship, "and notwithstanding the great difficulties and charges to which this Province is exposed by reason of the numerous attacks made on all parts of our Frontiers, which burthens are made much heavier by coming immediately upon the loss of so great a number of men as were killed and died in the late expedition against Cape Breton."¹² A day of fasting and prayer was asked of the Governor by the legislature in view of this military expedition. Three days after these votes two hundred and seven men were called for to reinforce the garrisons "in the Western Frontiers," meaning Western Massachusetts; and this requisition included a company of fifty "to range the Woods with Fifty large Dogs, to be provided and fed at the charge of the Government."¹³

The men for the Crown Point expedition were to march to Boston,

¹⁰ Mr. Keep's Sermon, pp. 15-16.

¹¹ Vol. I, p. 172.

¹² Province Laws, Vol. XIII, Chap. 3, 1746-7.

¹³ *Ibid.*, Chap. 5.

whence they would be conveyed in transports up the Hudson.¹⁴ The expedition was delayed until autumn, when the state of feeling was such that again the legislature asked the Governor to appoint a public fast, in view of the formidable attacks and approaches "of the French Enemy" by land and sea.¹⁵

The local effect of all these perils and rumors of war will be told presently. Just now our search will be for Blandford soldiers among the new recruits. The sermon of Rev. John Keep,¹⁶ here again comes to our help as the only coherent relation of the town's part in this campaign.

SUMNER GILBERT WOOD.

BLANDFORD, MASS.

(To be Continued.)

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Chap. 124.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, Chap. 149.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

A NEW ENGLAND TOWN IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS

[This part of the first article was somehow omitted in July, 1909, and is now printed separately, to enable our subscribers to place it in the July number before binding.]

This is what he says: "The Rev. William McClenathan¹⁷ followed Mr. Munson. He was a man of respectable talents, and thought to possess unusual gifts as a preacher, but somewhat unhappy in his temper. In July, 1744, the people were happily united in giving him a call to settle, with the offer of ninety-three dollars settlement. The first minister was also entitled to one sixty-acre lot, to become his own on the day of his ordination. James Hazard was sent to Boston to present the call to presbytery. In September he was installed, and in December the town transported his goods from Boston. The next year every man in town over twenty-one years was required to work and assist in repairing his house. . . . Mr. McClenathan was twice sent abroad on the business of the town. Once he was chosen representative of the town, and they voted him thirty dollars addition to his salary. The next year the town, by a general vote, required that Mr. McClenathan be dismissed. The cause for this sudden change was as follows:

"A war existed between the French and the English, and the seat of it was the vicinity of Nova Scotia. While Mr. McClenathan was in Boston as the representative of the town, his feelings became enlisted in this war, and he obtained both captain's and chaplain's commission. On his return he succeeded in engaging the feelings of several young men in Westfield, and in Blandford. As he was the minister, and made promises to defend and protect young men, their parents permitted several to enlist under him.

When he reached Boston, with his company, he was not permitted to hold both offices, and sold his men to another officer. Four of the young men died. This by the people was deemed traitorous, and they

¹⁷ The proper spelling of the name is McClenachan.

refused to receive him again as their minister. But he held as his own the ministry lot. He was arraigned before the presbytery, tried and dismissed. All who testified in this case were required to be put under oath. Afterwards he relinquished his right to the ministry lot. He removed to the South, became an Episcopal preacher and soon after died."

It would seem as though, in the game of war, death should be discounted as a probable event. It may be inferred, therefore, that the fault laid at the minister's door was in his "selling" the young men to another officer, thereby lightly esteeming a solemn pledge of personal oversight. The names of the unfortunate dead were long since forgotten. The survivors also are, with an exception or two, a nameless company. There is no roster, and their very number is unknown. But a faint echo or two comes back to us from the silent years, like a forlorn fragment of a message caught by a "wireless" station and given to a world hungry to learn the rest, which imagination alone may fill out. It occurred to Rev. William McClenachan and to one or more of the youthful volunteers who followed his uncertain leading, that prudence would dictate that they should set their house in order before going. The cleric's disposal was on this wise: "Whereas God in his Providence is Calling me forth to the Present War, and as I am persuaded of the uncertainty of my being in this World and having (I trust) a Disposition to do Justice & Maintain a Good Conscience, I therefore do hereby Signify my Inclination & Oblige my Self if I Die in the Expedition to Resign my Claim and Title to the land I received in the Town of Blandford as the first Settled Minister of the Same and Said Land and House to be for the next Presbyterian minister Presbyterially Settled in Said Blandford The Inhabitants of Said Town Paying to my heirs or assigns what the building and Improvement Cost me on said Lott or land, In Testimony whereof I have hereunto Set my hand this 16th of Sept., 1746."¹⁸

WM. MCCLENACHAN & SEAL."

E. A. Hall¹⁹ states that Mr. McClenachan was an Irishman, and that he was one of the petitioners to Governor Shute.

¹⁸ Springfield Registry of Deeds, Vol. Q, p. 69.

¹⁹ See *Irish Pioneers of the Connecticut Valley*.

One of the young men who went out with this rather irresponsible minister was, almost certainly, William Knox, Jr. Two days after the ecclesiastic made conditional assignment of his ministry lot, this young man did similarly, assigning to Robert Young, of Wallingford, Connecticut, all his estate, real and personal, for the sum of two hundred pounds. The farm thus included consisted of the west, Second division lots, number 20 and 21: "Whereas²⁰ the said William Knox Junr. Is Inlisted a Soldier in his Majesties Service against the French & Indian enemy in North America, and is now going forth on the Said Service, and if in Case is shall so happen that the said Wm. Knox Junr. Shall Proceed therein & afterwards Return Home again the Said Deed Shall be null and void" etc. The deed is dated Sept. 18, 1746. Young Knox came home and received again his estate, as by deed signed in June, 1749.²¹ The Blandford volunteers in this expedition appear to have seen no war, but, what was worse, the horrid diseases of camp life.

To the forts established in Western Massachusetts the people of the Province looked, with yigilant and anxious attention, for protection. It was a wild and fearsome tract of country to protect, vast in its solitudes and unlimited in its possibilities of terror, where imagination heaped up uncounted perils above those known ones already sufficiently definite and numerous. The use of those literal "dogs of war" seems to smack of barbarism, yet how else could the long and gloomy stretches of country between the far separated blockhouses be so sentineled as to protect at all the villages and scattered homes of the people of this far "western frontier?"

It sounds strange to our modern ears to read of Massachusetts offering a bounty for Indian scalps. Yet such was the universal fear inspired by the horrid cruelties of the Indians that mercy for them almost departed. The bounty extended even to the scalps of females.²² To these rigorous measures it was probably due that no Indian outbreaks actually occurred on these frontiers, near at hand. In August 20, 1746, Fort Massachusetts, in what is now Williamstown, was surprised and

²⁰ Springfield Registry of Deeds, Vol. P, p. 223. Cf. Vol. 2, p. 69.

²¹ *Ibid.*, Vol. S, p. 176.

²² Province Laws, Vol. XIII, Chap. 61, 1745-6.

taken by Gen. Vaudreuil, and this success of the enemy was shortly followed by a massacre at Deerfield. Besides, there were here and there sporadic killings, one being as near to Blandford as Southampton, six days after Fort Massachusetts fell.

During these years of peril the old men were apt to seek refuge where the last days of life could be breathed out in greater degree of safety. John Stewart, blacksmith, went to Suffield (Conn.) to die, and made his will there, July 27, 1747. On August 14, following, his children and heirs met for the settlement of his affairs "at ye hous where David Boies dwells," probably the house where their father died. David Boies was also a Blandford citizen. Besides these two, deprived of their peace and domicile by the terrors of those days, we know not how many others took refuge abroad, but enough to provoke agitation in town meeting concerning their exemption from taxation, or abatement thereof. Certain documents indicate that the exodus had been considerable. The records refer to it as having taken place in the spring of 1747. There was diversity of opinion on the subject of abatement of taxes, and the town concluded that the refugees must bear equal burdens with the rest.

The peace was signed October 7, 1748. William H. Gibbs, in his *Historical Address*,²³ says that "in the spring of 1749 the Indians began to make encroachments upon the white settlers of the town, and all the families but four fled to the neighboring towns, some to Westfield, others to Windsor, Suffield, Simsbury, and Wethersfield, Conn. A portion of them returned the following autumn, the remainder the next spring." It is beyond belief, and must be a gross exaggeration, or the writer must have got the events of this year confused with those of 1747. In the year 1749 there were town meetings in Blandford on March 6, May 17, June 12, August 18 and Sept. 29. In the spring of that year the town clerk made this entry: "John Beard heath provided a bul according to the vot of the town and desired me to list him." In August of this same year was this minute: "voted that those that Came to this town Last winter and spring shall be freed of one-half their rates for the Last year," which looks like an actual returning, during that spring, of a number

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 8; Judge Copeland, in his *History of Hampden County*, follows this authority.

who had previously fled. Furthermore, on that same month, Rev. James Morton was ordained. Yet if we must part with the tradition recorded by Mr. Gibbs, account may be taken of the fact that nevertheless the town had been limping along, through depletion and terrors, with a portion of its normal population still non-resident.

March 8, 1748, the legislature made appropriations to pay the accounts of "Billeting Ye Canada Soldiers." The number of men paid at each fort is not given, but instead, the aggregate number of weeks of board. The account stands thus: Blandford, 122 weeks, 2 days; at the rate of seven pounds, six; Westfield, 224 weeks, 6 days, at six pounds, three; Stockbridge, 711 weeks, 2 days, at the same price as Blandford. Two days later, an enlistment, or impressment, as might be found to be necessary, was ordered for the western frontier forts, to the number of 277 men, and Connecticut was asked to supply 200 more. Of the latter, 80 were to be detailed to "the most exposed places of New Hampton, Blandford, No. 1 & 22, Stockbridge & Colrain & Sheffield." The men from Connecticut were not forthcoming, and, though peace was nominally then established, June 15, 1749, the Governor was desired "to cause such deficiency to be supplied by an Enlistment or an Impress of Sixty-two men in their Room."²⁴

The fortress of Louisburg fell in early summer, 1745. McClenahan and Knox did not muster into the service until the fall of the following year. The campaign, however, was by no means over. Reinforcements were needed every once in a while, to replace those lost by death or expiration of service. In May of 1746 it was voted by the General Court that "His Excellency the Captain General be desired to give orders that Four Hundred Effective men be enlisted to reinforce the army upon Cape Breton: also

"Voted that the Persons who shall enlist to proceed to the Camp before Louisburgh, be entitled to an equal share with the soldiers already there of all the Plunder that shall be taken after embarkation for the said Camp, and that they have the same encouragement that the three thousand men already gone, were entitled to."

²⁴ Province Laws, Vol. XIV, Chap. 273, 1747-48.





A REMEMBRANCE OF THE BOSTON DRAFT RIOT

THE Rebellion was rending the land and another call for troops had reached Boston. Every patriotic citizen was giving all that he had for his country, and now the less patriotic men were needed to fill the gaps rent by the cruel hand of war. Unwilling to go of their own accord, drafting must be resorted to, and for this purpose, "conscript-men" were sent to all the houses in the city to get the names of able-bodied men.

About noon on the 14th of July, 1863, a slight and frail-looking "conscript-man" was canvassing the tenement houses around the gas-house, back of Endicott Street in the famous "North-end" which was then thickly populated with Irish.

He met decided opposition in one tenement which he entered. Here an irate woman was ironing and when he made known his errand and inquired the names of her male relatives, she furiously denounced him, threw a flat-iron at his head and drove him from the house. As he ran rapidly down stairs she leaned far out of the window, and called to her husband to "protect himself from the draft."

Quickly gathering more of his kind, all of whom were just leaving the gas-house for dinner, they immediately began a violent demonstration, and anger quickly fanning to a white heat, they started to vent their spite and take vengeance on the "conscript-man," and taking up the chase, rapidly closed in on him.

At the corner of Endicott and Causeway Streets stood a bar-room, and the frightened "conscript-man" dodged into this, the infuriated mob at his heels. The saloon-keeper, recognizing the danger, bolted one door as the man passed through, hustled him out a second door, across the street and into a grocery on the further corner. Here the grocer hid him in the cellar. The howling mob, learning of his where-

abouts, yelled, "Let's burn him out," and attempted to set fire to the store by throwing lighted shaving and papers down the areaway.

While they were intent on this, the man was taken through a side-door, across the next street and hidden between two buildings at the back of a stable where it jutted against a house in a space just a few feet wide. The mob were unable to find him, and he was rescued later.

In the meantime my mother, thinking it all the excitement of a moment, sent my brother, a lad of eight, to the station for police protection.

But what could eight policemen armed with only their clubs, do against a mob of two or three hundred rioters, who, unable to find the "conscript-man" and swayed by a thirst for blood, immediately turned their attention to the policemen?

It was a most horrible sight to see them being battered and kicked by those raging men.

My mother was a widow, and living with us at the time was a most brave woman. As the crowd surged past our house it was more than both could endure without trying to help.

After seeing one policeman kicked and pounded, those two women went down into the street, took the second policeman, who was in a fainting condition, away from the mob, led him up the steps into the house.

They then threw water over the steps to efface the traces of blood and bolted the door.

Our house was one of a block, and there were others each side very similar, so that the infuriated mob could not tell which door it was.

Those two brave women bathed the policeman's wounds and as soon as the streets were clear, gave him a disguise, walked to a car with him and saw that he got to his home safely.

Meantime the crowd had surged on and as they had no arms, started for the gun-stores to break into them for supplies.

The riot was gaining such proportions that the Mayor sent to Fort Warren for troops who, under command of Major Stephen Cabot, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, a captain then, came up to the city and were established in the Cooper Street Armory, prepared for serious work.

Fearing for her property and our lives, as we were told that some of the rioters remembered our house and had threatened "to set it on fire that night," my mother went to the Mayor's office and told him of our danger. He immediately gave us military protection and during the night, every hour, we could hear the cavalry coming down the street, go slowly past our house, to return the next hour.

There wasn't much sleep, the house was in darkness and a strict watch kept, valuables and family portraits were all packed up in chests and stood in the front hall ready for quick transportation, because a good deal could happen in an hour in those days and it was well to be prepared for the worst. But we were amply protected and no harm came to the house or its inmates.

The mob, growing in numbers and intensity as evening came on, turned their attention to the Armory where the soldiers were stationed.

They dug up bricks from the sidewalks, broke the windows of the Armory and called the soldiers cowards. To repel the attack the troops fired blank cartridges but they had no effect, and, in fact, added fuel to the flame. The women came out in large numbers, some of them holding their babies up in their arms and daring the soldiers to fire at them. Finally gaining courage, the rioters crowded up against the doors of the Armory and tried to break them open. Then and not until then did Major Cabot make a determined stand. He ordered the cannon drawn up to the doors and gave the order to fire right through them. The shot was a telling one. Dead and wounded lay on every side and the havoc was appalling, but this act quelled the riot. The crowd sorrowfully gathered up their dead and dying, immediately dispersing and going their way.

Marks where the shot rebounded from the brick walls of the

opposite houses can be seen to this day. Much damage was also done by the splinters from the closed doors, which flew in every direction when the shot was fired.

No one ever knew how many of the rioters were fatally injured, but the slaughter must have been terrible. During the next few days there were many funerals.

Fearful of a second uprising we kept our house darkened during the subsequent evenings.

Not many nights later, we saw two men, wearing large cape-coats, come out of the opposite house. Their wives handed each a gun, which was immediately hidden under their coats, and the men started off, apparently bound to a secret meeting-place, and ominously indicated continued silent activity among the rioters. We later learned on good authority that there was a meeting of the rioters that night, but it was dispelled by a Catholic priest, who, foreseeing the dire consequences if the riot was persisted in, commanded the men to return to their homes. His influence over the men practically dispelled the last vestige of trouble, and to him is due all honor for the final suppression of the riot.

The city of Boston presented Major Cabot with a sword for his courage and fidelity in so ably quelling a riot the issues of which, if persisted in, would have proved so disastrous to it.

EMMA SELLEW ADAMS.

SALINAS, CAL.

MINOR TOPICS

A MEMORIAL TO ANNE HUTCHINSON

It has been suggested that the memory of the gifted but unfortunate Anne Hutchinson be perpetuated by the erection of some public memorial which would serve to draw attention, after nearly three centuries, to the difficulties and trials which attended the religious and social development of the Colonists of New England. There are more monuments to the memory of those who strove for civil liberty than to those who strove and suffered martyrdom for religious toleration, and yet the two principles are closely interwoven in the early struggles of the Commonwealth. Anne Hutchinson stands foremost as the first woman in the American Colonies who championed the cause of free speech and religious toleration against "the organized oligarchy of theocrats," as Charles Francis Adams calls the early rulers of the Massachusetts Colony. Born in 1600, she was the mother of fourteen children, eleven of whom came to this country, and was the ancestor of Governor Hutchinson, of the historian Savage, and of many descendants in New England. Her house at the corner of School and Washington streets, the site where later stood the Old Corner bookstore, was the intellectual and social centre of Boston life from 1634 to 1637.

In 1637 she was tried for heresy by the General Court, consisting of thirteen magistrates and twelve ministers, presided over by Governor Winthrop. She was without counsel or witnesses (as was the harsh custom of the English law) and after two days' trial was found guilty and later was banished from the Colony.

She sought refuge in Rhode Island, but was still persecuted and again driven forth, to find a home under the Dutch of New York; but within a year her house was burned and its inmates slain by Indians in 1643. It stood within the present limits of Pelham Bay Park, New York city, and the site can be closely located.

Charles Francis Adams says: "The trial of Anne Hutchinson was the greatest event of interest in Massachusetts up to this time."

Brooks Adams calls it "A mockery of justice."

Dr. Ellis says: "The treatment of Anne Hutchinson by the Court deserves the severest censure."

The names of her judges were:

Magistrates and Deputies—Governor John Winthrop, Deputy Governor Thomas Dudley, William Aspinwall, Simon Bradstreet, Dr. John Clarke, John Coggeshall, William Coddington, William Colburn, John Endicott, William Jennison, — Leverett, Richard Saltonstall, Joseph Weld.

Ministers—Rev. William Bartholomew, Rev. John Cotton, Rev. John Eliot, Rev. Roger Harlakenden, Rev. Increase Nowell, Rev. Hugh Peters, Rev. George Phillips, Rev. Zachariah Symmes, Rev. Israel Stoughton, Rev. Thomas Shepard, Rev. John Wilson, Rev. Thomas Weld.

Only three, Coddington, Colburn and Jennison, failed to vote for her conviction. (At the same meeting the site of Harvard College was fixed at Cambridge.)

It is suggested that a memorial of some kind be erected at the place where her life ended (as it is now within the limits of a public park) and perhaps a huge stone boulder that stands but a short distance from the site of her house, and which has been known as "Split Rock" for more than a century, could in some way be utilized. In that event a thousand dollars ought to be sufficient, but small subscriptions from many individuals are what is desired.

Ex-President Eliot has signified his interest in the undertaking, and his willingness to write the inscription when the form and character of the memorial are fixed, which will depend upon the interest and financial assistance which this suggestion receives.

Several years ago, a memorial tablet was placed in the First Church, Boston, in fitting acknowledgment of the injustice of her persecution, she

having been expelled from that very church about 250 years before. It is now further proposed that the place of her sad death, New York city, be likewise marked by a tablet or suitable memorial, placed by the descendants of those officers and members of the General Court of Massachusetts who tried and convicted her of heresy, and drove her to exile and a cruel death.

Archibald Murray Howe of 10 Tremont street, Boston, has consented to act as custodian of all funds, and a committee will be appointed and announced, to decide upon and supervise the completion of the project. It is requested that all who are interested, will write to him or the undersigned, and, if they are descendants of any of the members of the memorable Court above named, will state what amount they will pledge themselves to contribute, if the plan should succeed, and also will make suggestions as to the personnel of the committee and the form of the memorial.

J. EDWARD WELD.

55 EAST 59TH STREET, N. Y.

(We take pleasure in re-printing Mr. Weld's letter, which was addressed to the Editor of the Boston *Transcript*):

When we were preparing our "Battle of Pell's Point" we were enabled to identify the spot where stood Mrs. Hutchinson's dwelling, where she and her household were killed or burned in its destruction by the Indians in 1643. The late Rev. C. W. Bolton, then rector of Christ Church, Pelham, N. Y., was our informant, and he afterward escorted to the spot a party of "Colonial Dames," hoping that their organization would erect a suitable monument there. The Hutchinson River, a small stream near by, preserves her name.—ED.)

PRESERVING HISTORIC OBJECTS.

In the matter of preserving anything possessing a natural or historical interest France sets an admirable example to the whole world. Splendid results have been achieved since 1830, when the French Government first voted funds for the preservation of historic monuments.

The sum set apart for this purpose has increased year by year until it has reached \$1,000,000.

The expenditure is in the hands of a special council composed of the directors of fine arts and national museums under the surveillance of the Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. Fresh treasures are acquired and those already possessed are kept in perfect repair. So popular is the work that no Deputy, no matter what his political opinions, has ever been known to vote against the annual subsidy that keeps for the nation the precious heritage of its past. In addition private individuals have over and over again come to the help of the State on occasions when exceptionally large sums were required. The words "monuments historiques" seem to be an "open sesame" to all pockets. It is a comprehensive form, and may include megalithic remains in far away Algiers equally with some grand cathedral at home.

The method of procedure is very simple. A Government inspector in the course of his rambles happens on a church which, though without value architecturally speaking, may contain a magnificent doorway, a baptismal font which is a poem in stone, or a tomb bearing a Merovingian inscription. Or he may visit a little known abbey with a cloister or belfry which is practically priceless. The inspector reports his discoveries as being worthy of preservation and the Government communicates with the owners. They are asked if they will allow their particular treasures to be classified as "monuments historiques," and if, as is probable, the answer is in the affirmative, money grants are made for their preservation, the amounts of course varying according to circumstances.

The council is the loving guardian of the nation's treasures, and through its intervention many celebrated old châteaux have been prevented from passing into the hands of strangers. A case of this kind was the purchase of the Château of Azay le Rideau in Touraine and its conversion into a Renaissance museum. Sometimes it happens that the owner of some ancient château requests that it may be added to the number of historic buildings under State guardianship. An architect is sent to examine and value it, plans and photographs are furnished to the members of the council, and should the expert report favorably the Government offers to contribute a certain sum toward its maintenance.

It is possible that the amount may be deemed insufficient and the offer refused, but should it be accepted and the property pass under the control of the State—be it a stained glass window in some ancient church or a château of the Renaissance—it can neither be sold, exchanged, repaired nor restored, nor even receive a coat of paint, without the approval of the Government.

A case in point occurred some years ago in connection with the beautiful Church of St. Ouen at Rouen. After it was classed as a "monument historique" the State voted a large sum for its restoration. During the progress of this work the church committee committed the indiscretion of placing in the building a number of statues that had not first been submitted to the Government art expert. This official condemned them as being inharmonious to the exquisite mediæval interior which was being restored at such great cost and with infinite care. The State threatened to withdraw its subsidy unless the offending statues were removed; the church said, "They shall stay where we have placed them." A long and bitter controversy followed, but in the end the holder of the purse triumphed—the statues disappeared.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

(Would that the United States had such a council. Then the Hancock house in Boston, the Hall of Records in New York, and many other priceless historic buildings would not have been lost to posterity. "They order," said I, "this matter better in France."—ED.)

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF LEWIS MORRIS, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, TO GOV. CLINTON, OF NEW YORK

An interesting historical letter, respecting means taken by him to protect the farmers of Westchester County, N. Y.

Bedford [N. Y.], Octr, 26 1778

Dear Sir

I received your Excellency's Favor of the 21st the day before yesterday, and to convince you that I have attended to the Distress of the People, and give them all the Protection which the present weak and exposed State of the County would admit, I enclose you a copy of Genl Washington's Letter to Genl Scott, in consequence of my application to him for Assistance—I have a small number of Volunteers, that are with the Patrole and the remaining Part of Colonel Graham's Corps which lays at Young's Tavern—In justice to myself I must say God help such Colonels as I have in my Brigade, upon receiving your orders last Sept. I immediately wrote to them to hold themselves in readiness at a Moment's warning, and to my Surprise they had neither Ammunition nor any thing else ready, However thanks to heaven the Enemy from all accounts that we can get, are about to leave N. York. I sent in a Man and he came out Yesterday, and Says most of their Troops are gone on board, and the rest are preparing to embark as fast as they can, and no preparations making for winter Quarters, such as wood and forage, all the heavy cannon put on board, very few left at King's Bridge, and not a man has been over Williams Bridge this fortnight—I mentioned to Genl Scott for us to go and Drive them over the King's Bridge, he said Genl. Washington had Something of that in contemplation—My best regards wait on your Lady and family and believe me Dr Sir with the greatest regard

Your Most obedient Hbl Servt,

His Excellency Gov. Clinton.

LEWIS MORRIS.

LETTER OF BEVERLY ROBINSON ON SECRET SERVICE

(Col. Beverly Robinson was conspicuous in connection with Arnold's treason, and this intercepted letter, written at New York, Sept. 17, 1781, was signed by him and also by Col. George Beckwith, a British officer. It intimates the great desire of the British General commanding at New York (Clinton), to establish a line of communication with Lord Cornwallis. The letter is written in a very legible hand, on a long piece of very thin tissue paper, folded in a very small package, and clasped with two strips of sheet lead, evidently for the purpose of sinking it in the river, if in danger of capture.

With it is a copy of a letter dated Sept. 18, 1781, notifying the intended receiver of the first letter of its contents and wishes of the British General, and suggesting several places to establish the line of communication, but unsigned. There is with it a paper of a recent date, which states, under the authority of Thomas McKean, that the writer of the captured letter which we quote below was Thomas Robinson, of Sussex county, Delaware, when in New York, and was written to his brother Peter Robinson; a very interesting illustration of the treacherous methods resorted to for effecting treasonable correspondence, as in Arnold's case.)

New York Sept. 17, 1781

Sir,

The commander in chief being very desirous of establishing some mode of Correspondence to enable him to hear weekly from Lord Cornwallis, he has directed & empowered me to enter into and carry on such a correspondence; we have by the recommendation of your brother (who is our worthy & particular acquaintance) taken the liberty of addressing ourselves to you; The method we at present think is most likely to succeed is that you should engage some honest, trusty man that you can depend on, to go once a week down to any place on the Bay side most convenient to be put over to Lord Cornwallis, with Such despatches as shall be sent from thence for his Lordship & to bring back whatever may be sent in return by him; If you think it will not be proper or safe for the man you send to cross the bay, a second person who lives at the Bay Side may be employed to go over with the despatches & to bring back the answer to the first man sent by you who should be directed to deposit them in a secret, secure place at the Light house or somewhere near to the water side on your shore, to which place we will send a Whale boat regularly to take them away & to leave our despatches in the same place for the man in your employ to carry on to Lord Cornwallis, w^h particular spot we conclude you will point out to the bearer of this; By this method the person we send from there will never know any thing of you; This appears to us to be the very best way a thing of this kind can be

carried on, But if you can form any other more to your satisfaction, you are at liberty to make any alterations you please; The Men you employ shall be paid ten Guineas each for every trip they make, & if at any time you think they may deserve more for any extraordinary exertions, they may make they shall be paid whatever you recommend

As this matter may probably put you to some expence & trouble you may be assured that every expence shall be paid you and a handsome allowance made you for your trouble, friendship and fidelity in this matter—

We hope you will excuse our taking this freedom being entire strangers to you, but we are induced to do it from the good character we have of you & of your inclination to serve your country—

We are your mo' obt Humble Servants

BEV. ROBINSON,
GEO. BECKWITH.

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO TENCH TILGHMAN

MOUNT VERNON, Aug. 29, 1788.

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 25th in answer to mine of the preceeding week came safely. At the time I wrote that letter I was uninformed of the circumstances which you have since made me acquainted with. However, you will be at no loss from the contents of it, to discern that it was *Bargains* I had in contemplation; and which, from the quantity of goods at Market,—Scarcity of cash, according to newspaper acc'ts—distress of the Trade—and the mode of selling, I thought might probably be obtained;—but if I am mistaken therein, I shall content myself with a few marked articles, or such of them as can be had cheap.—Fine Jaccanet Muslin (apron width) is what Mrs. Washington wants, and ab't 5 or 7 yards would be sufficient—as the Arrack is in large casks and new, I decline taking any.

If Mr. O'Donnell should feel an inclination to make this part of Virginia a visit, I shall be happy in seeing him—and if, instead of giving him a *letter* of introduction you should change the mode and introduce

him in your own *Propria Personæ* it would add much to the pleasure of it. Before your letter was received, from my reading, or rather from an imperfect recollection of what I had read, I had conceived an idea that the Chinese though—in shape and appearance, were yet white.

I am glad to hear that my Packet to Mr. Smith had got safely to hand, as there were papers of consequence transmitted,—I expect some other documents for my Law Suit in the course of a few days from our Attorney Gen'l (Edm'd Randolph, Esq.), which I shall take the liberty of inclosing to you to be forwarded to Mr. Smith—and as I seem to be in the habit of giving you trouble, I beg the favor of you to cause the inclosed letter to be delivered to Mr. Rawlins. I leave it open for your perusal. My reason for it is, that thereby seeing my wants, you would be so obliging as to give me your opinion of Mr. Rawlins with respect to his abilities and diligence as a workman—whether he is reckoned as moderate or high, in his charges and whether there is much call at this time for a man of his profession at Baltimore—for on this, I presume, his high or moderate term will greatly depend.

Mrs. Washington joins me in best respects to Mrs. Tilghman and yourself, and thanks you for the obliging assurance of chusing the articles wanted, perfect of their kind.

With great esteem and respect,

I am, Dear Sir, Y'r Affect'd friend & Obed't Hble. Serv't,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing, Mrs. Washington has requested me to add that if any fine thin handkerchiefs with stripe or marked borders are to be had, she would be glad to get six of them.

G. W.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE

INDIAN RELICS FROM A RIVER BED.

While workmen were removing rock and debris from the old channel of the rivers between the second and third chutes, to make way for the big power dam on the American side, they unearthed in one of the pot holes in the rock a remarkable collection of Indian weapons and other articles, comprising tomahawks, spearheads, arrowheads, sturgeon fishhooks, etc., all made out of pure copper and hardened to the consistency of steel.

The articles are bright in appearance and are of superior workmanship, being evidently the work of the prehistoric race which fashioned the mounds, ornaments and utensils of the early days. That these people possessed the knowledge of tempering copper is evident from the specimens. How they came there is a mystery, but the general belief is that a party of Indians while endeavoring to land or make a portage lost control of their canoe and were swept over the falls, the canoe being overturned, causing the contents to go to the bottom of the river or be carried down stream.

That these articles were together is proof that they must have been tied in a leather sack or some such receptacle. They were found packed together in the hole, which had doubtless been caused by centuries of swirling waters and gravel.—*Minneapolis Journal, Fort Frances correspondence.*

(This item refers to the Rainy River,

on the northern boundary of Minnesota, where Fort Frances in Canada, and International Falls, on our Minnesota side, are on the opposite sides of Rainy River, about two miles west of the outlet of Rainy Lake.

WARREN UPHAM,
Sec'y Minn. Hist. Soc'y.)

THE FLUTE OF BUNKER HILL.

An ancient flute, whose mellow notes mingled in the martial music played at the battle of Bunker Hill, is in the possession of John A. Small of Nashua, N. H. It is a home-made instrument of course, fashioned from a piece of yellow birch, and is still in good voice.

It is about 18 inches long, has brass ferrules on the ends and was originally owned and played by Thomas Winslow, of the family that gave two governors to the colonies.

Winslow was a musician in the army of the Revolution, was with Prescott's forces and played this flute at the battle of Bunker Hill. From Winslow, the flute came down to his son, Capt. Consider Winslow, who sailed out of Portland in command of a merchantman. That was a good many years ago.

Mr. Small then lived near Portland. He was a friend of Capt. Winslow, and being interested in relics he was given the instrument that was made to contribute its best to the thrill of Charlestown's one big day.—*Boston Globe.*

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER VII

THE RIFLING OF THE HAWKSNEST

THE Farmer's Homestead, from which the estate of Greyslaer took its name, lay upon the banks of the Mohawk, immediately at the mouth of one of these wooded gorges through which the tributaries of the river descend from the mountains of Montgomery to unite with the parent stream. The broad, low-eaved mansion reposed in a rich alluvial meadow, amid a clump of weeping elms; the luxuriancy of whose foliage betrayed the neighborhood of the brook that watered their roots; and which, descending impatiently amid the copses of hazel and wild cherry, from the upland in the rear of the house, glided slowly and noiselessly through the green pastures, as if unwilling at the last to merge its current into the broader stream beyond.

"Here," said Thayendanagea to his European friend, when, having stationed his band in the underwood that lined the sides of the gorge, he began to move cautiously toward the house, accompanied only by MacDonald; "here is the Hawksnest of which I have spoken, and within an hour we will clip the wings of the wildest of the falcon brood."

The two royalists now approached the house with the most stealthy caution, and by glancing from one outbuilding to another, keeping always within their shadow, they at last attained a position in which, screened behind a trellis covered by gourds and hop-vines, that sheltered the cottage-like porch, they could easily look into the low windows of the mansion.

The scene thus witnessed brought so vividly to mind the recollections of his early home, that the British officer again shrunk from the stern task in which he had consented to share. The window opened into a large room wainscoted with black walnut, whose dusky panels were relieved here and there by the glimmer of a brass-mounted press, or an antique

beaufet with its attendant service of painted china, and other furniture of European manufacture, which had probably been brought from his fatherland by the first owner of the dwelling. There was no carpet upon the floor of the apartment, which seemed to be a sort of hall, or common sitting-room of the family, and a large ducking-gun supported upon a magnificent pair of antlers over the fireplace, with other appointments and trophies of the chase, indicated the predominant tastes of its customary male occupants.

But there were traces also of the presence of woman in this rural household, in the framed needle-work that adorned the walls, the vase of freshly gathered flowers upon the mantelpice, and, above all, in the general air of neatness that pervaded its simple arrangements. Nor did MacDonald long doubt to whom these slight but indubitable evidences of feminine taste were owing, when he gazed upon the occupants of the apartment. These were an aged man and his two daughters. A white-haired patriarch, who sat a little aloof from the table, at which a slight-made, invalid-looking girl was seated, reading aloud, while the other, a dark-eyed, luxuriant beauty, stood reeling some coloured worsted from the back of a chair. The glow of health, the purple light of youth, the pride of rich, resistless womanhood, seemed all mantling in the cheek and animating the person of the latter; and when the European gazed upon her haughty, intellectual brow, her mouth, whose ripe and melting softness was still redeemed from all weakness of expression by something wayward and aspiring even in its smiles; when glancing from her white and exquisitely turned shoulders, just touched by the light which polished her velvet bodice, he looked to the noble contour of her person, brought out as it was by the position in which she stood, with one fairy foot upraised upon the lower rung of the chair before her, the portrait of more than one proud dame of princely courts rose freshly radiant to his view; while the pale, passionless-looking girl, upon whom the old father gazed with eyes of such affectionate interest, seemed the far fitter tenant of an abode so obscure.

"It is, indeed, a cruel duty, Sachem, to disturb such a home as that," he whispered to his companion.

"Yes, but still it is a duty," muttered the Indian, sternly.

"And yet not necessarily ours to-night: the young man whom you seek is evidently not at home; for see, now, the tall girl has laid aside her work; they are preparing for family prayers, yet Greyslaer is still absent."

"Speak lower," said Brant, in a suppressed tone, which sounded like the hissing of a serpent in the ear of the other; "that tall girl could wield the souls of a hundred rebels with her eyes! She must be placed out of the way till these fanatic boys of the same traitorous household recover their senses. Nay! Murmur not at this decision; a hair of her head shall not be injured. But, hist, what noise is that?" he added, turning round as he retired a few paces from the trellis, which interposed its leafy curtain between him and the window.

"It is only some of your followers; you told them to approach for the seizure, the moment that the rising moon should cast her first beam above yon clump of maples."

"Yes; but she yet lacks a hand's breadth of gaining the top of the sugar-bush, and that tramp is never made by an Indian moccasin."

As the chieftain spoke, the sharp crack of a rifle followed instantly by the wild whoop of Indian warfare, rang out on the night air, while a young warrior, whose approach had been hitherto unobserved by Thayendanagea himself, stood suddenly before them.

"A party of Corlaer's fighting men! but we outnumber them. Our warriors sent me to ask leave to fight, but the foe has stirred their covert before the message could reach my father."

"And where was Au-neh-yesh, not to know of their approach?" fiercely asked the chief of his son, in their own language.

"Au-neh-yesh watched upon the hills above the waterfall; Kan-au-gou in the fields below. The sons of Corlaer came up the bed of the running water, and Kan-au-gou must have mistaken the plashing of footsteps on one side for the ripple of waters on the other."

"It is well; let our people stand fast till they hear my signal from the hill behind them, and then disperse as best they may."

The chieftain spoke, and Au-neh-yesh disappeared on the instant. "And

now, Captain MacDonald," said Brant, "we have not a moment to lose in securing our captive, while my young men keep the rebels at bay. Nay, I pledge myself to the girl's safety," he added, with a gesture of impatience, observing still symptoms of reluctance in his coadjutor.

But the feat, so often afterward, during the war, accomplished by Brant with such consummate address, was fated, in the present instance, to a more serious result than could have been anticipated.

Of the different parties of Whigs, who, according to previous concert, were to rendezvous at the Hawksnest this evening, that of Greyslaer was the only one which, for reasons that will be hereafter mentioned, moved to the proposed conference. It was well that the band was better armed and better ordered than were most yeomanry corps at the commencement of our civil struggle, and that they were commanded by one, who, on this night, gave as signal proofs of his quickness of resource and ability as a partisan soldier, as he had formerly shown evidence of high moral courage upon the occasion we have already noticed. The twenty-four hours which had elapsed since his deliverance from the myrmidons of Sir John Johnson, Greyslaer knew afforded sufficient time for that vigilant loyalist to obtain information of the proceedings of the patriot party, and to adopt measures to prevent the proposed meeting. This, in the excited state of popular feeling, could scarcely be effected by an open exercise of his authority as a magistrate. A stroke of address in seizing rebel ringleaders, or the cutting off the different parties in detail by waylaying them on their approach to the rendezvous, seemed the only movement that could serve his purpose. Fearful, therefore, of an ambuscade, Greyslaer had exercised the greatest caution in approaching the scene of danger.

Marching warily along the banks of the river, until he came within half a mile of his destination, he had turned aside upon reaching the mouth of the tributary before mentioned; and, making the bed of the smaller stream his highway, had struck inland towards the hill, so as, by a serpentine course, to approach the house from the rear. These precautions, however, would only have served to throw him into the midst of Brant's party, which, intent upon the operation which had brought their chief to the spot, lay concealed upon the banks of the brook where it

first descended to the lowlands, if the military foresight of the young partisan had not added another safeguard to his march by throwing out a picket upon either side of the stream.

The worthy Balt, who chanced to be one of the two persons detailed upon this duty, used always to quote his deeds of this night in illustration of a favorite assertion of his, that a true woodsman always knew, by instinct, when an Indian was within fifty yards of him. Certain it is that he had not proceeded in advance of his comrades a hundred yards up the stream, when a faint whistle, like that of a woodcock settling in a cornfield when a summer shower has lured him from his favorite morass, caused an instant halt of his party. The call was answered by an Indian, who, rising slowly from the brake, showed his shaven crown, for a moment, in the moonlight, and then slunk back to his cover, as if having, for the instant, mistaken the call of a real bird for the signal of some comrade come to relieve him at his post.

Some three minutes were now passed by Greyslaer's party in breathless attention for another signal. These were so skillfully employed by the woodsman in gliding towards his foe, that they measured the mortal existence of the unhappy Indian. A short and desperate struggle, a smothered cry, and the crashing of branches, as a heavy body rolled through the thicket into the water, finished the career of the warrior Kan-au-gou.

"Thank your stars, boys, that your lives are not trusted to such a stupid lout as that," whispered Balt, joining his party the next instant. "Capting that chap was painted for a war-party, and you may depend there is more vermilion in the neighbourhood. The red devils must be beyond the rifts upon the hill above us; God knows how many of 'em; but the best thing we can do is to change our course, and strike straight through the fields to the homestead, where we can stand a siege, if the worst come to the worst."

Greyslaer nodded approval, and instantly gave the necessary order; while his men silently deployed from the bed of the stream, and ascended the bank, preparatory to making a swift movement across the meadows to the house. Two fields, separated by a high rail fence, laid "worm-fashion," intervened between them and the homestead, and it was the sound

of their feet in running across the first field, which caught the quick ear of *Thayouhagea*, and in the same moment alarmed his ambushed followers. *Asnet-yesh*, by the order of one of the chiefs, had bounded off, on the instant to communicate with the Sachem, and had nearly reached the house, when, casting his eyes behind him, he beheld Greyslaer's party in the act of surmounting the division-fence we have mentioned. Without waiting to select his man, he instantly fired upon them, and the shot produced at once the effect intended by the keen-witted savage. The whites, finding themselves thus attacked in the direction of the house, deemed that it was already in possession of the enemy. They faltered in their advance, and then, as a tumultuous yell burst from the thickets on their flank, they formed in the angles of the serpentine fence, as the nearest cover at hand, and poured their fire upon the advancing foe. The Mohawks recoiled on the instant, and both parties lay now protected by their cover, with a broad strip of moonlit meadow between them, into which both were afraid to venture, contenting themselves with keeping up a dropping fire upon each other, as the gleam of weapons betrayed here and there an object to aim at.

The situation of Greyslaer's party seemed now precarious in the extreme.

"The Redskins are surrounding us, captain," said one of the brave but undisciplined yeomanry. "We had better back out by crawling, in the shadow of the fence, to the bushes on the river side in our rear."

"Rayther," said another, "let us go ahead, and make a clean thing of it, by charging through the varmint in front, and gain the heavy timber in their rear."

"Now my say is, boys," quoth Balt, "just to do neither one nor t'other."

"What then, do you counsel, Balt? for we cannot long maintain ourselves where we lie, if the Indians are in any strength," said Greyslaer.

"Why, the bizness is a bad one, anyhow you can fix it, captng; but I think I understand the caper on't. Don't you see—sarve you right, Bill; I told you they'd spile that hat afore the night was over, if you would pop

up your head above the rider instead of firing between the rails—don't you see that we've only had one shot from the house, while the old fence is already pretty well riddled from the hillside? Well—elevate a little lower, Adam, if it's that skulking fellow by the big elm you're trying for—well, then, as I was saying, it's pretty easy to guess where the strength of the redskins must lie; and I don't see that we can do better than streak it right ahead for the house, and trust to legs and luck for getting safe into it."

The suggestion was too much in accordance with Greyslaer's feelings not to be eagerly caught at by him. Indeed, so overpowering was his anxiety for the beloved inmates of the mansion, that nothing but considerations of duty toward the party who had trusted themselves to his guidance, had hitherto prevented him from dashing forward to his destination at all hazards. But if he had still hesitated as to the course to adopt in the present exigency, all doubt as to his movements was at once dispelled in the moment that Balt finished speaking.

A sound of terror, the shriek of woman in distress, with the hoarse cry of age imploring mercy and assistance, rose suddenly from the dwelling, chilling the blood of some, and making the pulses of others leap with mad and vengeful impatience. And it was then that, bursting simultaneously from their cover, the red men and the white could be seen urging their way with rival fleetness towards the same goal, for the moment apparently regardless of each other's neighborhood; pausing not to strike down a competitor in the race, but striving only who first could reach the bourne. The one thirsting to share in the massacre that seemed in the act of perpetration; the other burning with fierce impatience to arrest or avenge the butchery of his friends.

A light and agile youth, a fair-haired boy of sixteen, was the first that gained the door of the mansion; but even as he planted his foot upon the threshold, his head was cloven asunder by an Indian tomahawk, and, with limbs quivering in death, his body rolled down the steps, while the exulting savage who dealt the blow leaped over it brandishing his fatal weapon. But his triumph was short. Greyslaer was close upon him, and, as he strained every nerve in rushing forward, he came with his drawn rapier so impetuously upon the Indian, that the point was driven through

his back deep into the panel of the door, which burst open from the shock.

Leaving his friends for the moment to make good their entrance as best they could, by opposing their hunting-knives and clubbed rifles to the tomahawks and maces of the Indians, who instantly mingled with them in wild melée around the porch, Greyslaer rushed forward to the sitting-room of the family. He shrunk aghast at the sight of horror which told him that he had come too late. The master of the house lay stunned and senseless upon the floor. Alida, the beautiful Alida, had disappeared; but her fair-haired sister lay weltering in her blood, while a gash across her forehead, with the tangled locks drawn backward from her brow, and the print of gory fingers fresh upon the golden tissue, called Greyslaer's eye to a savage, who shook his scalping-knife at him with a hideous grin of disappointed malice as he sprang through the open window. But there was no time now for grief to have its way. The din of the conflict still rose fresh behind him, and Greyslaer turned to the succor of his friends whom it might avail.

"Powder, powder, captng!" shouted Balt, who this moment presented himself. "There's a big red-skin keeping three of our men at bay with his tomahawk; I must use him up at once, to give the rest an opportunity of making a rush from the out-house; our best men are still outside. Bedlow and Boonhoven are both down, but big Hans, the miller, yet holds the door stoutly, and Bill Stacey has gone up with his axe to drop the gutter from the eaves upon the redskins that are hammering at the windows. Ah! there's the tool for my purpose," he added, seizing the ducking gun from the chimney, and throwing down his half-loaded rifle; while Greyslaer had, in the meantime, secured the window through which the ferocious Au-neh-yesh had a moment before made his entrance and escape.

Greyslaer now rushed to support the man who was holding the door against odds so stoutly; while Balt ascended the staircase, freshly priming the ducking-gun, and adding a handful of buckshot to the already heavily charged piece as he went. He gained a window in the same moment that Greyslaer, sallying out from his house, sword in hand, cut

down the sturdy warrior for whom Balt had prepared his charge. A dozen Mohawks instantly rushed forward to avenge the fall of their comrade. But the heavy piece of Balt did good service in the moment, or Grayslaer's career would have been cut short for ever. A shower of buckshot drove them quickly to regain their cover.

"Now, boys," shouted the woodsman, "make a rush for the house, while the red devils digest that peppering."

The handful of outlying whites did not wait for the invitation to be repeated, but rushed pellmell within the porch so furiously as to bear down each other in the hall, while the sturdy miller made a liberal use of his foot in pushing aside their bodies while shutting the heavy oaken door.

Furious at being thus foiled, the brave Mohawks made a simultaneous rush towards the entrance, when, at that instant, the rude and ponderous gutter, loosened from the eaves, descended with a crash upon their heads; and with a wild howl of grief and dismay, the survivors of their party drew off their wounded and disabled comrades, and left the stout yeomen masters of the field.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEW

THE STORY OF THE GREAT LAKES.

By Edward Channing, Professor of History in Harvard University, and Marion Florence Lansing, Editor of the "Open Road Library." With Maps and Illustrations. 12 mo. VIII., X 398 pp. Index. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909. Price \$1.50 net.

"For three hundred years," affirm the authors in their introduction, "The Great Lakes have been the centre of an immensely varied and interesting history. They were originally the home of savages; they were discovered and explored by Frenchmen; they became the scene of a century-long struggle for possession by Indians of many tribes and white men of three nations; and they have been finally occupied and developed by Americans.

From such a rich field the authors of this volume have made a story interesting, entertaining and truthful. They have not attempted to make it exhaustive or critically accurate in minute details; to do that would destroy its charming and picturesque beauty.

Standing in imagination in Lake Park, Chicago, in the midst of the mighty modern emporium of American industry the writers take us back through the present to the time when Samuel de Champlain paddled along those shores and for the first time beheld the great expanse of "Mer Douce" and the boundless prairies beyond. They recount the coming of Etienne Brulé, the first white

man to look upon the waters of Lake Huron in 1610.

Vividly and graphically have the authors narrated the story of the activity of the French in exploring the region, of the founding to missions among the Hurons, of the breaking up of these and the extermination of the Hurons by the Iroquois, of the self-sacrifice and heroism displayed by the Jesuit priests, of the indefatigable labors of La Salle and Father Hennepin and of other and later pioneers, all giving to the story a romantic charm rarely excelled in pure romance and without a peer in creating a genuine love for what is true and beautiful in human achievement.

For general readers, and especially for young people who are forming habits of reading what is worthy of their attention, this volume is commendable. It will serve as a tonic to create a love for good literature—a literature historic but picturesque and romantic, and withal productive of increasing love for what is true in personal achievement.

The authors may congratulate themselves upon having succeeded in producing a story worthy of the attention of a very large circle of general readers—one that will be sought for in years to come as well as to-day.

The book contains a number of maps and illustrations which explain the text, a short bibliography and index, each enhancing the usefulness of the volume. The mechanical work is well done and the story fills an important place in historical literature.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

AUGUST, 1909

No. 2

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

IN the course of the last two or three years, since the now famous "Brownsville affair," there has been a mass of comment, favorable and unfavorable, in regard to the negro soldiers in the United States Army; it was thus with great pleasure I undertook the task of trying to find out some of the main facts concerning them. I found it a broad subject, which stretches back to the very beginning of our country's history, so it will be manifestly impossible, considering the limits of time and space imposed on this essay, to give more than a comparatively brief outline of it. Such an outline it is my purpose to attempt.

THE COLONIES

It was natural that in the colonies, separate units as they were, there should be very different regulations in regard to the enrollment of negroes in the militia. This lack of uniformity can be best seen by examining the different colonies in turn.

The Connecticut General Court, on May 17, 1660, passed the following act: "It is ordered by this court, that neither Indians, nor negar servants shall be required to traine, watch or ward in collo."¹ This

—This essay was awarded the first place for the John Addison Porter prize in American History, Yale, 1909.

¹ Williams, I. 259.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

In preparing an essay of this kind, it is, of course, necessary to collect a great number of facts, as well as to arrange them in orderly form. To collect all these facts from the original sources would very evidently be quite impossible in an essay where the time-limit set is comparatively short. I have therefore contented myself mainly with secondary authorities, supplementing them by primary material on points of special importance or interest, as far as I have been able. If I deserve any credit at all, therefore, it will be for having arranged the mass of facts at my disposal in a comparatively brief and orderly manner, not for having collected the facts themselves.

beaufet with its attendant service of painted china, and other furniture of European manufacture, which had probably been brought from his fatherland by the first owner of the dwelling. There was no carpet upon the floor of the apartment, which seemed to be a sort of hall, or common sitting-room of the family, and a large ducking-gun supported upon a magnificent pair of antlers over the fireplace, with other appointments and trophies of the chase, indicated the predominant tastes of its customary male occupants.

But there were traces also of the presence of woman in this rural household, in the framed needle-work that adorned the walls, the vase of freshly gathered flowers upon the mantelpice, and, above all, in the general air of neatness that pervaded its simple arrangements. Nor did MacDonalld long doubt to whom these slight but indubitable evidences of feminine taste were owing, when he gazed upon the occupants of the apartment. These were an aged man and his two daughters. A white-haired patriarch, who sat a little aloof from the table, at which a slight-made, invalid-looking girl was seated, reading aloud, while the other, a dark-eyed, luxuriant beauty, stood reeling some coloured worsted from the back of a chair. The glow of health, the purple light of youth, the pride of rich, resistless womanhood, seemed all mantling in the cheek and animating the person of the latter; and when the European gazed upon her haughty, intellectual brow, her mouth, whose ripe and melting softness was still redeemed from all weakness of expression by something wayward and aspiring even in its smiles; when glancing from her white and exquisitely turned shoulders, just touched by the light which polished her velvet bodice, he looked to the noble contour of her person, brought out as it was by the position in which she stood, with one fairy foot upraised upon the lower rung of the chair before her, the portrait of more than one proud dame of princely courts rose freshly radiant to his view; while the pale, passionless-looking girl, upon whom the old father gazed with eyes of such affectionate interest, seemed the far fitter tenant of an abode so obscure.

"It is, indeed, a cruel duty, Sachem, to disturb such a home as that," he whispered to his companion.

"Yes, but still it is a duty," muttered the Indian, sternly.

"And yet not necessarily ours to-night: the young man whom you seek is evidently not at home; for see, now, the tall girl has laid aside her work; they are preparing for family prayers, yet Greyslaer is still absent."

"Speak lower," said Brant, in a suppressed tone, which sounded like the hissing of a serpent in the ear of the other; "that tall girl could wield the souls of a hundred rebels with her eyes! She must be placed out of the way till these fanatic boys of the same traitorous household recover their senses. Nay! Murmur not at this decision; a hair of her head shall not be injured. But, hist, what noise is that?" he added, turning round as he retired a few paces from the trellis, which interposed its leafy curtain between him and the window.

"It is only some of your followers; you told them to approach for the seizure, the moment that the rising moon should cast her first beam above yon clump of maples."

"Yes; but she yet lacks a hand's breadth of gaining the top of the sugar-bush, and that tramp is never made by an Indian moccasin."

As the chieftain spoke, the sharp crack of a rifle followed instantly by the wild whoop of Indian warfare, rang out on the night air, while a young warrior, whose approach had been hitherto unobserved by Thayendanagea himself, stood suddenly before them.

"A party of Corlaer's fighting men! but we outnumber them. Our warriors sent me to ask leave to fight, but the foe has stirred their covert before the message could reach my father."

"And where was Au-neh-yesh, not to know of their approach?" fiercely asked the chief of his son, in their own language.

"Au-neh-yesh watched upon the hills above the waterfall; Kan-au-gou in the fields below. The sons of Corlaer came up the bed of the running water, and Kan-au-gou must have mistaken the plashing of footsteps on one side for the ripple of waters on the other."

"It is well; let our people stand fast till they hear my signal from the hill behind them, and then disperse as best they may."

The chieftain spoke, and Au-neh-yesh disappeared on the instant. "And

now, Captain MacDonald," said Brant, "we have not a moment to lose in securing our captive, while my young men keep the rebels at bay. Nay, I pledge myself to the girl's safety," he added, with a gesture of impatience, observing still symptoms of reluctance in his coadjutor.

But the feat, so often afterward, during the war, accomplished by Brant with such consummate address, was fated, in the present instance, to a more serious result than could have been anticipated.

Of the different parties of Whigs, who, according to previous concert, were to rendezvous at the Hawksnest this evening, that of Greyslaer was the only one which, for reasons that will be hereafter mentioned, moved to the proposed conference. It was well that the band was better armed and better ordered than were most yeomanry corps at the commencement of our civil struggle, and that they were commanded by one, who, on this night, gave as signal proofs of his quickness of resource and ability as a partisan soldier, as he had formerly shown evidence of high moral courage upon the occasion we have already noticed. The twenty-four hours which had elapsed since his deliverance from the myrmidons of Sir John Johnson, Greyslaer knew afforded sufficient time for that vigilant loyalist to obtain information of the proceedings of the patriot party, and to adopt measures to prevent the proposed meeting. This, in the excited state of popular feeling, could scarcely be effected by an open exercise of his authority as a magistrate. A stroke of address in seizing rebel ringleaders, or the cutting off the different parties in detail by waylaying them on their approach to the rendezvous, seemed the only movement that could serve his purpose. Fearful, therefore, of an ambuscade, Greyslaer had exercised the greatest caution in approaching the scene of danger.

Marching warily along the banks of the river, until he came within half a mile of his destination, he had turned aside upon reaching the mouth of the tributary before mentioned; and, making the bed of the smaller stream his highway, had struck inland towards the hill, so as, by a serpentine course, to approach the house from the rear. These precautions, however, would only have served to throw him into the midst of Brant's party, which, intent upon the operation which had brought their chief to the spot, lay concealed upon the banks of the brook where it

first descended to the lowlands, if the military foresight of the young partisan had not added another safeguard to his march by throwing out a picket upon either side of the stream.

The worthy Balt, who chanced to be one of the two persons detailed upon this duty, used always to quote his deeds of this night in illustration of a favorite assertion of his, that a true woodsman always knew, by instinct, when an Indian was within fifty yards of him. Certain it is that he had not proceeded in advance of his comrades a hundred yards up the stream, when a faint whistle, like that of a woodcock settling in a cornfield when a summer shower has lured him from his favorite morass, caused an instant halt of his party. The call was answered by an Indian, who, rising slowly from the brake, showed his shaven crown, for a moment, in the moonlight, and then slunk back to his cover, as if having, for the instant, mistaken the call of a real bird for the signal of some comrade come to relieve him at his post.

Some three minutes were now passed by Greyslaer's party in breathless attention for another signal. These were so skillfully employed by the woodsman in gliding towards his foe, that they measured the mortal existence of the unhappy Indian. A short and desperate struggle, a smothered cry, and the crashing of branches, as a heavy body rolled through the thicket into the water, finished the career of the warrior Kan-au-gou.

"Thank your stars, boys, that your lives are not trusted to such a stupid lout as that," whispered Balt, joining his party the next instant. "Capting, that chap was painted for a war-party, and you may depend there is more vermilion in the neighbourhood. The red devils must be beyond the rifts upon the hill above us; God knows how many of 'em; but the best thing we can do is to change our course, and strike straight through the fields to the homestead, where we can stand a siege, if the worst come to the worst."

Greyslaer nodded approval, and instantly gave the necessary order; while his men silently deployed from the bed of the stream, and ascended the bank, preparatory to making a swift movement across the meadows to the house. Two fields, separated by a high rail fence, laid "worm-fashion," intervened between them and the homestead, and it was the sound

of their feet, in running across the first field, which caught the quick ear of Thayendanagea, and in the same moment alarmed his ambushed followers. Au-neh-yesh, by the order of one of the chiefs, had bounded off, on the instant, to communicate with the Sachem, and had nearly reached the house, when, casting his eyes behind him, he beheld Greyslaer's party in the act of surmounting the division-fence we have mentioned. Without waiting to select his man, he instantly fired upon them, and the shot produced at once the effect intended by the keen-witted savage. The whites, finding themselves thus attacked in the direction of the house, deemed that it was already in possession of the enemy. They faltered in their advance, and then, as a tumultuous yell burst from the thickets on their flank, they formed in the angles of the serpentine fence, as the nearest cover at hand, and poured their fire upon the advancing foe. The Mohawks recoiled on the instant, and both parties lay now protected by their cover, with a broad strip of moonlit meadow between them, into which both were afraid to venture, contenting themselves with keeping up a dropping fire upon each other, as the gleam of weapons betrayed here and there an object to aim at.

The situation of Greyslaer's party seemed now precarious in the extreme.

"The Redskins are surrounding us, captain," said one of the brave but undisciplined yeomanry. "We had better back out by crawling, in the shadow of the fence, to the bushes on the river side in our rear."

"Rayther," said another, "let us go ahead, and make a clean thing of it, by charging through the varmint in front, and gain the heavy timber in *their* rear."

"Now my say is, boys," quoth Balt, "just to do neither one nor t'other."

"What then, do you counsel, Balt? for we cannot long maintain ourselves where we lie, if the Indians are in any strength," said Greyslaer.

"Why, the bizness is a bad one, anyhow you can fix it, captaining; but I think I understand the caper on't. Don't you see—sarve you right, Bill; I told you they'd spile that hat afore the night was over, if you would pop

up your head above the rider instead of firing between the rails—don't you see that we've only had one shot from the house, while the old fence is already pretty well riddled from the hillside? Well—elevate a little lower, Adam, if it's that skulking fellow by the big elm you're trying for—well, then, as I was saying, it's pretty easy to guess where the strength of the redskins must lie; and I don't see that we can do better than streak it right ahead for the house, and trust to legs and luck for getting safe into it."

The suggestion was too much in accordance with Greyslaer's feelings not to be eagerly caught at by him. Indeed, so overpowering was his anxiety for the beloved inmates of the mansion, that nothing but considerations of duty toward the party who had trusted themselves to his guidance, had hitherto prevented him from dashing forward to his destination at all hazards. But if he had still hesitated as to the course to adopt in the present exigency, all doubt as to his movements was at once dispelled in the moment that Balt finished speaking.

A sound of terror, the shriek of woman in distress, with the hoarse cry of age imploring mercy and assistance, rose suddenly from the dwelling, chilling the blood of some, and making the pulses of others leap with mad and vengeful impatience. And it was then that, bursting simultaneously from their cover, the red men and the white could be seen urging their way with rival fleetness towards the same goal, for the moment apparently regardless of each other's neighborhood; pausing not to strike down a competitor in the race, but striving only who first could reach the bourne. The one thirsting to share in the massacre that seemed in the act of perpetration; the other burning with fierce impatience to arrest or avenge the butchery of his friends.

A light and agile youth, a fair-haired boy of sixteen, was the first that gained the door of the mansion; but even as he planted his foot upon the threshold, his head was cloven asunder by an Indian tomahawk, and, with limbs quivering in death, his body rolled down the steps, while the exulting savage who dealt the blow leaped over it brandishing his fatal weapon. But his triumph was short. Greyslaer was close upon him, and, as he strained every nerve in rushing forward, he came with his drawn rapier so impetuously upon the Indian, that the point was driven through

his back deep into the panel of the door, which burst open from the shock.

Leaving his friends for the moment to make good their entrance as best they could, by opposing their hunting-knives and clubbed rifles to the tomahawks and maces of the Indians, who instantly mingled with them in wild melée around the porch, Greyslaer rushed forward to the sitting-room of the family. He shrunk aghast at the sight of horror which told him that he had come too late. The master of the house lay stunned and senseless upon the floor. Alida, the beautiful Alida, had disappeared; but her fair-haired sister lay weltering in her blood, while a gash across her forehead, with the tangled locks drawn backward from her brow, and the print of gory fingers fresh upon the golden tissue, called Greyslaer's eye to a savage, who shook his scalping-knife at him with a hideous grin of disappointed malice as he sprang through the open window. But there was no time now for grief to have its way. The din of the conflict still rose fresh behind him, and Greyslaer turned to the succor of his friends whom it might avail.

"Powder, powder, captng!" shouted Balt, who this moment presented himself. "There's a big red-skin keeping three of our men at bay with his tomahawk; I must use him up at once, to give the rest an opportunity of making a rush from the out-house; our best men are still outside. Bedlow and Boonhoven are both down, but big Hans, the miller, yet holds the door stoutly, and Bill Stacey has gone up with his axe to drop the gutter from the eaves upon the redskins that are hammering at the windows. Ah! there's the tool for my purpose," he added, seizing the ducking gun from the chimney, and throwing down his half-loaded rifle; while Greyslaer had, in the meantime, secured the window through which the ferocious Au-neh-yesh had a moment before made his entrance and escape.

Greyslaer now rushed to support the man who was holding the door against odds so stoutly; while Balt ascended the staircase, freshly priming the ducking-gun, and adding a handful of buckshot to the already heavily charged piece as he went. He gained a window in the same moment that Greyslaer, sallying out from his house, sword in hand, cut

down the sturdy warrior for whom Balt had prepared his charge. A dozen Mohawks instantly rushed forward to avenge the fall of their comrade. But the heavy piece of Balt did good service in the moment, or Grayslaer's career would have been cut short for ever. A shower of buckshot drove them quickly to regain their cover.

"Now, boys," shouted the woodsman, "make a rush for the house, while the red devils digest that peppering."

The handful of outlying whites did not wait for the invitation to be repeated, but rushed pellmell within the porch so furiously as to bear down each other in the hall, while the sturdy miller made a liberal use of his foot in pushing aside their bodies while shutting the heavy oaken door.

Furious at being thus foiled, the brave Mohawks made a simultaneous rush towards the entrance, when, at that instant, the rude and ponderous gutter, loosened from the eaves, descended with a crash upon their heads; and with a wild howl of grief and dismay, the survivors of their party drew off their wounded and disabled comrades, and left the stout yeomen masters of the field.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEW

THE STORY OF THE GREAT LAKES.

By Edward Channing, Professor of History in Harvard University, and Marion Florence Lansing, Editor of the "Open Road Library." With Maps and Illustrations. 12 mo. VIII., X 398 pp. Index. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909. Price \$1.50 net.

"For three hundred years," affirm the authors in their introduction, "The Great Lakes have been the centre of an immensely varied and interesting history. They were originally the home of savages; they were discovered and explored by Frenchmen; they became the scene of a century-long struggle for possession by Indians of many tribes and white men of three nations; and they have been finally occupied and developed by Americans.

From such a rich field the authors of this volume have made a story interesting, entertaining and truthful. They have not attempted to make it exhaustive or critically accurate in minute details; to do that would destroy its charming and picturesque beauty.

Standing in imagination in Lake Park, Chicago, in the midst of the mighty modern emporium of American industry the writers take us back through the present to the time when Samuel de Champlain paddled along those shores and for the first time beheld the great expanse of "Mer Douce" and the boundless prairies beyond. They recount the coming of Etienne Brulé, the first white

man to look upon the waters of Lake Huron in 1610.

Vividly and graphically have the authors narrated the story of the activity of the French in exploring the region, of the founding to missions among the Hurons, of the breaking up of these and the extermination of the Hurons by the Iroquois, of the self-sacrifice and heroism displayed by the Jesuit priests, of the indefatigable labors of La Salle and Father Hennepin and of other and later pioneers, all giving to the story a romantic charm rarely excelled in pure romance and without a peer in creating a genuine love for what is true and beautiful in human achievement.

For general readers, and especially for young people who are forming habits of reading what is worthy of their attention, this volume is commendable. It will serve as a tonic to create a love for good literature—a literature historic but picturesque and romantic, and withal productive of increasing love for what is true in personal achievement.

The authors may congratulate themselves upon having succeeded in producing a story worthy of the attention of a very large circle of general readers—one that will be sought for in years to come as well as to-day.

The book contains a number of maps and illustrations which explain the text, a short bibliography and index, each enhancing the usefulness of the volume. The mechanical work is well done and the story fills an important place in historical literature.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

AUGUST, 1909

No. 2

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

IN the course of the last two or three years, since the now famous "Brownsville affair," there has been a mass of comment, favorable and unfavorable, in regard to the negro soldiers in the United States Army; it was thus with great pleasure I undertook the task of trying to find out some of the main facts concerning them. I found it a broad subject, which stretches back to the very beginning of our country's history, so it will be manifestly impossible, considering the limits of time and space imposed on this essay, to give more than a comparatively brief outline of it. Such an outline it is my purpose to attempt.

THE COLONIES

It was natural that in the colonies, separate units as they were, there should be very different regulations in regard to the enrollment of negroes in the militia. This lack of uniformity can be best seen by examining the different colonies in turn.

The Connecticut General Court, on May 17, 1660, passed the following act: "It is ordered by this court, that neither Indians, nor negar servants shall be required to traine, watch or ward in collo."¹ This

—This essay was awarded the first place for the John Addison Porter prize in American History, Yale, 1909.

¹ Williams, I. 259.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

In preparing an essay of this kind, it is, of course, necessary to collect a great number of facts, as well as to arrange them in orderly form. To collect all these facts from the original sources would very evidently be quite impossible in an essay where the time-limit set is comparatively short. I have therefore contented myself mainly with secondary authorities, supplementing them by primary material on points of special importance or interest, as far as I have been able. If I deserve any credit at all, therefore, it will be for having arranged the mass of facts at my disposal in a comparatively brief and orderly manner, not for having collected the facts themselves.

seems to have remained in force down to the Revolution, thereby excluding all colored persons but free negroes, whom, it can be seen, are not included in the words of the act, though probably in their spirit.

On December 5, 1708, Governor Samuel Cranston of Rhode Island, in reply to the Board of Trade's circular letter inquiring about negro slaves, sent a letter with several enclosures, in one of which he said: "It is to be understood that all men within this colony, from the age of sixteen to the age of sixty years, are of the militia, so that all freemen above and under said ages are included in the abovesaid number of the militia."² This colony apparently, therefore made no distinction of color among *freemen*, as we have just seen was partially the case in Connecticut.

As the colony of New Hampshire had very few slaves and those were widely scattered,³ it is probable that no express rules were laid down as to the admission of negroes to the militia.

Massachusetts pursued a more vacillating policy than any of the other colonies. The earliest act was that of 1652 by which "negroes, Indians, and Scotchmen" were compelled to train in the militia! Four years later Negroes and Indians were excluded from the trainings,⁴ only

² Williams I. 271.

⁴ Livermore, 124.

³ *Ibid.* I. 31.

In classifying such a bibliography as this, there are, of course, difficulties in properly assigning works, the greatest being as to which is or is not source material, especially in the Spanish War period. In general, I have classified my authorities as follows:

- I. *Sources*—All material which gives direct first-hand information—the usual method.
- II. *General*—Histories of Periods, races, etc.
- III. *Special*—Histories, Monographs, etc.
 - A. More general, *i. e.*, not referring directly to the subject of this essay.
 - B. Less general, *i. e.*, referring directly to the subject of this essay.
- IV. *Articles in Periodicals.*

I. SOURCES.

Addeman, J. M.—*Reminiscences of Two years with the Colored Troops.* Providence, 1880.
Addresses and Ceremonies at the New Year's Festival to the Freedmen on Arlington Heights,
 . . . etc. Washington, 1867.

Baird, Henry Carey—*General Washington and General Jackson on Negro Soldiers.* Philadelphia, 1863.

however, to find themselves again included by the act of 1660. This provided that, with a few minor exceptions, "every person above the age of sixteen years" should be obliged to train,⁵ but it could not have been long in force, for in May, 1680, Governor Bradstreet reported to the Committee of Trade: "We account all generally from sixteen to sixty that are healthful and strong bodys, both Householders and Servants, fit to beare Armes, except Negroes and Slaves, whom we arm not."⁶ This may have referred to a repeal of the law of 1660, or only to the general practice in the colony. However, the act of 1707, "regulating free negroes," provides that "free negroes and mulattoes, able of body, and fit for labor, who are not charged with trainings, watches and other services," shall perform service equivalent to militia training."⁷ They did fatigue duty. Other acts of the eighteenth century showed similar vacillation, but generally exempted negroes from military service.

New York apparently excluded negroes from the militia, for on August 21, 1693, all Indians, Negroes, and *others not listed in the militia* were specially ordered to work to repair the fortifications.⁸

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ Williams, I. 195.

⁷ *Ibid.* 194.

⁸ *Ibid.* 463.

Banks, N. P.—Emancipated Labor in Louisiana.—Address before Boston Y. M. C. A., Oct. 30, 1864.

Clippings from American Newspapers, 1756-1790, in 6 volumes

Colyer, Vincent—Brief Report of the Services Rendered by the Freed People to the United States Army in North Carolina. . . . after the Battle of Newbern. New York, 1864.

Dana, Charles A.—Recollections of the Civil War. New York, 1898.

Emilio, Luis F.—History of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, 1863-1865. Boston, 1891.

Force, Peter—American Archives.

Fox, Charles Barnard—Record of the Service of the 55th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Cambridge, 1868.

Freedmen's Inquiry Commission—Report transmitted by the Secretary of War. June 22, 1864.

Heacock, W. J.—Speech in the N. Y. Assembly April 6, 1863, in favor of a Vigorous Prosecution of the War, etc.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth—Army Life in a Black Regiment. Boston, 1870.

Massachusetts State—Record of the Mass. Volunteers 1861-65. Boston, 1870.

Mickley, J. M.—The 43d Regiment of U. S. Colored Troops. Gettysburg, 1866.

Morgan, Thomas J.—Reminiscences of Service with the Colored Troops in the Army of the Cumberland 1863-65. Providence, 1885.

New Jersey was more lenient. The law of 1761 provided that no enlistments should be allowed of "any young man under the age of twenty-one years, or any slaves who are so for terms of life, or apprentices," without the consent of their masters.⁹ As nothing at all is said of free negroes, they were presumably included in the militia.

In Pennsylvania, negroes were not allowed to carry a gun or other weapon,¹⁰ so must certainly have been excluded from real military service. This law smacks of the flavor of those in some of the Southern Colonies. For example, in North Carolina, firearms were similarly prohibited to slaves under heavy penalties,¹¹ while all negroes were excluded from the militia.¹²

After 1704, Maryland, too, had similar laws as to carrying guns or "other offensive weapons," though even before that time negroes had been exempted from all military service.¹³

Free negroes were enlisted in the militia service in Virginia and were obliged to attend the trainings, but they were not allowed to bear arms and were assigned only servile duties. Here, too, were rules regulating the carrying of firearms.¹⁴

⁹ *Ibid.* I. 286.

¹¹ Williams, I. 305

¹³ J. R. Brackett, 110.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* I. 314.

¹² Williams, I. 308.

¹⁴ Williams, I. 131.

New York State—Reports of the Proceedings & Debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1821. Albany 1821.

Niles' Register.

Page, Charles A.—Letters of a War Correspondent. Boston, 1899.

Record of Engagements with Hostile Indians within the Military Division of the Missouri from 1868 to 1882—from official records. Lieut. Gen. P. H. Sheridan commanding. Chicago, 1882.

Rickard, James H.—Services with the Colored Troops in Burnside's Corps. Providence, 1894.

Supervisory Committee for Recruiting Colored Regiments—Report U. S. Colored Troops, Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1864.

Taggart, John H. (preceptor)—Free Military School for Applicants for Commands of Colored Troops. Philadelphia, 1863.

Ullman, Daniel—Address before the Soldiers' & Sailors' Union of the State of N. Y. at Albany, Feb. 5, 1867. Washington, 1868.

South Carolina, on the other hand, passed an act in 1704 "for raising and enlisting such slaves as shall be thought serviceable to this Province in time of Alarms." All owners were compelled to equip their slaves and to allow them to respond to alarms. Slaves killed by the enemy were to be paid for by the colony. This law was re-enacted April 24, 1708, making them militia-men and granting freedom to a slave who escaped when taken prisoner or who captured or killed an enemy."¹⁵ This act offers a strange contrast to South Carolina's policy during the Revolution, as we shall see later.

Slavery was not permitted in Georgia till the end of 1749. When the long and severe struggle for it was finally successful, most of the colony's slave legislation followed that of South Carolina, and, among others, a law similar to that just mentioned was passed.¹⁶

A great lack of uniformity among the colonies has thus been shown—most of them had laws excluding negroes from the militia, a few permitted them to belong, others vacillated. The regulations imposed also varied greatly. Such was the status of the negro as concerns military affairs, when in 1775 the War of the Revolution broke out.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

For some time, even after the war began, there was no movement toward letting the negro help fight our battles. In Massachusetts, the

¹⁵ Williams, 300-1.

¹⁶ Williams, 317-322.

U. S. Government:

- The Congressional Globe.
 - The Congressional Record.
 - Journals of Congress.
 - The Military Laws of the U. S. 3d Edition, Washington 1898.
 - Resolutions, Laws & Ordinances relating to the Pay of Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution. Wash. 1838.
 - Revised Statutes, 2nd Edition, Washington 1878.
 - Supplement to the Revised Statutes, Vol. I. 1874-1891, Washington 1891.
 - Five Years of the War Department 1899-1903, as shown by the annual reports of the Secretary of War.
 - The War of the Rebellion. Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.
- Walter, P. P.—Letter to General John Armstrong. *Magazine of American History*. Vol. 22, p. 353.
- Wheeler, Joseph—The Santiago Campaign. Boston, 1898.

acts of 1775, May, 1776, and November 14, 1776, excluded negroes, Indians, and mulattoes, and they were not included in the census ordered in 1776.¹⁷ The Maryland militia act of 1777 confined the service to whites.¹⁸ The other colonies left their existing laws on the statute books till they were superseded, many late in the war, some not at all. Indeed, the tendency in the early part of the war seems to have been, on the whole, against the employment of negroes as soldiers.¹⁹ It was later, when the struggle became intense, that the movement gained any considerable strength.

The "martyrdom" of the mulatto, Attucks, at the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770, has been frequently mentioned in connection with this subject of negro soldiers,²⁰ but I do not think this mere mob-leader should be included in our survey, and I mention him only in passing.

After the Boston Massacre, preparations for war began in earnest, and, especially in the winter of 1774-5, companies of militia-men and minute-men were organized and drilled. The negroes do not seem to have been included in these companies,²¹ but the army had hardly begun to besiege Boston before the question of the status of the slaves and

¹⁷ Williams, I, 351-2.

¹⁹ Bolton, 5.

²¹ Bolton, 22.

¹⁸ J. R. Brackett, 196.

²⁰ *e. g.* Livermore, 91; Alexander, 330.

II. GENERAL.

Alexander, Wm. T.—History of the Colored Race in America. Salina, Kansas, 1894.

Evans, Clement A., (editor)—The Confederate Military History. Atlanta, 1899.

Watterson, Henry—History of the Spanish American War. New York, 1898.

Williams, Geo. W.—History of the Negro Race in America 1619-1880. Two volumes in one. New York 1882.

III. SPECIAL HISTORIES, MONOGRAPHS, etc.

A. MORE GENERAL.

Bolton, Charles Knowles—The Private Soldier under Washington. N. Y. 1902.

Bonsal, Stephen—The Fight for Santiago. N. Y. 1899.

Brackett, Albert G.—History of the U. S. Cavalry 1789-1863. N. Y. 1865.

Brackett, Jeffrey R.—The Negro in Maryland. Baltimore, 1889.

Clowes, Sir Wm. Laird—Black America. London 1891.

Diman, J. Lewis—The Capture of Gen. Prescott by Col. Barton. Providence, 1877.

Fiske, John—The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War. Boston 1900.

Fleming, Walter L.—Civil War & Reconstruction in Alabama. N. Y. 1905.

Hickok, Charles T.—The Negro in Ohio, 1802-1870. Cleveland 1896.

free negroes came up. On May 29, 1775, the Massachusetts Committee of Safety resolved that, as it would be inconsistent with the principles of liberty for which they were fighting, "no slaves be admitted into this army upon any consideration whatever."²² This resolution was read before the Provincial Congress on June 6th, and ordered to lie on the table for further consideration.²³

But this action concerned only slaves, and apparently nothing was to prevent a free negro or emancipated slave from entering the army. Peter Salem, who made himself famous by shooting dead Major Pitcairn as he scaled the redoubt at Bunker Hill, probably was one of these.²⁴ Washburn, in his *History of Leicester, Massachusetts*, gives an interesting account of this negro.²⁵ "He was born in Framingham, and was held as a slave, probably till he joined the army; whereby, if not before, he became free. This was the case with many of the slaves in Massa-

²² Quoted from Fox—in Livermore, 97.

²³ Quoted from Journals of the Mass. Prov. Cong. in Williams, I. 302.

²⁴ Alexander, 33; Livermore, 93, etc.

²⁵ Washburn, 266-9.

McCook, Henry C.—*The Martial Graves of our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba*. Philadelphia 1899.

Washburn, Emory—*Historical Sketches of the Town of Leicester, Mass.* Boston 1860.

Whiteley, Wm. G.—*The Revolutionary Soldiers of Delaware*. A paper read before the Delaware Legislature, Feb. 15, 1875. Wilmington, 1875.

Woodbury, Augustus—*Major General Ambrose E. Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps*. Providence 1867.

B. LESS GENERAL.

Brown, Wm. Wells—*The Negro in the American Rebellion*. Boston 1880.

Cashin, Herschel V., and others—*Under Fire with the 10th U. S. Cavalry*, Chicago 1902.

Livermore, Geo.—*An Historical Research respecting . . . Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, & as Soldiers*. Boston 1863.

Moore, Geo. H.—*Historical Notes on the Employment of Negroes in the American Army of the Revolution*. N. Y. 1862.

Nell, Wm. C.—*The Colored Patriots of the American Revolution*, Boston 1855.

Rider, Sidney C.—*An Historical Inquiry concerning the Attempt to Raise a Regiment of Slaves by R. I. during the War of the Revolution*. Providence 1880.

Williams, Geo. W.—*A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion*. N. Y. 1888.

Wilson, Joseph T.—*The Black Phalanx—A History of the Negro Soldiers of the U. S.* Hartford 1888.

IV. ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

Bonsal, Stephen—*The Negro Soldier in War & Peace—North Am. Review*, vol. 185, 321.

The Edinburgh Review—*The Negro Race in America*—vol. 119, pp. 203-242.

Fitta, Jas. Franklin—*The Negro in Blue—Galaxy*, vol. 3, pp. 249-255.

chusetts, as no slave could be mustered into the army." (*Cf.* the Resolution quoted above.) He served through the war in Colonel Nixon's regiment. In his oration at the unveiling of General Warren's statue, June 17, 1857, Edward Everett associated Salem's name with those of Putnam, Warren and other of our early patriots,²⁶ and Trumbull in his famous picture of the battle, includes several negro soldiers, in one of whom he evidently means to portray Peter Salem.²⁷ At least one other negro, too, was conspicuous in the Battle of Bunker Hill, so conspicuous that fourteen officers from the grade of colonel down, signed a testimonial recommending Salem Poor to the General Court.²⁸

We thus see that there were a few negroes, at least, in the Continental Army at that early period of the war. Bancroft bears this out: "The roll of the army at Cambridge had from its first formation borne the names of men of color." "The first general order which was issued by Ward, had required a return, among other things, of the 'complexion' of the soldiers, and black men, like others, were retained in the service after the troops were adopted by the continent."²⁹ No new enlistments could have been made, however, for on July 10, 1775, an order of Washington at Cambridge forbade the enlistment of any negro.³⁰ On September 26th, Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, in the Continental Congress, moved the discharge of all the negroes in the army. Though supported by many Southern delegates, the motion was lost,³¹ but this

²⁶ Livermore, 95.

²⁸ Livermore, 95.

³⁰ Livermore, 101; Moore, 5.

²⁷ Livermore, 93.

²⁹ Quoted in Moore, p. 5.

³¹ Livermore, 101; Williams, I. 336.

Hunt, Sanford B.—The Negro as a Soldier—*Anthropological Review*, vol. 7, pp. 40-54.

The *Independent*—The Discharged Negro Soldiers—vol. 61, pp. 1531-2.—Remaking the Army—vol. 60, pp. 295-6.

The *Nation*—The Negro as Soldier & Officer—vol. 73, pp. 85-6.

The *Outlook*—Congressional Usurpation—vol. 91, pp. 141-4.

Parker, W. Thornton—The Evolution of the Colored Soldier—*North Am. Review*, vol. 198, p. 223.

Roy, Joseph E.—Our Indebtedness to the Negroes for their Conduct during the War, in the *New Englander*—vol. 51, pp. 353-364.

Steele, Matthew F.—The "Color Line" in the Army. *North Am. Review*, vol. 183, pp. 1285-8.

Stewart, T. G.—The Colored American as a Soldier. In the *United States Service*, vol. ii, new series, pp. 323-7.

Villard, Oswald G.—The Negro in the Regular Army, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 91, pp. 721-9.

did not necessarily imply that the sentiments therein expressed had no effect. The exclusion from enlistment was continued and reaffirmed. On October 8th, a Council of War unanimously resolved to reject all slaves, and, by a great majority, to reject all negroes.³² On October 23d, a committee of conference on the subject of improving the army decided that negroes ought to be excluded,³³ and in General Orders from Headquarters, November 12th, it was ordered that "neither negroes, boys unable to bear arms, nor old men unfit to endure the fatigues of the campaign are to be enlisted."³⁴

But the sentiment was growing in favor of the negro, and, on November 20, 1775, the South Carolina legislature passed a resolution allowing the employment of slaves for pioneers, laborers, and other similar duties, but not as soldiers.³⁵ This, the first piece of directly favorable legislation in the war, was the nearest South Carolina got to admitting negroes into the army.

On December 30th, Washington issued an order permitting, provisionally, the enlistment of free negroes, and promising to bring the matter to the attention of Congress, which he did in a letter dated the next day.³⁶ It has been said that probably Lord Dunmore's proclamation of November 15th (to be noted later), which encouraged negroes to enlist in the British Army, had its effect in forcing this action.³⁷ Undoubtedly it did have some effect, but, as the order itself states, the main reason for its issuance was the desire of the free negroes to enlist. On January 16th, 1776, this letter was referred to a committee who reported a resolution "That the free negroes, who have served faithfully in the army at Cambridge, may be re-enlisted therein, but no others."³⁸ But

³² Moore, 6.

³⁶ Williams, I, 326.

³³ Livermore, 101.

³⁷ Bolton, 22.

³⁴ Williams, I, 336.

³⁸ Quoted from Journals of Cong., Livermore, 103.

³⁵ Quoted from Force, in Livermore, 99.

Washington, Booker T.—Heroes in Black Skins—*Century*, vol. 66, pp. 724-9.

Weeks, Stephen B.—The Slave Insurrection in Virginia, 1831, in *The Magazine of Am. History*, vol. 25, pp. 448-58.

Whittier, J. G.—The Black Men of the Revolution and the War of 1812. *National Era*, July 22, 1847.

Lord Wolseley—The Negro as a Soldier—*Fortnightly Review*, vol. 50, pp. 689-703.

little attention seems to have been given the latter part of this order; not only were the free negroes, who had been in the army, allowed to remain, but during the next two years, other negroes were admitted with little opposition.³⁹

The states were slow to adopt the policy of enlisting negroes. Mention has already been made of some of the laws on the subject which were passed after the outbreak of the war. On March 13, 1777, an order in New York provided that all male negroes were to parade with the troops the next morning, the slaves to be used every day, and half the others every other day, till the place "is put in a proper posture of defence."⁴⁰ Massachusetts had allowed more direct military service a little earlier, the resolution of January 6th having provided for raising "every seventh man to complete our quota . . . without any exceptions, save the people called Quakers."⁴¹

In Connecticut, in May, 1777, the matter came up and the Lower House voted to allow the enlistment of slaves in the battalions then raising; but the bill was rejected by the Upper House at the next session.⁴² At that next session, though, blacks as well as whites were made eligible as recruits in place of any two men, and at the next, the blacks were allowed to obtain freedom by going as substitutes.⁴³ So enlistments went on, at first under the encouragement of Washington's license of the winter before, later under the authority of these acts. But the only guide as to the numbers enlisted is the names—Freeman, Liberty, etc.—no color distinctions being made on the rolls.⁴⁴ When, however, recruiting became difficult, Colonel (later General) Humphreys offered to command, and did command, a black company which contained fifty-six privates, and served efficiently throughout the war.⁴⁵

PAUL T. ARNOLD.

RIDGWAY, PA.

(To be continued)

³⁹ Livermore, 110.

⁴² Livermore, 114; Heacock, 9.

⁴⁰ Force—4th Series, vol. 5, p. 219.

⁴⁴ Moore, 20.

⁴¹ Williams, I. 352.

⁴³ Livermore.

⁴⁵ Williams, I. 361.

In foot-notes I have used throughout only the name of the writer, or, where that does not appear, some distinctive words of the title. Similarly, if two works are by the same writer one is distinguished in this way, the other is not.

THE SOLUTION OF AN OLD HISTORIC MYSTERY

(*Second Paper*)

EITHER view leaves unexplainable difficulties. And there are others not special to either. In any case, why did the grantees wait so long before attempting to utilize their patent if valid, and why did they think it easier to utilize three years after its nominal date than at once if invalid? All other colonial grants were in the open, for schemes at once pushed forward. Indeed, we know that the leaders among these very patentees had actually colonized islands in the Gulf some time *before* seeking a patent for them. This of ours alone was for a secret transaction which took no shape for years afterward, and was not as a whole made public then. Another question of much broader import suggests itself. Why, of all conceivable times for playing a desperate hand, did a group of Puritan and anti-despotic magnates, seeking *for themselves* a refuge for Puritanism and popular liberty in New England, choose the year 1635, when it had just been officially proclaimed that all these refuges existent were to be wiped out or converted to orthodoxy; when Laud and his commission were lately authorized to investigate all colonial governments, and remodel or abolish any of which they disapproved; when Warwick's great rival Ferdinando Gorges, a fervid royalist and Churchman, had just been appointed governor-general-general of all New England, with the avowed intent of constructing a unified orthodox feudal principality, and was shortly to start thither with a thousand troops to put down resistance, and his much more active and relentless associate John Mason for vice-admiral; when Morton of Merrymount was pushing a suit to vacate the charter of Massachusetts, and in fact obtained judgment against it shortly after: when, in a word, colonial Puritanism and republicanism were to be extinguished in blood if need be, and a gigantic obedient orthodox vice-royalty was to supercede the Puritan commonwealth all over New England? Was this a time for Puritans and opponents of despotism to throw themselves in small numbers into a part of the wilderness included in this very régime of reaction, too weak to defend themselves by force, and with any legal rights certain to be wholly disregarded? That the colonies were saved as by a miracle

is beside the point: that could not be foreseen. This last problem and the delay of the patentees form really one item, which, though apparently unconnected with our theme, will be seen to have an important bearing upon it. Its very statement would seem to suggest an answer which will be given later, and whose novelty does not impugn its probability.

The first fresh evidence upon the subject was discovered in the English Record Office during the first half of the nineteenth century. The records of the New England Council, as said, were missing; but transcripts of certain parts of them—probably made for Randolph's use, as they seem to date from 1674, the year before he went to New England*—turned up and were used by Palfrey in his "History of New England" in 1859, and published in full in the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society in 1867. A little more was discovered later, and published in 1875. By remarkable good fortune, the first part included the very minutes necessary to our study. They disclosed the fact that three months after the date of the so-called Warwick patent, the Council took into consideration a draft of a patent to him, covering from Providence River (undoubtedly meaning all Narragansett Bay) thirty miles west,—or say to the middle of Windham county; that he asked to have it made out not to himself, but to his son and associates, beyond doubt the same group who are named in our patent; that it was to be reported at the next meeting; that it was not taken up then, nor seemingly ever again; that Warwick did not attend that nor any subsequent meetings; that though he was not deposed from the presidency for some years, the control was taken out of his hands and the meetings and Council packed with his opponents; and that three years later the Council granted to Hamilton the very section which had been rough-drafted for him.

This answered conclusively the chief argument of the patent's defenders, though it is customary to say merely that it "renders the grant improbable." If Warwick already had a grant for a strip across the

* In this case the originals obviously existed in 1671, and might have been seen by Winthrop if he had searched very hard. He had excellent reasons for not doing so, but others had not, and it is very strange that these conclusive documents were not adduced by the commissioners then or by the Hamiltons later, if they were so easy of access. There is no arriving at the bottom of the singularities in the whole history of the Council for New England.

continent in March, he would not be asking the Council to give him ten leagues of the same territory in June; and if the Council had once patented Eastern Connecticut to him, they could not patent it over again to Hamilton. It also proved that if he had not a grant for the lands in June, he never did have it; for if he could not obtain it when he was in good relations with the remainder of the Council, he was not likely to do so when he had hopelessly broken with that body and been ejected from its control, and never regained good relations with it up to the time of its dissolution.

It did seem on the surface to indicate, however, that he had at first expected to make good the dummy patent represented by our copy, and even at the last to make good a part of it. This was fully satisfactory so long as one did not examine closely what it meant. In fact it leaves the puzzle indefinitely greater than before, and, indeed preposterous. Whether the grantees hoped to have a valid patent in a few weeks or feared that they might not have one, why in the world should they waste time and money in devising, and paying fees for drawing up, a worthless paper which must equally be thrown away whether the new one were gained or lost? This one would not even have been made good by the grant from the Council of everything it specified: that it would have been so is a common misstatement due to not reading it with any care. It granted nothing contingent, ended with itself, and would not have been worth an iota the more if Warwick had obtained for them a grant of the Council's entire property the next day. It would have had to be replaced by a new one, and they might as well have waited for the new one. Further, a quit-claim taken out while a real deed is hanging fire is an instrument designed to use in a hurry, before others can preoccupy a place, from among the outside throng who have no claim at all, or to enforce legal proceedings and so delay final settlement until more efficient weapons can be brought into play. This, however, was obviously not to use in a hurry, but to lay aside for a convenient future, while in fact none of any kind was used for years; and this was the sort of instrument which there was no object in laying aside, since they could have an equally good-for-nothing one at any time on a day's notice. If they wished for a patent within a short time, they would have waited to see if they could not obtain one, which Warwick's position in the Council and his previous unselfishness as to grants warranted them in confidently

expecting, and which in fact they would have obtained without difficulty but for an unforeseen *débâcle*. If they wished for more than the grant could be hoped to convey,—and in fact, the records and other history make it clear that Gorges never would have assented to anything like so immense a grant as our copy recites, which would have conflicted with his lifelong purpose,—and designed to enlarge it fictitiously for use where it might be not questioned, they would have waited to see how much soil they received in order to see how much must be pieced out with wind. Plainly, the apparent occurrence never took place: it violates every principle of human conduct. Rational beings do not act in such a way. This is not a “difficulty”: it is an impossibility and absurdity. That patent, as we have it, was never issued at any date. What was issued, and what happened to it, will appear later.

Another question was also added to the list: What was the case of the sudden break with Gorges and his interest, which cost Warwick and his friends the expected patent? It is strange that none of the leading New England scholars even attempt a guess, with the Council transcripts before them pointing straight to the answer, in connection with the other history familiar to them; and the answer given by others is very inept. I suspect that the latter are thrown off the track by a singular blunder of the usually accurate and deservedly trusted Palfrey, who misdates by two years an entry of the Council records containing by inference the real cause of the breach; but it is certainly strange that the very editor of the records gazes wistfully and helplessly at the exit without noticing it.

For an explanation of the problems we must resort to general history, some of it commonplace knowledge. The Anglo-Spanish treaty of 1605 closed the long era of chronic warfare with Spain, and united the hands of English statesmen and adventurers alike for peaceful colonization. The government fixed two centers of control in the heart of North America, to hold the ground against the Spaniards at one extremity and the French at the other: a southern (which became Virginia) to keep the Spanish from coming north, a northern to keep the French from coming south. The latter, say from Pennsylvania to Maine, was exploited by a group of West-England magnates whose moving spirit was Sir Ferdinando Gorges of Somersetshire, a military and naval veteran of about forty, now captain of the defensive works at Plymouth. He be-

longed to one of the oldest and most highly connected families of gentry in England, which was forever gaining knighthoods and making distinguished marriages, but somehow always fell just short of obtaining the full peerage. Beginning with a Norman companion of the Conqueror, he could boast of descent from Edward the First, and quite closely from the Duke of Norfolk slain at Bosworth; one cousin of his father had married the daughter of an earl, and another the widow of a marquis! All these conditions, and his own energy, conscious ability, and public employment, roused a natural ambition to achieve higher rank; and his share of the wave of colonial enthusiasm which swept over England took form as a day-dream of becoming a great American viceroy in the North. For nearly forty years more of unceasing effort and disappointment he chased this Tantalus fruit, forever seeing it just slip away from capture; and poured perhaps forty or fifty thousand pounds of his money into the bottomless gulf. For him, there was a grim fitness in the blundering armorial cognizance of his family, a whirlpool. He stands as the permanent background of all New England history for the first generation; yet of all the figures prominent in American colonization, his name is perhaps the least familiar to the mass and his personality the hardest to realize. That he never in all this long period came to America himself, and that no portrait of him is extant to place in school-books and popular histories, may account for a part of this; but not the whole, for it does not entirely devitalize many others who played far less parts. It is true also that the great commonwealths of Southern New England owe him little, most of them indeed less than nothing, and our interest lies in those who escaped his intended net; but New Hampshire and Maine are his immediate children, and I doubt if they see him more clearly. The truth is, there was nothing really great, or picturesque, or sympathetic about his action or character; nothing racily distinctive for the imagination to lay hold upon. He was an energetic, dogged, and fairly capable man of action, with few general ideas and not always quite certain about those unless they touched his interests; he had no large impersonal conceptions, and too little variety or flexibility of thought for the first rank even practically; nor had he the dash or fire or intensity which often give equally narrow and still more selfish adventurers a lasting hold on our memories. Even his lack of courtier-like flatteries, which in an age of servile adulation attracts us to him, was probably due more to intellectual stiffness than to dignity of character.

The Plymouth Council, which from first to last he really though not always nominally headed, attempted first a plantation in Maine, which to his last days remained the center of his vision and the seat of his cloudland vice-royalty, as the best place to control at once the fisheries and the fur-trade from which he expected a fortune. One year finished its life, and the membership of the Council largely dropped out and joined the London or Virginia Company. Gorges and a few others kept up the formal organization for the sake of the future and its chances, and made some individual ventures under the shelter of its aegis; Gorges was the soul of such life as it had, and continued to expend money in attempts to colonize along the New England coast. Captains Harlow and Hobson (one of whom is credited with bringing to New England the small-pox which broke the Indian strength in New England, and made the Puritan settlement easy), and that superb Ulysses, Thomas Dermer, were his employes; and John Smith's last two failures were financed by him.

At last he became convinced that a control of the seas as well as the land was needed for success; and to secure such a tremendous monopoly, replaced the wreck of the Plymouth Council with a new company compendiously known as the Council for New England, comprising a host of the greatest nobles and most powerful commoners, and expert navigators and colonizers in the kingdom—forty in all. But the very hugeness of the "trust" drew upon it a fury of popular dislike and dread; its rival the Virginia Company assailed it unremittingly as infringing its own patent: and while it won a technical victory, Parliament's refusal to enforce its rights against interlopers cut the roots of its success, and it virtually went to pieces. Gorges as before remained the real Council for all practical purposes, and was recognized as such by all England from the king down. But Charles I., shortly after his accession in 1625, plunged into war with France to aid the Huguenots, under Buckingham's prompting; and Gorges for some years was so fully employed that he could not attend the Council's meetings or keep advised of its precise doings, though he insisted on holding the decisive power as to grants. His ablest lieutenant, Captain Samuel Argall, died during the war; his next best, Dr. Barnabe Goche, died or left it: and the headship fell to a man of very different stamp from Gorges, also a promoter of colonial

schemes which he had at heart, but most of them for widely divergent purposes.

This was Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, nephew of Elizabeth's Earl of Essex who was executed for rebellion. Warwick perhaps did not love Gorges, for having professed to take share in this and then dealt its death-blow and turned state's evidence; but he was a man who kept his own counsel. He was a much abler and more constructive man than Gorges, with an exterior of jocular good-nature and an inward temper of unsleeping vigilance and well-realized plans; masking a steady resolution and consistent purpose under a surface of high spirits, bonhomie, and abundance of "juicy" stories. Yet while the rather humdrum Gorges was ardently a devotee of throne and church, Warwick's political affiliations were all with the opponents of both. That he should have so drawn toward the Puritans is one of the curiosities of history; not impossibly to be explained by the law of reaction from the astonishing cuckoo's nest which bred him, a mother without virtue matched by a father without self-respect, and of which perhaps not all the brood could have qualified under Solomon's test of wisdom, while some were much too wise. He may have thought that a society in which the lady lost no social standing until she married her lover decently, needed Puritanism. He was the most useful of friends to his party, because his looseness of speech, and perhaps by unjust inference of life, made it hard for most people to take his Puritan leanings very seriously. In fact, while the Virginia Company was alive, he led the faction in it opposed to the Sandys-Ferrar management, which wished to do what the New England settlements actually did. But his views rapidly developed, probably along with the Stuart despotic ones; and by the time Charles had definitely locked horns with his people, and abolished Parliaments for a supposed permanence, we find Warwick organizing the most remarkable group of uncompromising anti-monarchists and anti-Churchmen in colonial history. After the Virginia Company's suppression in 1624, he devoted himself to the New England Council; and quietly advanced the Puritan interests with patient tenacity, and a large economy of needless frankness toward their opponents in it. It was probably after Argall's death that he was made president, Gorges remaining treasurer; but it was evidently understood that Gorges was not only to be consulted before taking definite action, but should have the deciding voice, as was

but fair when he had carried it and financed it so long. Warwick wrote to him in his absence for permission to issue any desired patents: it might be assumed in advance that Warwick would tell him no more of the truth than the bare minimum needed for the permission, and our problem is a part of the result.

A glance at the list of Warwick's patentees shows that he was systematically strengthening the Puritan colonial refugees. He gave the Massachusetts Bay patent of 1628, and then secured a royal charter to make their rights irrevocable; he gave the Plymouth patent of 1630, and tried to replace that also with a charter; he attempted to give the patent, or a patent, which is our theme to-night. The first of the three (Massachusetts) Gorges certainly did not know the necessary truth about, and when he learned it there was an explosion; the second (Plymouth) Warwick signed alone and quite possibly issued alone, and it is more than questionable if Gorges knew its provisions in full; the third (Connecticut) afforded at the time no opportunity for deception, though ultimately it was the basis of a remarkably fine example of the species. But we must remember that Warwick was not in the least self-seeking in all this. His colonial schemes for profit were conducted wholly outside: throughout his entire connection with the Council, while Gorges was making splendid grants to friends and relatives, ultimately to rear his own structure upon, Warwick never sought a patent of an acre for himself, nor even for a relative except in the miscarriage of June, 1632, and that was of a different nature. It is true that he was a much wealthier and more highly placed man than Gorges, and had not his motives for wishing transference to another sphere; but the fact remains the same. And his further defense is, that neither was Gorges acting above-board and in good faith. He secretly intended all along, when Warwick's Puritan grantees should have firmly anchored themselves on his lands and made them valuable, to recall the patents and revoke the religious permissions, and reduce them all to royal and Church order with himself as chief. He was ostensibly shutting his eyes to toll them on to his territory, on an understanding which he had no design of keeping. Sherley so wrote in effect to Plymouth in 1629, years before the policy was actively broached; and the future justified his suspicions.

FORREST MORGAN.

HARTFORD, CONN.

(To be continued)

THE NAMING OF COUNTIES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

(*Second Paper*)

For facts in regard to the creation and dismemberment of Slaughter County, Iowa, see monograph of Professor F. H. Garver on the "Boundary History of Iowa Counties" in the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, v. 7, pp. 104-05, Jan., 1909.

For further information in regard to the naming of this county, the writer is indebted to Professor Garver, who writes under date of April 29, 1909: "Slaughter County, Iowa, was named for William B. Slaughter, Secretary of the Territory of Wisconsin to which our State then belonged. It seems that Slaughter had done considerable manipulating to secure the adoption of his name by the legislature of his Territory. The people of the county were dissatisfied with the name and petitioned the Territory of Iowa, which came into existence, July 1, 1838, to change the same. Much was made by the petitioners of the manner in which the name 'Slaughter' had been chosen. The obscurity of the man honored had an influence and possibly the sounding of the name and the fact that no county in Iowa as yet bore the name Washington."

(There is at present no Slaughter county in the United States).

THE next county in order of creation was Spokane. This county has had three distinct legal creations. First created on January 29, 1858, the appointed officers failed to act. It received its second creation by act of January 17, 1859, with the appointment of new officers but with boundaries unchanged. On January 13, 1864, Spokane was annexed to Stevens county and disappeared from the map. It remained a part of Stevens county until October 30, 1879, when it was re-created.⁴⁷ The name is that of an Indian tribe said to mean "child of the sun."

Klickitat county (pronounced Klik'-i-tat), created December 20, 1859,⁴⁸ was named for a local tribe of Indians occupying the pass at the Cascades. These Indians were alert traders and are said to have levied tribute on neighboring and passing tribes. Whatever may have been its original significance, the word Klickitat came to mean "robber." Mr.

⁴⁷ See Prosch, Thomas W. "Evolution of Spokane and Stevens County" in the *Quarterly* of the Oregon Historical Society, v. 5, pp. 25-33, March, 1904.

⁴⁸ Wash. Laws, 1859-60, Private Laws, pp. 420-21.

Frederick W. Hodge asserts that the word is the Chinookan "beyond," with reference to the Cascades.⁴⁹

Snohomish county (pronounced Sno-ho-mish), created January 14, 1861,⁵⁰ was also named for an Indian tribe. The word is said to have reference to a style of union in that tribe.

The counties of Missoula, Shoshone, Nez Percé, Idaho and Boise were created by Washington Territory in the early sixties, but are now parts of Montana and Idaho.

Stevens county, created January 20, 1863,⁵¹ was named in honor of General Isaac I. Stevens, first governor of the Territory, killed at the battle of Chantilly, September 1, 1862. Some interesting history is connected with the naming of this county. A bill was introduced in the Legislative Council on December 19, 1862, to create the county of Awahna, which was twice read and referred to the committee on counties.⁵² On the same day, the house passed a resolution in regard to the death of General Stevens, adjourning as a mark of respect until the next day. On the following day, they met and received announcement of the council bill to create Awahna county. It appears that the House had on the previous day listened to the first reading of a bill to create a Stevens county, although this is not shown by the records. At any rate on the 20th, on learning of the council bill for an Awahna county, the House suspended rules and read the second and third time and passed a bill creating Stevens county.⁵³ This bill was accepted by council and became a law. As the council did not press further the bill for Awahna county, it may be inferred that it related to the same portion of Walla Walla county that had just been designated as Stevens county.

The county of Yakima (pronounced Yak'-i-mā) was not created until January 21, 1865, but a bill to create a county of Yakima was introduced into the house over two years before (January 3, 1863).

⁴⁹ Hodge, F. W. *Handbook of American Indians*, pt. 1, p. 713.

⁵⁰ *Wash. Laws, 1860-61*, pp. 19-20.

⁵¹ *Wash. Laws, 1862-63, Local Laws*, p. 6.

⁵² *Wash. Council Journal, 1862-63*, p. 24.

⁵³ *Wash. House Journal, 1862-63*, p. 52.

It passed the house on the 13th of January, but came back from the council with an amendment changing the name to Ferguson.⁵⁴ In this the house concurred, and the county was named in honor of James Leo Ferguson, a member of the house from Skamania county. Ferguson county existed on the statute books until January 18, 1865, when the act was repealed. The county was never organized. The northern part of Ferguson was annexed to Stevens and the southern part made into a Yakima county by act approved January 21, 1865.⁵⁵ What may have been the reason for this change in name from Yakima to Ferguson and from Ferguson back to Yakima, the writer has been unable to ascertain. An examination of the House Journal, however, leads to the following surmise: On December 20, 1862, shortly after the opening of the legislature that created Ferguson county, a resolution was passed by the house to expunge from the journal all that portion which related to a contest over the seat of James L. Ferguson.⁵⁶ It would appear that a "scurrilous" attack had been made by one Justin Chenoweth, upon Mr. Ferguson and other members of the house. It may have been in vindication of Mr. Ferguson that his friends sought to associate his name with the county created during the session while the return to Yakima may indicate the work of Mr. Ferguson's enemies, or may else be attributed to the wishes of the residents of the county. The name Yakima comes from an Indian tribe of that name which is commonly reputed to mean "black bear," although some assert that the meaning is "coward"⁵⁷ and one writer states that it signifies "succotash garden, or, place where corn and beans are raised."⁵⁸ In general, very little dependence can be placed upon the meanings assigned to Indian names in this state.

Quillehuyte county was created January 29, 1868, but "there being not population enough to fill the county offices, the act was repealed the

⁵⁴ *Wash. House Journal*, 1862-63, pp. 67, 111, 196.

⁵⁵ *Wash. Laws*, 1864-65, pp. 47-48.

⁵⁶ *Wash. House Journal*, 1862-63, p. 50.

⁵⁷ Gannett, Henry. *Origin of certain place names in the United States* (U. S. Geol. Survey, Bull. No. 258), p. 332.

⁵⁸ Farquhar, Frank S. *Historical Sketches of Yakima County*. (See *Washington Historian*, v. 2, p. 191, July, 1901.)

following year."⁵⁹ The territory reverted to Jefferson and Clallam counties from which it had been carved.

Whitman county was cut off from Stevens by act approved November 29, 1871, to take effect January 1, 1872.⁶⁰ It was named in honor of the missionary pioneer, Marcus Whitman.

San Juan county created by act approved October 31, 1873,⁶¹ comprises the long-disputed islands of De Haro Archipelago. The name is a reminder of the Spanish discoveries on the Northwest Coast.

Columbia county was created by act approved November 11, 1875.⁶² The first bill introduced in the legislature which met October 4, 1875, provided for the creation of a Ping county, to be cut from Walla Walla and named in honor of Councilman E. Ping, of that county. It passed both houses, but was disapproved by Governor Ferry on the ground that no legal provision had been made for representation in the legislature.⁶³ Failing to pass over the Governor's veto, a new bill was soon after introduced to create of the same section of Walla Walla county a new county, to be known as Columbia. This bill became a law and the county received the name which had formerly been strongly urged for the Territory, now the State of Washington.

Garfield county was set off from Columbia county, November 29, 1881. The creative act states that "the same shall be known as the county of Garfield, in honor of James A. Garfield, late President of the United States."⁶⁴

At the next session, Garfield was reduced in size by cutting off a new county which forms the extreme southwestern corner of the state.⁶⁵ It was named Asotin county from an Indian word meaning "eel creek."

At this session of the Legislature, in November, 1883, six other counties were created. Out of Yakima was formed a new county named

⁵⁹ Bancroft, H. H. *Washington, Idaho and Montana*, p. 361.

⁶⁰ *Wash. Laws*, 1871, pp. 134-36.

⁶¹ *Wash. Laws*, 1873, p. 461.

⁶² *Wash. Laws*, 1875, pp. 133-35.

⁶³ *Wash. House Journal*, 1875, pp. 21-22, 40-41, 110-112, 189-91, 203, 216.

⁶⁴ *Wash. Laws* 1881, *Local Laws*, pp. 175-77.

⁶⁵ *Wash. Laws*, 1883, pp. 96-97. ?

Kittitas⁶⁶ from an Indian word meaning "gray gravel bank," or, "white bluffs." Adams⁶⁷ was taken from Whitman and named, it is affirmed, for President John Adams. Lincoln, Douglas, Franklin and Skagit were the other counties named at this session.

Lincoln county⁶⁸ was formed out of the limits of Spokane and named in honor of the martyred President. Early in the session, Mr. Whitehouse introduced a bill for the creation of a county to be named in honor of General John W. Sprague. When the bill came before the council for final passage, Mr. Caton moved to strike out the word "Sprague" wherever it appeared in the bill and insert "Lincoln" instead. The resulting vote being a tie, the president of the council cast the deciding ballot in favor of the name Lincoln.⁶⁹ The objection to the name of Sprague is explained by Mr. C. B. Bagley as due to hostility to the Northern Pacific Railway Company, with which Mr. Sprague was connected.⁷⁰

Four days after the approval of the bill creating Lincoln county, an act was approved which set aside part of its territory into another county named in honor of Stephen A. Douglas.⁷¹

Franklin county was created by act approved November 28, 1883.⁷² It was taken from Whitman county and named in honor of Benjamin Franklin.

On November 28, 1883, was approved also the act creating the county of Skagit (pronounced Skag'-it, soft "g") which was set off from Whatcom county.⁷³ A previous attempt had been made to create

⁶⁶ Wash. Laws, 1883, pp. 90-93.

⁶⁷ Wash. Laws, 1883, pp. 93-94.

⁶⁸ Wash. Laws, 1883, pp. 89-90.

⁶⁹ *Wash. Council Journal*, 1883, pp. 51, 66, 72, 77.

⁷⁰ *Seattle Daily Times*, April 19, 1903, Magazine section, p. 8.

Mr. Thomas W. Prosch, who was associated at that time with the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, a paper intimately concerned in the anti-railroad movement, does not hold this view. In a letter to the writer under date of May 15, 1909, he says: "There was no anti-railroad feeling in 1882, but a very strong one in 1884 and 1886. I do not suppose that feeling hostile to Gen. Sprague in 1882 or 1883 had anything to do with the naming of Lincoln County."

⁷¹ Wash. Laws, 1883, p. 95.

⁷² Wash. Laws, 1883, pp. 87-89.

⁷³ Wash. Laws, 1883, p. 97.

Skagit county by bill introduced in the legislature in 1873.⁷⁴ The name is that of an Indian tribe.

Okanogan county (pronounced O-ka-nog'-an) was created by act approved February 2, 1888.⁷⁵ It was made by dividing Stevens county, which at that time extended all the way from the Cascades to the Idaho boundary line, into two nearly equal parts and naming the eastern portion "Okanogan." The word is an Indian tribal name said to mean "rendezvous."

In 1889, Washington was admitted as a state, with express provisions in its constitution to restrict the formation of new counties. That no new county can now be organized unless there is an urgent demand for the same, is shown by the fact that but four new counties have been added during the first twenty years of statehood. During this period at least nine attempts at forming counties have failed.

In 1891, bills were before the legislature for five new counties, none of which were passed. The names proposed were: Big Bend, Palouse, Sherman, Washington and Ferry. In 1893, it was attempted to create a Wenatchee county. In 1899, the counties of Chelan and Ferry were created.

Ferry county⁷⁶ was set off from Stevens by amending and passing a bill to create "Eureka" county. The name was changed in order to honor Elisha P. Ferry, the first Governor of the State. The act was deemed peculiarly appropriate because Stevens county had been named for the first governor of the Territory.

Chelan county⁷⁷ (pronounced She-lan'), was the outcome of another attempt to create a Wenatchee county. The contest over a name for this county was the result of rival business interests. The name is that of the lake in the northern part of the county and is an Indian word said to mean "deep water."

In 1903, another attempt was made to create a Palouse county. Bills were also before the legislature to establish counties with the names of McKinley and Steptoe.

⁷⁴ *Wash. Council Journal*, 1873, p. 27.

⁷⁵ *Wash. Laws*, 1887-88, pp. 70-73.

⁷⁶ *Wash. Laws*, 1899, pp. 26-29.

⁷⁷ *Wash. Laws*, 1899, pp. 148-55.

Benton county⁷⁸ was created by act approved March 8, 1905, drawing from Yakima and Klickitat for its territory. It was named in honor of U. S. Senator Thomas H. Benton, "Old Bullion," through the influence of Mr. E. L. Boardman, to whom the name was suggested by Mr. B. L. Grosscup, late corporation counsel for the Northern Pacific Railway Company.⁷⁹ At this session of the legislature a bill was indefinitely postponed which provided for the creation of the county of Coulee.

In 1907, a law was passed for the creation of Gray's Harbor county, but on November 7 of the same year the act was declared unconstitutional.⁸⁰

Grant county, approved February 24, 1909,⁸¹ completes the list to date. It is to be set off from Douglas county. The name is in honor of General Grant and recalls an earlier attempt to associate his name with the counties of the state. In 1891, when a bill to create Big Bend county had been favorably reported to the house, a motion to change the name to "Grant" was lost by a vote of 17 yeas to 22 nays.⁸²

As compared with many other states, Washington has been conservative in bestowing personal honors. Of the thirty-eight counties in the state, seventeen have personal names, seventeen have Indian names, while the remaining four are named for geographical features. While most of the personal names have been frequently used in other states, this state can at least boast that it has no Washington county! All of the Indian names are unique as are also Island, Pacific and Whitman. It is fortunate that so many of the counties have been named for the Indian tribes that have inhabited them, as such names carry with them a sense of locality not to be found in personal names.

CHARLES W. SMITH.

University of Washington Library, Seattle, Wash.

⁷⁸ Wash. Laws, 1905, pp. 185-91.

⁷⁹ The writer is indebted to Mr. J. M. Hitt, Librarian of Washington State Library for investigating the facts in regard to the naming of Benton and Grant Counties.

⁸⁰ State ex. rel. Chehalis County v. Superior Court Pacific County, see Wash. Reports, v. 47, pp. 453-67.

⁸¹ Wash. Laws, 1909, pp. 20-26.

⁸² Wash. House Journal, 1891, p. 233.

RAYNHAM RECOLLECTIONS

THE history of Raynham is in part that of Taunton, Massachusetts, as it was formerly a part of that town, and known as the East Precinct.

Taunton was settled in 1638, but no settlement was made in Raynham until 1652, when James and Henry Leonard and Ralph Russell from Wales, located here for the purpose of setting up iron works.

In 1731, there was a settlement of some thirty families, which seemed sufficient to authorize the petition for a district township. Abraham Jones was the principal petitioner. In their petition, says Mr. Emery, in his *Ministry of Taunton*, "they represent the town as competently filled with inhabitants, and their principal desire appears to have been to be better accommodated as to public worship."

It is equally characteristic of New England and honorable to the General Court that the condition on which incorporation was had, was, "that the inhabitants of said Town of Raynham do within the space of three years from the publication of this Act, procure and settle a learned and orthodox minister of good conversation, and make provision for his comfortable and honorable support; and do likewise provide a schoolmaster to instruct their youth to read and write."

This northeasterly part of Taunton was set off as a new town, and incorporated April 1, 1731, under the name of Raynham. The boundaries between the old and new towns were described in the primitive form of the period: "Bounded on the South by Taunton Great River including all the Land of Lieut. Ebenezer Robinson:—on the southeasterly or south side of said river except that piece of land by his sawmill near his furnace, which is Middleboro precinct; then down said river to the bounds between the lands of Thomas Deane and Nathaniel Williams, at

the place called Shallow Water, thence in a straight line to the east side of Prospect Hill at the going over the way, including within said new township all the land of Zephaniah Leonard and that which was formerly Capt. James Leonard's, which joineth to and is on the west side of said line, and excluding the land of Nathaniel Williams, joining to and on the east side of said line, thence northerly, by said way to the Great Cedar Swamp, at the going in of the Great Island way, and run straight to the Eastern line at the nearest place."

In October, 1652, "It was agreed to and granted by the Town of Taunton to the said James and Henry Leonard and Ralph Russell free consent to come hither and join with certain inhabitants to set up a Bloomery work (iron works) on the Two Mile River." (Then no stranger could become an inhabitant without permission.) It was also agreed to and granted by a free vote of the town, that such particular inhabitants as shall concur together with said persons in this design, shall have free liberty from the town to do so, to build up and set this work, and also to dig and take moine or ore at Two Mile Meadows, or in any of the common appertaining to the town."

The records show that Taunton held half a share, and after the incorporation of Raynham and the works were within its boundaries, that town held half a share.

For the first ninety years the Leonards held but little stock in the "Old Bloomery." In 1660 James Leonard became master workman and manager, and was responsible for the quality of iron. He held half a share, which he owned at his death. For seven generations iron manufacturing had been the family occupation, and was a traditional family pride. In 1777 the works passed from the control of the Leonards to that of Josiah Deane, who conducted the business forty years.

At his death he was succeeded by Eliab Deane, who in 1825 changed the works into an anchor forge, which manufacture was continued for many years by Theodore Deane, his son, who married, for his first wife, a descendant of these same Leonards, when the works were abandoned. Here the best anchors were made; anchors that held ships on many seas.

Here in town one finds the souvenirs of a simple and rugged line,

who fought, worked and worshipped in the hard old New England way. Prominent among the early settlers and leading families were the Leonards, Kings, Deanes, Halls, Gushees, Williamses, Jones, Gilmores, Andrews, Hathaways, Whites, Tracys and Knapps. The noted family of Maine Washburns had its ancestry in Raynham. Here the "forebears" of that family of diplomats, governors and generals fought the good fight of their day, and left the stamp of their intelligent energy and self-sacrificing patriotism upon the town's history.

It was Israel Washburn, the great-grandfather of Governor Israel Washburn of Maine, who built Raynham's second meeting-house, as a private investment and let space for pews.

The "First Meeting-House" in Raynham was already built when the town was incorporated, and was conveniently situated for the first inhabitants, and continued as a place of worship for more than forty-two years.

It stood on the north side of the road leading to Square Betty, a fourth of a mile east of the Forge. It was a very plain structure, without steeple, bell, blinds or stove.

When Israel Washburn erected the second meeting-house, the old one was demolished. The pulpit was so strongly built, that the Raynham church sent it in its entirety, such as steps, platform, desk and sounding-board, as a present to the church at Newport, R. I., where it was used for many years.

Mr. Eliot Sandford of New York, a native of Raynham, found several years ago the notice of this in the records of Dr. Hopkins' Church at Newport: "The gift of a pulpit from Raynham to Newport is unique, it can scarcely have been very elaborate in structure. The entire cost of the church from which it was taken was but \$1400 and a pulpit upon the same scale was not of rosewood or mahogany. It had been seasoned, however, in the glass of sound doctrines, and suffered no declension in the occupancy of Dr. Hopkins."

The first minister was Rev. John Wales, of whom it is recorded that "he was blessed with talents which rendered him very amiable and

entertaining in social life. In public prayer his performances were eminent and on some occasions almost unequalled. He was a plain, faithful preacher." His ministry lasted thirty-four years; he died in 1765. He married the daughter of Deacon Samuel Leonard, son of Thomas, who was son of James, the founder of the iron works.

The second meeting-house, built by Mr. Washburn in 1773, stood at the centre of the town, and as originally constructed had no steeple. The pews were square and high, galleries extended round three sides; the pulpit with sounding-board stood on the east side. It had no apparatus for heating until 1830, when Gen. Shepperd Leach of Easton gave a box-stove, which was placed near the deacons' seat, before the pulpit. Later a steeple was added.

Up to 1832, the town used this meeting-house for a town hall, and thought it had some claim to the property, but the parish thought otherwise. One night the issue was settled; some of the parish people procured cross-cut saws, and in the small hours of the night, the base of the tower was cut clear from its foundation, and fell across the highway. The spire with the vane and lightning rod fell into the orchard of Mr. Amos Hall, who claimed it. The building was removed, and Israel Washburn's meeting-house disappeared forever.

The present church, erected in 1832 upon its site, continues in the hands of the same parish. The old parsonage, built in 1761, still stands in a good state of preservation and is occupied at the present time.

The home of the Leonards stood a few rods east of the Forge, and was a human habitation one hundred and seventy years, giving shelter to six generations. It was erected about 1670 and was surrounded by palisades; a fort was also built near as a protection from the Indians. In the cellar of this house, tradition says the head of King Philip was deposited for a considerable time, and under the doorstep were buried the bones of two young women killed by Indians.

During King Philip's War, which desolated many of the towns of Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, the inhabitants of Taunton and Raynham were exempt from attack, for here Philip, the chief instigator, had his summer hunting ground. The Leonards had supplied him with

beef, repaired his muskets and furnished him with such simple tools as Indians could use, and these acts were remembered.

One mile and a quarter west from the Forge is a place called the Fowling Pond, on the northerly side of which stood King Philip's house. It was called his Hunting House, because in seasons most favorable to hunting he resided there, but spent the winter chiefly at Mount Hope, probably for the fishing. The place called Fowling Pond is itself a curiosity. Before Philip's War it seems to have been a large pond, nearly two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. Now the water is almost gone, and the large tract once covered is grown up to a thick-set swamp of cedar and pine. It was once frequented by wild fowl and plentifully supplied with fish. Here can be found quantities of white floor-sand and smooth water-worn stones. There is also on the east side a bank of sand called Beavers' Dam, against which the water formerly washed, and here large numbers of Indian spears, tools, bows and arrows, etc., have been found.

Dr. Forbes, the second minister of Raynham, wrote that "Raynham has been considered one of the most patriotic towns of the State. The inhabitants, especially those who attend public worship, have been distinguished for their zealous attachments to Republic Government, to learning, to military discipline and church music. Fired at the name of insurgency and hearing that a conspiracy was formed to prevent the sitting of the October Court of 1796, the troops of this small town, consisting of two companies, roused unanimous; and at the first call of their leaders mustered in arms and marched to Taunton, entered the Court House, lay upon their arms through the whole of the night preceding the sitting of the court, and in open defiance of all bloody threats of an outrageous mob, in constant expectation of hundreds in arms ready for battle, stood firm and alone until noon of the next day, when by a reinforcement of troops from the county of Plymouth, and a number gleaned from different parts of the county, formed under the command of General Cobb, who was also Judge. The insurrection was crushed, the Supreme Court sat, and government was triumphant. From the whole county of Bristol, not another company appeared except the two from Raynham."

No account of the town would be complete without a notice of two of its citizens, humble negroes, who bore honorable part in our War of Independence and were universally respected. On the Boston Turnpike, in North Raynham, about five miles from Taunton Green, there is a small settlement of colored people. These villagers are descendants of Toby Gilmore, a noted character, who was brought from Africa about one hundred and fifty years ago.

A slave-trading vessel with a cargo of slaves from the African coast, bound for Norfolk, Va., in 1758, owing to stress of weather put in to Newport for repairs. A portion of the living cargo was sold at auction to defray expenses of repairing the ship. Captain John Gilmore of Raynham, then trading to Egg Harbor, N. J., in a coasting vessel, happening to arrive at Newport at the time of sale, purchased one of the most intelligent-looking Africans, a boy about sixteen years old, son of an African chief.

Capt. Gilmore brought the boy home to Raynham, and gave him the name of Toby Gilmore. He proved to be a trustworthy and valuable farm hand, to whom the family became much attached. Being very tractable, Mrs. Gilmore soon taught him to read and cipher.

When independence was declared and men everywhere rallied for the protection of the colonies, the patriotic negro, partaking of the popular enthusiasm, volunteered to perform whatever duty was assigned to him. He received his freedom from Master Gilmore on his enlistment; soon made himself useful as an assistant artilleryman, and so merited the favor of his officers by his energy and faithful compliance with their orders that he was finally promoted; and on the recommendation of Colonel David Cobb of Taunton, became the servant of Washington. He was with the General at the crossing of the Delaware. At the close of the war Toby received his discharge, and as a token of regard from the officers under whom he had served, and as a reward for his fidelity and patriotism, was presented with a ten-pound cannon, which he brought home and which until a few years ago was familiarly known in Taunton and Raynham as "Old Toby." For more than half a century this old cannon was the only one used on Taunton Green in firing salutes on the Fourth of July, Washington's birthday, and other occasions. Some of

the older residents remember hearing of the incidents of years ago when the anniversary of American Independence never passed without some public demonstration, and the hearty pleasure then manifested by "Uncle Toby" in appearing on the Green before sunrise in his old regimentals, for the purpose of assisting in firing salutes from his favorite cannon. On Artillery days in May, the young folks and some older were wont to pay Toby a visit, when he would awaken the echoes of early morn with a "Governor's salute" from his cannon in his front yard. This piece was also ready for use loaded with grape-shot on the occasion of Shays' rebellion.

Before his death, Toby presented this cannon to the Town of Taunton on condition that it should be used in firing salutes on all patriotic days. It now rests in front of the Town Hall. For several years after his return from service, Toby devoted himself to the interests of Capt. Gilmore, having full charge of the farms in his absence. He saved a large portion of his earnings in service and being proud of his liberty and manhood, began to think of having a farm of his own. At that time a portion of the territory of North Raynham belonged to the Borland estate, whose owner, having espoused the Tory cause at the opening of the struggle, left for protection, under the British dominion, with Daniel Leonard, Gilbert and a few others. The estate was declared confiscated and sold. At the sale Toby bid off fifty acres at a low price. Such was the regard and sympathy in which he was held in the community, that very few bids were made against him. A doubt being raised as to his responsibility for payment, Captain Gilmore said he would back Toby's purchase note. On that farm which he paid for by his earnings Toby built a modest cottage, married and commenced house-keeping. Toby was a ready and industrious helper to his white neighbors, and laid up something from year to year, besides making additions to his primitive buildings. Finally he concluded to build a two-story house, after the style of that of his late master Gilmore, but a little better, which was completed a few years before his death, in 1812, and eighty years ago was considered one of the handsomest residences in town. The old homestead is still owned by Toby's descendants.

Another colored citizen of the town was Cuff Leonard, who died in

1825. He served throughout the Revolution—a part of the time in the ranks, and a part as servant of General John Brooks. Cuff was brought up in the family of Captain Zephaniah Leonard, from whom he derived his name. Tradition says that he captured six Hessians one night while on picket duty and brought them into camp. He was at the battle of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne. Cuff received a pension, and lived on a place near that of Mrs. Mary Williams on the road to Square Betty. The cellar of his house is still discernible in the grass. A part of the house of Captain John Gilmore, after which Toby's was patterned, still stands and is tenatable. There are also in different parts of the town many old houses valuable historically, not only as landmarks, but for family associations and examples of architecture of the different periods. Among them the Leonard house, known to be over two hundred years old, situated at the east end of the town, a low one-storied type, with its great beams of white oak showing in the four corners of the rooms, its wooden fire frame extending to the ceiling, ornamented with ginger bread work and wooden rosettes. Another in the same neighborhood, built some time in the 1600's, with overhanging eaves, both in such a good state of repair that no one would imagine them half as old.

The Jones house at the "Centre," considered one of the finest specimens of the lean-to variety in the Old Colony, built some time between 1725-30, is in excellent condition, and is a very comfortable old home.

The Robinson house at the North End, built in 1635-6, had a lock on one of its doors taken from some prison. It is occupied and in good condition. Though we are little known outside of the borders of our own county, we have abundant proof of the sturdy, courageous zeal of the early settlers, of their ability to lay strong foundations and build to last and to send forth some sons and daughters to make a name for honor and reputation, besides being historically known as the summer home of King Philip and the place where the first iron works in the United States was established.

MARY E. LINCOLN.

IS THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION A MYTH?

PRESIDENT TAFT'S acceptance of the invitation to be present at the May 20th celebration of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence has fanned anew the flames of this famous century-old controversy. Is the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence a "myth?"

This is the discussion that is raging more fiercely than ever, and over which the press and people of the Carolinas are arrayed in hostile camps.

From the banks of the placid Cooper, Westward the tide of controversy rolls to the turgid waters of the Congaree, and there, gathering reinforcements, dashes on through the Waxhaws and against the red hills of old Mecklenburg.

The spectator, standing aloof from the turmoil, finds it difficult to understand the intensity of the animus with which a purely historical problem is invested. Perhaps the secret of it is that it is something of a family fight. Why people of one blood are more bitter in their animosities and jealousies, is "something no fellow can find out," in the language of *Dundreary*.

The Carolina controversialists are practically all of the Scotch-Irish strain, and when Scotch-Irish meets Scotch-Irish, then comes the tug of war. Since the days when President Andrew Jackson, a Mecklenburg-born Scotch-Irishman, threatened to hang John C. Calhoun, a South Carolina Scotch-Irishman, over a little controversy about Nullification, the famous remark between the Governors has not passed as frequently as it might have done. In the present controversy, Deacon Hemphill, of the *Charleston News and Courier*, leads the assaulting forces, with

(We take pleasure in quoting from *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, of Atlanta, the latest article that has appeared on this subject. It is by Mr. James H. Moore, of Macon, Ga., the author of "A Defense of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence." Raleigh, N. C., 1908.—Ed.)

"The Mecklenburg Declaration is a Myth," inscribed on his banner, while Elder Caldwell, of the *Charlotte Observer*, stands "four square to all the winds" of envious detraction, a tower of strength to the Mecklenburg cause. David and Jonathan in all things else, in the Mecklenburg matter these two have drawn their swords and thrown away the scabbards. Tender hearted as a woman, ordinarily, the Mecklenburg Elder has been heard to say the good Deacon Hemphill "ought to be hanged," and the Deacon, though noted for his pacific and parliamentary leanings, has applied language to his Presbyterian brother of which the church ought to take notice.

The public mind has been befogged regarding the merits of the Mecklenburg question by the cloud of words in which it has been enveloped. Stripped of the speculations, opinions, assertions, inferences, assumptions and deductions of the disputants, what are the facts in the case for which Judge Taft would call if he were going to pass on it in a judicial capacity?

First, what are the record facts?

Owing to the burning of the dwelling-house of the custodian of the records of the Revolutionary convention and committee and of many of his papers, these are few. But their loss has been partly repaired by the unearthing of record evidences from unexpected sources. The record evidences are comprised chiefly in the following:

Extract from Governor Josiah Martin's Proclamation, which was issued August 8, 1775:

"And whereas I have also seen a MOST INFAMOUS publication in the Cape Fear Mercury importing to be resolves of a set of people stiling themselves a Committee of Mecklenburg, MOST TRAITOROUSLY DECLARING THE ENTIRE DISSOLUTION OF THE LAWS, GOVERNMENT AND CONSTITUTION OF THIS COUNTRY, AND SETTING UP A SYSTEM OF RULE AND REGULATION REPUGNANT TO THE LAWS AND SUBVERSIVE OF HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT."—*Colonial Records of N. C., 142-144.*

Moravian Historical Record, made and buried in 1783; discovered in 1904:

“I cannot leave unmentioned at the end of the 1775th year that already in the Summer of this year, that is in May, June, or July, the County of Mecklenburg, in North Carolina, DECLARED ITSELF FREE AND INDEPENDENT OF ENGLAND, AND MADE SUCH ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS AMONG THEMSELVES, AS LATER THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS MADE FOR ALL. This Congress, however, considered these proceedings PREMATURE.”—*Translation from German script discovered in archives of Moravian Church at Bethania, N. C.*

(This is literally the testimony, after 117 years, of ONE RISEN FROM THE DEAD.)

Extracts from John McKnitt Alexander's Historical Notes, made in 1800:

“We (the County) DECLARED OURSELVES A FREE AND INDEPENDENT PEOPLE, . . . But IN A FEW DAYS (AFTER COOLING) A CONSIDERABLE PART OF SAID COMMITTEEMEN CONVEENED and employed Capt'n Jack (of Charlotte) to go express to Congress (then in Philadelphia) with a Copy of all resolutions. . . . (We were PREMATURE). Congress never had our sd laws on their table for discussion, though sd Copy was left with them by Capt'n Jack.”

Here is positive record testimony from three different sources, expressed in the most explicit words the language affords, saying that Mecklenburg County declared independence. One record was made by a hostile party, one was made by a neutral party, and one made by a friendly party. The circumstances preclude the theory of collusion. John McKnitt Alexander, the Secretary of the Mecklenburg Convention that issued the Declaration, did not know of the existence of either the Royal Governor's proclamation or the secret Moravian record when he reproduced from recollection his statement of what the minutes of the Convention contained, after they were burned in 1800. They were buried in the unexplored archives of a church and the State. The remarkable accuracy of the agreement of these records, made by three such widely separated but eminent contemporary authorities as the Royal Governor, the Moravian historian Traugott Bagge, and the Secretary of the Con-

vention, can only be accounted for by the fact that the Mecklenburg event was one of general notoriety at the time.

What is the answer the anti-Mecklenburgers make to this array of record evidences? Let us take William Henry Hoyt, the leading authority on that side of the question, a New England professor who has written the completest and fairest attack on the Declaration.

Mr. Hoyt's position is, that Governor Martin, the Moravian historian, John McKnitt Alexander, General Joseph Graham and the score of other eye-witnesses of the Convention, who, when the fact was first disputed, made affidavit that they were present when the people of the County declared independence, all labored under a delusion as to the action taken by the Convention. The Mecklenburgers adopted the May 31st Resolves (the paper prepared for Congress by the select committee at the subsequent meeting, "after cooling," to which Alexander refers) which were "so much like a Declaration" they did not know the difference, but which was not a Declaration at all for the purposes of this and then he applies it to something "less than a Declaration."

We shudder to think that these ignorant Mecklenburgers might have been hanged or boiled in oil or something, more than a century and a quarter ago, when Governor Martin "recovered the lost authority of government" and gave them "due notice," as he said in a dispatch to the Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of the Colonies, it was his purpose to do, all through a misapprehension of the meaning of the English language, and because Mr. Hoyt had not yet been born to set all parties right.

A sample of Hoyt's premises and conclusions will suffice:

"Governor Martin's language can be properly applied to nothing less than a DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, but—"
(*Hoyt, p. 59.*)

and then he applies it to something "less than a Declaration."
The Moravian record is considered

". . . one of the most valuable pieces of evidence of the supposed declaration, but— . . . it must be understood

as relating to them" [the May 31st Resolves]. *Hoyt, pp. 117-120.*

"It will be observed that the Mecklenburg resolves of May 31, 1775, constitute a *virtual declaration of independence.*"—(*Hoyt, p. 28.*)

"In effect, Mecklenburg County *declared independence, subject to a contingent limitation . . . and was never afterwards under British rule.*"—(*Hoyt, p. 29.*)

"*The result was the same as if absolute independence had been declared.*"—(*Hoyt, p. 111.*)

"*Demonstration of the genesis of the myth . . . may now be attained.*"—(*Hoyt, p. 112.*)

A declaration of independence, in fact, reduced by a process of whitening and hair-splitting, to a "myth." And this is called "the modern scientific method" of making history. But the young Harvard professor of history did not mean what he said. He weakly fell into the adoption of Deacon Hemphill's slogan, which may be very well for newspaper purposes, but not for the purposes of history.

Twice the Legislature of North Carolina has been the storm-center of the controversy. When it first arose in 1831 the Legislature investigated the evidences of the Declaration and recorded its judgment that no fact of the Revolution was better established. The May 20th date was placed on the flag of the State and on its great seal.

In 1908 Captain S. A. Ashe, a North Carolinian of distinguished lineage and attainments, published a history of North Carolina in which he sided with the anti-Mecklenburgers. At the session of the Legislature in 1909 a bill was introduced to authorize the public school boards to purchase Captain Ashe's history for the rural school libraries. A storm of opposition was aroused, the Speaker of the House, a Mecklenburg descendant, left his chair to work against the bill, and it was defeated.

Captain Ashe admits that the Mecklenburgers declared independence, but he claims the authenticity of the May 31st Resolves to the ex-

clusion of the May 20th Declaration. He follows Hoyt's theories faithfully, gives prominence to the arguments against the May 20th Declaration, ignores the arguments for it, and slurs the facts that favor it.

For example:

He passes lightly over the Moravian record with its positive testimony, accepts the Hoyt theory that it had reference to the May 31st Resolves, and, in a footnote, treats with scant courtesy this remarkable piece of evidence.

Miss Adelaide L. Fries made a scientific study of this record, discovered in 1904, and fixed the date of its writing as 1783. Every critic of Miss Fries' work has given her credit for the excellence and fidelity of her demonstration of the date of the writing, with the sole exception of Captain Ashe.

Hoyt says of it (page 119):

"The date and authorship of this paper . . . have been ESTABLISHED by Miss Adelaide L. Fries." Ashe says of it in a foot-note (page 460):

"Miss Fries ASSERTS that he (Traugott Bagge, the Moravian annalist) wrote in 1782."

Captain Ashe is positive that there was only one meeting in Mecklenburg in May, 1775—the May 30th meeting—and only one paper adopted (the May 31st Resolves), in the face of the testimony of Alexander and others that there were two meetings, but on page 454 he says, with entire assurance, that in "March and April [preceding] there had been many meetings of the Committee of Safety in Mecklenburg." And yet there is absolutely no evidence that Mecklenburg had a committee of safety prior to May, 1775. Captain Ashe was evidently aware of this, for on page 425, noting the fact "that the earliest proceedings of any committee that have been preserved are those of Rowan County" (proceedings dated February 8, 1775,) he adds, "and *doubtless* the inhabitants of Mecklenburg County were equally forward under the influence of Tom Polk, the Alexanders and the Brevards," an assumption pure and simple, in so far as it tentatively provides for a Mecklenburg committee of safety prior to May, 1775. The May 31st Resolves are the



earliest evidences of the existence of such a committee, and the aim is to dodge the meeting that created the committee. It could not have created itself, but was created and constituted by the May 20th Convention. The fact that Tom Polk, as Colonel of the county militia, issued the call for the May convention, shows that there was no committee in existence whose peculiar function it was to call the people together. And the fact that "the Committee," in prescribing rules in the subsequent conventions, made no provision for its own succession, shows that it was a part of the machinery of the convention, created in the usual way. Besides, the "express" with the news of the battle of Lexington reached Wilmington on May 8th, and, the news having been rapidly disseminated throughout the province, the Mecklenburgers must have been slow instead of "forward" not to have held a patriotic meeting until May 30th and to have omitted any mention of the Lexington bloodshed in their proceedings.

It is agreed that Dr. Ephraim Brevard, a country physician, was the author of the paper adopted by the independence meeting. Ashe says Dr. Brevard "prepared" the resolutions and he recites the May 31st Resolves as those "prepared." The May 31st Resolves are the work of a lawyer skilled in the technique of the practice. They have the earmarks of Waightstill Avery, Mecklenburg's only resident lawyer. They have none of the earmarks of Brevard. The May 20th Declaration has the earmarks of Brevard (who died in 1781) strongly emphasized, even to his favorite words and phrases. That he could not have written the "Resolves" it is only necessary critically to compare them with his "Instructions to Mecklenburg's Representatives" to make clearly manifest. That the same hand that penned the "Instructions" penned the May 20th Declaration is as evident as the duplication of the same words and phrases in many places can make it.

The people of Mecklenburg had been called to meet to consider the state of the country on the 19th of May, 1775. In the meantime, the news of the bloodshed at Lexington, Mass., on the 19th of the previous month, had reached them, and precipitated them into a declaration of independence, which was finally adopted on May 20th and read to the people for their ratification by Colonel Tom Polk from the steps of the

log courthouse which stood in the forks of the road, now the public square of Charlotte, a modern city of 40,000 population or more, and the center of the most considerable manufacturing and industrial area in the South. Eleven days later, the select committee of correspondence constituted by the Convention met, and a code of laws having been prepared for the government of the independent County—in all probability by Waightstill Avery, the only resident lawyer, since the paper could only have been digested by a lawyer—it was incorporated in a memorial to Congress, stating the action that had been taken by the County, and it was expressed with other papers by the hand of Captain James Jack to Philadelphia, where the body was sitting, for the purpose of obtaining its sanction of what had been done. The Congress was at that particular juncture deeply concerned in bringing about reconciliation with England and suppressed any mention of Captain Jack's mission.

Mr. Hoyt frankly admits that Captain Jack's papers were suppressed and shows clearly that the Philadelphia papers did not print them because "the printers were requested not to copy them." (Page 81.)

Thus Captain Jack's long journey, a more substantial and significant incident by far than Paul Revere's mythical ride, was denied the recognition that history should have accorded it.

The anti-Mecklenburgers have labored ever since to suppress the fame of the Mecklenburg event itself, and the fact that it is more alive than ever should convince them not only of its virility, but of its validity as well. A lie would have perished long ago.

Thomas Jefferson started the Mecklenburg controversy.

When he died in 1817 John McKnitt Alexander left several copies of the May 20th Declaration. In 1819, when the question as to who set the independence ball rolling assumed a lively interest, the Declaration was published. John Adams saw a copy of the publication and enclosed it in a letter to Jefferson in which he said that "the genuine sense of America at that moment was never so well expressed before, nor since." Jefferson was very much nettled at the incident. He wrote to Adams, in reply, ridiculing and denouncing in turn the pretensions of the Mecklenburg Declaration. He said the paper was "spurious;" "an unjustifiable

quiz;" a "fabrication" out of whole cloth. Jefferson's champions took up the quarrel and based a charge of plagiarism against the Mecklenburg paper on the fact that it contained a number of the phrases peculiar to the early Revolutionary period that also occurred in the National Declaration.

But subsequent disclosures of Revolutionary records and early state papers show that not one of the phrases that was duplicated in the Declaration was original with Jefferson. Every one of them had been current in debate and in the public prints before Jefferson wrote his paper. The discovery of Governor Martin's proclamation and his other denunciations of the Mecklenburgers for their treasonable conduct, the finding of the May 31st Resolves in the old files of many of the newspapers printed in 1775, and finally the discovery of the Moravian record, all served, overwhelmingly, to show that Mr. Jefferson was in error when he ridiculed the idea of Mecklenburg having declared independence.

When the dispute first arose the enemies of the Declaration called for contemporaneous record evidences of it. But having taken the ground that it is a "myth," they will not believe now, though one rose from the dead, as literally occurred in the resurrection of the Moravian record.

Defeated and driven back by these developments, they have shifted to the May 31st Resolves on which to hang an excuse for a controversy. They first claim that this paper is the "True Declaration," and then that it is not a declaration at all, although they say the Mecklenburgers set up an independent government by virtue of it, and were "never afterwards under British rule."

Granting, for a moment, their premises and deductions, we may expect the "scientific" historian of the future, when he comes to treat of a recent episode in world history, to discover that Japan did not engage in hostilities with Russia because she fired on the Czar's fortifications before she formally declared war.

The May 31st Resolves are clearly the work of a meeting held subsequent to that which declared independence. It was the legislation made necessary to carry the Declaration into effect. If all other evi-

dences of the American Declaration of Independence were lost, the Constitution of the United States would alone establish the fact that the American people had declared independence. The May 31st Resolves was the constitution made for the free people of Mecklenburg. Bancroft accorded the paper high praise as the original model of the Federation system afterwards adopted by the young Republic. It is in the main a code of laws for the government of the County which only a lawyer could have digested. By the consensus of opinion of all authorities, Dr. Ephriam Brevard, a practical physician, was the author of the Declaration adopted by the May 20th Convention. He could not have written the May 31st Resolves. These bear the earmarks of Waightstill Avery, the Mecklenburg lawyer, who was later prominent in framing the State constitution and became Attorney General of the State. The May 20th Declaration has the earmarks of Brevard, corroborating the testimony that he wrote it.

The trouble with the Mecklenburgers and the "Tar Heels" generally is that they are long on performing and short on claiming. They are not adept in the art of blowing their own horn. They make history and let others write it. They declared their independence and left it to their enemies to make the record of it. Dr. Brevard, the author of the Declaration, sacrificed his life in a Charleston prison as an earnest of his good faith and patriotism. It was at Charlotte that Lord Cornwallis received his first check after harrying South Carolina at his pleasure and annihilating Gates at Camden.

A body of 150 cavalrymen, under Colonel William R. Davie and Major Joseph Graham, posted near the log courthouse from the steps of which the Declaration was read, held the entire British army at bay for several minutes, as Stedman, the English historian with them testified, and three times repulsed Tarleton's proud legion. Cornwallis remained in Charlotte fifteen days, but his fortunes waned from the moment he entered the town and the State. His troops were harassed, his communications cut off, and supplies denied him. He denounced Mecklenburg as "the most rebellious section of America." Tarleton, in his "History of the Southern Campaign, 1780-1781," said the people of Mecklenburg "were more hostile to England than any others in Am-

erica." Tarleton called Charlotte the "Hornet's Nest of America," a title she still wears. "The foraging parties were every day harassed by the inhabitants," he said, "who did not remain at home to receive payment for the products of their plantations, but generally fired from covert places to annoy the British detachments."

Instead of advancing, Cornwallis was compelled to retreat. The disastrous battles for him of King's Mountain, Cowpens, Eutaw, and Guilford Courthouse followed, and later his star set at Yorktown.

Possibly if the Mecklenburgers had been more solicitous about the fame of the Declaration and less of fighting to maintain it they would have escaped the persistent attempts that have been made to discredit it.

JAMES H. MOORE.

MACON, GA.



NOTES BY THE WAY

RUNESTONE SHOWN IN CHICAGO.

"A "Runestone," so-called because of its Runic characters, has been placed on exhibition in the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society. Its owner, Hjalmar Rued Holand of Ephraim, Wis., curator of the archives of the Sons of Norway, claims that the stone furnishes proof of the discovery of America more than a century before the landing of Columbus. It bears the date of 1362, and seems to record the journey from the Atlantic of a party of Vikings who left ten men aboard their ship, and of whose numbers another ten, left as camp guard, were killed by the Minnesota Indians.

The stone was found in Douglas County, Minnesota. Copies of the inscription and photographs have been sent to the University of Christiania, where no criticism of its authenticity was offered. The Inscription, as translated, reads as follows:

Eight Goths and twenty-two Norwegians upon a voyage of discovery from Vinland westward.

We had a camp by two skerries, one day's journey north of this stone. We were out fishing one day. When we returned we found ten men red with blood and dead. Ave Maria, save us from evil.

We have ten men by the sea to look after our vessel, 41 days' journey from this island, year 1362.

The stone is in an excellent state of preservation, and most of the characters are perfect.

A HYMN TO ORDER.

One of the literary curiosities of the early days of the great Civil War was a series of advertisements published in the New York papers in May, 1861, calling for the competition of American poets in producing a National hymn. This was signed by fourteen names well known in letters and in affairs, and it occurs to me that your correspondent and others may be glad to see a copy of that extraordinary advertisement, of which I have an original preserved in my war-time scrapbook. Of course the effort came to nothing, except that it gave the late Robert H. Newell a fine opportunity, of which he happily availed himself in his clever parodies of well-known poets, which he contributed originally in 1861 to the New York *World* in one of his timely "Orpheus C. Kerr" letters.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

In obedience to the request of many citizens who have observed the tendency to give poetic expression to the emotion which stirs the heart of the Nation, the gentlemen whose names are undersigned have consented to act as a committee to award a prize for \$500 for a National hymn, set to music, (either original or selected,) upon the following conditions:

1. The hymn is to be purely patriotic, adapted to the whole country; not a war song, or only appropriate to the present moment.

2. It must consist of not less than sixteen lines, and is not to exceed forty, exclusive of a chorus or burden, which is essential.

3. It should be of the simplest form and most marked rhythm; the words, easy to be retained by the popular memory, and the melody and harmony such as may be readily sung by ordinary voices.

4. For the words and music (whether the latter be original or selected and adapted) from the same hand, which the committee would prefer, \$500, or a gold medal of that value, will be awarded.

For the hymn alone, or for the music alone, (if original), \$250, or a gold medal of that value.

5. The committee retain the copyright of both words and music of the hymn to which the prize is awarded, and reserve the right of rejecting all contributions, whatever their merit, should none of them be deemed suitable.

6. The profits of the sale of the hymn are to be devoted to the Patriotic Fund.

7. The words and music must be furnished by the 20th day of June next.

8. As the committee may desire to publish a selection from the manuscripts in a volume in aid of the Patriotic Fund, they request those writers who are willing that their productions should be used for that purpose to signify their assent.

9. Individual applications to members of the committee will be disregarded.

10. Each hymn offered must be distinguished only by a motto or cipher, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, bearing the same motto or cipher, and containing the writer's name and address. All communications should be addressed to Maunsell B. Field, Esq., Secretary of the National Hymn Committee, New York City.

11. The committee will return no manuscripts.

Gulian C. Verplank, Charles King, Hamilton Fish, George Wm. Curtis, J. J. Cisco, George T. Strong, John A. Dix, M. H. Grinnell, Luther Bradish, Richard Grant White, T. Romeyn Brodhead, Arthur Leary, Maunsell B. Field.

H. R. H.

N. Y. Times Sat. Review of Books.

NARRAGANSETT INDIANS' CHURCH.

Charlestown, Rhode Island, Aug. 9.—The annual custom, long maintained, of assembling in the old Indian meeting-house here for serv-

ice and prayer, was observed yesterday by the few remaining members of the depleted Narragansett tribe of Indians, residents of this State. The little group in the church was small, much smaller than in other years when tribal members from New York, Connecticut and Long Island came to carry out the rites of their fathers. The little church, situated in the centre of what was formerly the tribal reservation, and erected shortly after the tribe ceased to be wards of the State, is opened but once a year. Two services are held; one in the morning and another in the afternoon. At each of these gatherings the ancient and peculiar rites which have been handed down from the past generations of warriors were observed.

THE FIRST UNION VOLUNTEER.

Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms John Kinnear, who for twenty-eight consecutive years has been in the employ of the sergeant-at-arms department at the State House has just been retired, at his own request, on half pay for life.

Captain Kinnear entered the services of the State in 1881 as a legislative messenger from which position he was later promoted to door-keeper and some years ago he was again advanced to his present position.

To him belongs the honor of having been the first man in the United States to volunteer for service in the Civil War. He was the first signer of the roll of Company C of the Third Massachusetts Regiment, recruited in Cambridge, and he went to the front as first sergeant of that company, later becoming captain of Company E of the Thirtieth Massachusetts Regiment, and serving under General Butler in the Mississippi and Louisiana campaigns.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE NEW YORK LOTTERY OF 1746.

A very interesting New York item was recently sold at auction there. It was the original manuscript account of the lottery in New York for money for the fortifying the city, 1746. The original manuscript book recording the results of the Lottery—" Pursuant to the following Laws of this Colony, viz.: An Act Entitled An Act for Raising

the Sum of Three thousand three hundred and Seventy five pounds by a Public Lottery for this Colony for the MORE EFFECTUAL FORTIFYING THE CITY OF NEW YORK. . . . The managers of the said Lottery this day met at the City Hall for the drawing of the same with three Clerks and [it] was accordingly drawn in the presence of two members of the Corporation of this City in the following manner, viz:—

Monday, Present THE MAYOR, the Recorder, PETER VALLETT, PETER B. LIVINGSTON & GABRIEL LUDLOW, the Clerks Sworn before the Mayor.
NEW YORK, Sept. 1746.

The proceedings commenced on Monday, September 1st, lasting until Monday, Sept. 22nd, and this unique and highly interesting MS. details the result of the Lottery, showing what each member drew and the prize to each; fully described on 240 pages folio. At the conclusion of each day's proceedings appear the signatures checking the figures, "Examined P. VALLETTE, P. B. LIVINGSTON & GAB. LUDLOW."

Then follows the statement of Receipts and disbursements and the Balances to be paid to the Colony for the purpose of the scheme. From this it would appear that the three official managers of the Lottery were allowed £50 each—an entry appearing "To our trouble, allowed by the Lottery Act £150." Among other entries appear "To 2 pair of sleeves for the Boys 7 and 6;" "To 1 bad £5 bill rec'd by Peter Vallette," etc.

MONUMENT AT OLD FORT MASSAC.

Last November, through the efforts of the Illinois D. A. R., a monument and flagstaff were erected on Fort Massac Park, Metropolis, Ill., nearly opposite Paducah, Ky.

Near the top of the monument on each of the four sides, is the shield of each of the powers to whom this section has owed allegiance: Spain, France, England and the United States. Near the base is a bronze tablet, on which is in relief the head of George Rogers Clark. The tablet bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

and his faithful companions in arms,
 who, by their enterprise, courage,
 devotion and sagacity, won the
 Illinois Country for the Common-
 wealth of Virginia, and so for
 The American Union, this monument
 has been erected in the name
 of a grateful people by the
 Illinois Chapters of the
 Daughters of the American Revolution.

1907

Nothing could be more beautiful than the situation of the monument and the park. The shaft stands on a high bluff of the Ohio river, and commands a fine view, looking across to the Kentucky shore and up and down the river for miles.

 ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL ORDERS BY GEN. ARTEMAS WARD, DURING THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

No date, but obviously issued a day or two after the "Battle of Chelsea,"* which was on May 27, 1775. A characteristic "reward of merit."

The General Much Approves of the Vigilance & Courage of the Officers and Soldiers under the Command of Col. Doolittle in the late Action at Chelsey, & has ordered 2 Barrils of Rum to be dealt out to them in equal portion, for their service.

*The only full account of this fight is found in the monograph issued by Chelsea Chapter, of the Mass. S. A. R.

LETTER OF CAESAR RODNEY, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND PRESIDENT OF THE STATE OF DELAWARE, TO THE ASSEMBLY

A highly historical paper, being his message to the General Assembly of Delaware in reference to the public papers belonging to the State of Delaware, which were taken to Philadelphia by the British army.

DOVER, Oct. 29, 1778.

Gentlemen of the Assembly

I beg leave to inform you, that In Virtue of a Resolution of the General Assembly passed the twenty sixth day of June last, Impowering the President to Appoint a proper person to go to the City of Philadelphia, Make Enquery for, demand, receive, Secure &c the public papers belonging to this State that had been taken away by the English, I Appointed Samuel Paterson, Esq., who in pursuance of Said Appointment proceeded to Philadelphia and by the papers returned to me procured many of the Records above Mentioned, and lodged them in the Office of Newcastle County to which they belong. He has also lodged with me an Acct of his Expenses, which with the other papers reported to me Accompanies this Message, for your perusal and Approbation.

Caesar Rodney.

LETTER OF LAFAYETTE TO BRIG-GENERAL WEEDON

This highly historical letter was written before Yorktown.

Williamsburg, Sept. 19, 1781.

Dr Sir.

In General Washington's absence I have opened your letter of this days date.

His Excellency being on board the Fleet, will make every necessary arrangement, and of course will write you whatever communication may respect your side.

I will not add anything on a subject you appear to have at heart: The restraining the enemy within bounds, or confining them as near as possible to their lines.

I have the honor to be

Dr Sir,
Your obtd
Lafayette.

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO MR. DANIEL CARROLL, APPARENTLY CONCERNING LAND IN FAYETTE COUNTY, PA.

Mount Vernon 9th Jany 1787

Sir:—

Your letter of the 26th ult. did not reach me till within 3 days, or it should have received an earlier acknowledgment.

The land I advertised for sale in Fayette County containing 1650 acres or thereabouts, by the Patents, may, as a tract, be considered as equal to any in the county, or country; but as it is my wish that the purchaser should examine it, I will say no more than that there is an appearance of a rich iron ore at the door of the mill, which is now much out of repair.

Small tracts of land in the vicinity of this, of the same quality have sold for three pounds & upwards Pen'y* Curr'y an acre—but if one person will take the whole of mine, I would let it go for fifty shillings that money an acre (payable in specie) one fourth down—the other three fourths in annual payments, with interest from the date of the Bonds; perhaps a longer time might be allowed.

I am Sir

Your Very Hble Servt

Mr. D. Carroll

GO. WASHINGTON.

* Pennsylvania Currency.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER VIII

THE RUINED HOMESTEAD

THE human heart has no more bitter grief than that which springs from the recollection of unkindness towards those who, loving us when living, are now, by the barriers of the grave, placed for ever beyond the reach of our remorseful recollection. But love—whether it be the love of kindred or the wilder, warmer passion, that more generally bears that name—is ever humble and self-chiding when absent from its object. The heart then forgets the frailties that may at times have shaken its esteem; it softens in degree the faults which have so severely tried its regard, that it cannot but remember them; it pardons every offending quality, that may often have tasked its forbearance, and threatened even the continuance of its tenderness; it imputes to itself all the blame that it has ever attached to the beloved object; and finds an excuse for each caprice of the one who may have trifled with it, in its own unworthiness, to inspire true affection.

It was was not unnatural, therefore, that the young Greyslaer, when he surveyed the desolation that had come over the home of Alida, the thought of her as torn from that home, a captive, dependent upon the mercies of the half-civilized Mohawk—it was not unnatural that, while every humane and generous impulse of his heart should be called into action, the more subtle emotions of latent tenderness should also quicken afresh in his bosom.

“She loved me not, she never would have loved me,” said the youth, mournfully; “yet, God knows, I would have laid down my life for her. Yes, coldly as she received me the last time I crossed this threshold, and forbidding as I for months have found her whene’er we met, I would give worlds for one haughty and impatient glance, checking my ill-timed assiduities, could she but now sit there in safety to receive them. So

noble, so gentle, to be torn thus—*gentle?* No, Alida, the word befits not thy proud and aspiring nature. Yet why should I hold her high spirit in reproach, because I may at times have chafed at its imperiousness, and thought that it looked too insolently down upon such a thing as I am? What am *I*, that I should aspire to the love of such a being? What guerdon have I won from glory, what deed of nobleness have I achieved, that I may aspire to mate myself with one whose queen-like step should be upon the neck of emperors?"

And the young man strode to and fro across the apartment with disordered pace and gesticulations that became the extravagance of his language; while desperate resolves and bitter self-reproaches were so wildly mingled in his speech, that one who had never before witnessed the fantastic mood of a lover, would have deemed that, if not the immediate instrument of the calamity that had overtaken his mistress, yet the preferring of his unwelcome suit must be in some way the cause of her disastrous fortunes. But when was there a lover who was not an egotist, or who did not believe that the dream which wraps his senses must in some measure shape the destiny of her who inspires the infatuation; who can be made to think that the current of his feelings, like the ocean tides, may reflect the image without influencing the actions of their mistress? But Greyslaer, though the first burst of feeling will ever have its way in one so young in years and new to sorrow, was not a man to waste the moments that were precious, in a lover's idle rhapsodies; nor, indeed, had he given way to even this transient weakness, until he had done all that could be at present accomplished for the distressed household.

The bereaved father, when first brought to his senses, and enabled to recall his share in the events of the night, left little doubt, by his testimony, as to the disposal that had been made of Alida. But the narration was so loose and unconnected, as wrung piecemeal from the broken-hearted old man, that we have ventured to enlarge and connect his relation, in order to make it intelligible to the reader.

The shot and shout which heralded the conflict had struck dismay into the family engaged in the peaceful avocations we have described at the opening of the last chapter. The invalid girl had the moment before

laid aside the book which she had been engaged in reading aloud; and her sister, taking a Bible from the chimneypiece, handed it to her father to close the evening with the customary service before retiring.

"It would be provoking," remarked Alida, while opening the good book on the table before him, "if some of Derrick's rough comrades should not have heard that the night of the rendezvous was changed, and come and rouse us an hour hence from our slumbers! There's one gallant I wot of, Tyntie," added she, passing her hand archly over the head of her sister, "who would not be sorry for the omission, if it but gave him an excuse for showing his new uniform at Hawksnest."

"Pshaw, sister, you know that young Harper is no more to me than any other young man of the valley that comes to our house. But I am sure that to-night I should be glad to see him or any of the bold friends that Dirk has collected around us in these stormy times. Brave as you are, I don't believe you would have been sorry if, instead of the boy they sent with the note, wise Max Greyslaer had been the bearer of it."

"The striplings are alike to me," said Alida, without noticing the faint smile of the invalid. "As for Greyslaer, he had to go south to the Reinhollow Settlement to get his friends together; and they would have eaten us out of house and home, if we had to keep his hungry hunters over the morrow. But, silly one, think you that, if there were danger, Derrick would have kept aloof himself? Father, let me look again at his note! See, there's nothing to alarm us here," pursued she, reading the missive aloud:

"We shall not disturb the repose of your house to-night, my dear father, as the proposed meeting of the *friends of the king and constitution* is deferred. The ministerial malignants are abroad. Johnson, indeed, still lies, with all his power, at the hall; but his tool, Joseph Brant, has got together some vagabond Mohawks at the north, and has prepared to move to-morrow towards the river. He claims that he and his miscreant followers represent the sentiments of the whole Six Nations; and we are going westward to intercept his march, and seize his person, before he can communicate with the other Indians and work us farther mischief. I always told you, honoured sir, that this precious specimen of

the civilized savage would go with the British ministers in their tyrannical attempts to enslave us, and I will make your quondam friend confess as much before to-morrow night, if—”

The sudden report of firearms, followed immediately by the appalling war-whoop, broke off the farther reading of the note, and struck dismay into the defenceless household. The timid Tyntie, pressing her hands to her temples, as if to shut out the fearful sounds, bent her head down to the table, cowering like a frightened bird, hopeless to escape when the fowler is upon her. The old man clasped his hands, and uplifted his aged and prayerful countenance, with a look of mute but anxious pleading. Alida only, of the three, seemed to retain the power of action. Pushing the table impatiently from her, she stood, for a moment, with flashing eye and dilated form, and senses all alert, as if, Penthesilea-like, the sounds of approaching combat were music to her soul. Then, as the turmoil of the strife rose nearer and clearer, she cast a hurried look of anxiety at the helpless beings by her side, and rushed to a window to gain intelligence of the extent of the danger.

It was the same window beside which Brant and his Scottish accomplice had planted themselves; and, as impetuously throwing up the sash, she leaned far out to catch a view of the grounds beyond the end of the house, the sinewy arm of the chieftain encircled her waist in a moment, and, incapacitated from resistance alike by surprise and the position in which she stood, she was lifted from her feet by a power that was equally rapid and resistless, and placed in the arms of MacDonald, who, moved but not melted by her shrieks, hurried from the spot with his captive. As for Brant, he had only delayed for a moment to pinion her arms by securing the ends of his knotted baldrick, which, unobserved by MacDonald, he had thrown over her shoulders in the moment he seized her person, and then he bounded through the open window into the apartment.

“ Joseph Brant! ” cried the old man, raising the palms of his hands like one startled by an apparition, and averting his head as if to shut out the conviction of the character in which his former neighbour now presented himself. ” Joseph Brant, my enemy! ”

"Thayendanagea, your ancient friend," replied the chief, advancing with outstretched hand.

"Off, off, perfidious and ruthless villain. If a father's vengeance could renew the strength in these withered limbs, you durst not—"

"By the eternal spirit of Truth above us, not a hair of your daughter's head, old man, shall come to harm. 'Twas but to prove to you Alida's safety in the hands of Thayendanagea that I have betrayed my share in this night's business; for that, and to assure you of your own, is all—"

"Yes, as the hound protects the hind from the knife of the hunter, when he has driven her into his hands. Off, dog of an Indian, off, wretched mercenary; or, if your power to save be equal to your will to slay, protect yourself at this moment." And seizing a tall andiron from the fireplace, he brandished aloft his awkward weapon, and rushed upon the chieftain. Phrensied with passion, the feeble old man had summoned all his remaining energy to deal a single blow at the spoiler of his household; and as Brant leaped lightly aside from the descending blow, he fell forward, striking his hoary brow with stunning effect against the iron instrument, which came between his head and the floor. At this moment, Alida, escaping from the care of MacDonald, presented herself at the window, with the Indian Au-neh-yesh in close pursuit behind her. The ferocious young savage had already raised his tomahawk to strike, and it was only the menacing cry of his chieftain and father which saved the life of the maid. A few hurried words from him told Brant that there was now no time to be lost, if he would secure the only prey yet in his power. He tore the shrieking girl from the window-sill, to which she clung, and lifting her like a child in his arms, rushed through the garden and up the hill in the rear of the house.

The young Mohawk turned to bear back the command of his Sachem to his party, but catching a glimpse of Tyntie's prostrate form, who still lay lost in the swoon into which the first alarm had thrown her, he could not resist his ferocious propensities, while the tumult of the strife, which at this moment rose nearer and rearer, urged their gratification. He sprang forward, buried his tomahawk in her brain, and,

twisting his fingers in her long tresses, had already drawn the scalping knife from his girdle, when Greyslaer's sudden appearance compelled him to seek safety in flight.

The other incidents of the assault have been already detailed to the reader in the previous chapter. The note we have mentioned, which still lay open upon the table, for the first time acquainted Greyslaer with the altered intentions of his friends. But, under existing circumstances, he determined to remain at the Hawksnest, and await their coming on the following day. An attempt to rescue Alida with his present handful of men would, he soon acknowledged, be worse than vain; but he did not abandon the idea, until, by a close examination of the ground, he had made a tolerable accurate estimation of the number of followers Brant had with him, and his means of securing an escape to the upper country. He was even able to trace the footsteps of Alida herself in several places. But a dog belonging to the household, which had been unchained to assist in the examination, and had proved himself eminently useful in striking the Indian trail in the first instance, and shown his sagacious sympathy in their search by uttering a sharp howl when they first lighted upon the traces of his mistress, disappeared soon afterward amid the darkness of the forest, and the use of the lanterns in groping about added nothing farther to their discoveries when the aid of the animal was withdrawn.

In the meantime, the patriot party took every precaution to secure themselves against a surprise during the night. The windows of the house were strongly barricaded, sentinels were posted, and a shed, with other slight outbuildings, which might cover the approach of an enemy, were levelled with the ground. The body of the unfortunate Tyntie was consigned to the care of a couple of female slaves, whose vociferous grief over the gory remains of their young mistress almost drowned the deep mourning of her stricken-hearted father, who had to be forcibly torn from the body and carried off to another chamber.

After a night made tedious by broken slumbers and harassing dreams, confusedly alternating with each other, it was with no slight feeling of relief that Greyslaer hailed the approach of dawn. The summer landscape wore a Sabbath-like stillness, as he gazed upon it from his open window, while inhaling the fresh breeze of morning. The mist-wreaths

curling up from the river were the only objects moving, and even these stole off as gently as if fearful of breaking the silence by a more rapid motion; creeping now around some embowered islet, pausing now to twine for a moment amid the leafy festoons of vines and branching elms upon some jutting promontory, and now circling the brow of one of those cliffs whose craggy and frowning summits give its only feature of sternness to the soft and lovely vale of the Mohawk, and at once dignify and diversify its exquisite landscape.

The heart of the young patriot bled to think that a scene so fair and smiling must be given up to the cruel ravages of war. Of a war too, which, while presenting itself in the worst form of that scourge of humanity, brought with it the threatening horrors of many a savage massacre, superadded to the dire calamity of armed discord among those who call themselves civilized.

“And what,” thought Greyslaer, “what are the private griefs of one solitary being like myself, to the sorrows of the thousands whose fate is bound up in this impending struggle; what weighs the present doom of all of us, when balanced in the scales of Omniscient Benevolence, against the welfare of the millions yet unborn, whose destiny hangs upon the success of our endeavour? God of Heaven! but it is a gallant game, a noble stake we play for. But those that come after us! will they prize it when won, will they cherish the glorious guerdon, and remember the deeds and the men who made it theirs? Will they love each rood and inch of their blood-bought patrimony, where every acre that was sown with the dragon teeth of despotism produced its hero? Will they too rear a race of men, fit to be the second crop of a soil so generous? Will the free-born dames of those days, will the mothers that tutor them—alas! if their mothers were to be such as thee, Alida, who could doubt their high-souled nurture!” But the thoughts of the youthful Greyslaer became less coherent, as they assumed a softer character, nor need we follow the reflections of the ardent young patriot, as they became merged in the vague musing of the less sanguine lover.

As the day wore on, and the hour of the expected return of the younger De Roos to his father's house grew nigh, Greyslaer shrunk from witnessing the harrowing impression which the desolate household must

make upon his friend. Derrick came not, however, in the manner that was painfully anticipated by those who dreaded the shock of surprise that seemed to await him. Ill news flies fast, and the story of his ruined homestead was soon spread over the country; and when the young De Roos, returning from his bootless quest of Brant, first fell in with his friends and neighbours flocking to the scene of disaster, he soon learned the dark story from the agitated females, who were hurrying, in company with their fathers and brothers, toward the Hawksnest. Leaving another to take charge of his own immediate party, the horror-stricken young man threw himself on a fresh horse that was proffered by a kinsman, and, striking the spurs into his flanks, dashed furiously forward.

“Where is she? Where are their bodies?” he exclaimed, foaming with impatience as he leaped from the saddle and rushed into the house, as if the mad energy of his grief could even yet rekindle life in the bosoms of the dead.

“My son, my son!” cried the old man, moving a step toward Derrick, then tottering, and sinking helpless into the chair from which he had risen.

“My father!” screamed the youth, in a wild tone of delight and grief, most strangely mingled. “And did the wretches then spare your gray hairs; are all, then, not gone?”

“All! look there, look there, Derrick! They left my aged blood to chill in my veins through time, if horror might not curdle it; but those young pulses have ceased to beat forever.” And the frame of the youth trembled like that of a woman as his father pointed to the narrow cot where, stark and stiff, but still composed, in the decent attire of a Christian grave, reposed the remains of Tyntie, his younger sister. His features were as pale as those of the corpse as he advanced to its side and raised the napkin which covered the face. He started. “What, Tyntie, my poor, my gentle girl! And was thy delicate thread of life that might have snapped so easily—so nearly worn, too, that any moment might have severed it—was that frail thread thus rudely riven asunder?” He spoke mournfully, but there was no bitterness in his grief; and nascent hope and burning anxiety were depicted in his countenance as he turned hastily to his father in a hoarse and tremulous whisper:

“Alida—Alida, my father?” His agitation was too great to utter more.

“She was borne off by the villain Brant, unharmed as we think and trust,” said Greyslaer, advancing. “I waited but your arrival, Derrick, to reinforce my rifles and start in pursuit.”

A complete reaction now took place in the feelings of the mercurial young De Roos. Rumour, who flies on magic wings, generally, too, exercises a magical power in exaggerating the tidings that she bears. The dismayed youth had heard in the first instance of the total destruction of his house; indeed, there had been tales of burnings as well as massacres; and when he rode so furiously homeward, it was not until he beheld the quiet smoke ascending from the hall of his infancy that he hoped even to recover the bodies of his kindred for Christian burial. To find his father living, and Alida, his favourite sister, his pride and his delight, still not numbered with the dead, wrought such a change in his mind, that every object around him wore a new aspect. The world, which a few moments before seemed so drear and gloomy, that the very idea of drawing out his desolate existence for an hour was accompanied by that suffocating sense of pain intolerable, that most men, perhaps, have sometimes known—the world, the young and half-ried world around him, seemed now almost as fresh and fair as ever. With buoyant step he hurried out to meet his approaching friends, and, as the wagons of the gathering yeomanry drove into the court-yard, it would have seemed, from the congratulations that passed among the females, whom sympathy or curiosity had brought to the house of mourning, that every cause of grief were for the moment removed.

All the particulars relating to the last hours of the young girl, who thus far had been the chief sufferer by these events, were now told over and over, amid frequent exclamations among the females, while the incidents of the flight were recounted with not less animation by the men who participated in it, as they clustered around some mounted rangers, who, being among the new comers, were now engaged in grooming their horses at the stable. The fate of the brave fellows who had fallen, and who, few in number, chanced to be mere hangers-on of the community, with no near kindred to lament them, was by their acquaintances and com-

rades sincerely deplored. As the evening drew on, many of the party dispersed, some to seek a supper and bed with the nearest neighbours, none of whom dwelt within a mile of the Hawksnest; and others to find a berth for the night in the barn or some other outbuilding, where they might be ready for attendance upon the funeral on the morrow. Greyslaer; in the meantime, having taken counsel with the friends of Alida's family, it was agreed that he and Derrick should leave the care of the ceremonial to a near kinsman of the latter, while, selecting a chosen party of followers, they should set out together an hour after midnight to follow up the trail of Brant.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)



THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 3

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

(*Second Paper*)

RHODE ISLAND was the next to take up the problem. In January, 1778, General Varnum wrote Washington in regard to the Rhode Island quotas, saying in his letter, "It is imagined that a battalion of negroes can be raised there. Should that measure be adopted or recruits obtained upon any other principle, the service will be advanced."⁴⁶ This letter Washington sent to Governor Cooke, and, in February, the Assembly passed an act authorizing the enlistment of negroes, slaves who desired to enlist to be purchased by the colony at a valuation set by a commission and then to be freed.⁴⁷ Six members of the Assembly signed a protest to this action on the grounds that there were too few negroes to form a full regiment, that it would give the idea that it was necessary to purchase slaves to defend our liberties, and that the undertaking would be too difficult and too costly.⁴⁸ "Nowhere in the country," writes one, "was the question of negro soldiers more carefully considered, or the practice of employing them more generally adopted, than in Rhode Island." * So much has been written about this regiment and so many encomiums have been heaped upon it that it is rather refreshing to find one writer who tries to disillusionize us.⁴⁹ To the passage just quoted, Mr. Rider takes exception. He also tells us that Generals Varnum and Washington had no idea of enlisting slaves, at least, and probably did not seriously consider the enlistment of negroes at all.⁵⁰ But that is immaterial,—the act was passed and the regiment enlisted; the question is, was it a success? After reading the evidence which Rider presents, it seems to be doubtful

⁴⁶ Quoted in Livermore, 118. Quoted *Ibid.*, 118-20.

⁴⁷ Quoted in Livermore, 120-1.

⁴⁸ Quoted in Livermore, 117.

* *Ibid.*, 117.

⁴⁹ Rider.

⁵⁰ Rider, 33-35.

if it did all that has been claimed for it, though I think his indictment is too severe.

In May, 1778, the act of the February session was repealed, to take effect June 10th.⁵¹ In October, payment for the slaves, delayed in many cases, was ordered to be made at once.⁵² The act of June, 1780, makes no mention of negroes, but that passed a month later prohibited the enlistment of "Negroes, Indians, and Mulattoes."⁵³ Yet free negroes seem to have still been enlisted to some extent, even joining white regiments,⁵⁴ and, out of 2500 persons enrolled, 35 were negroes or mulattoes.⁵⁵ The end of negro enlistments in Rhode Island seems to have come with Lieutenant-Colonel Olney's order of February, 1782, which said: "It has been found from long and fatal experience that Indians, Negroes and mulattoes do not . . . answer the public service; they will not therefore on any account be received."⁵⁶ During the whole period, severe penalties seem to have been placed on the enlistment of slaves *as such*⁵⁷ though they were not actually freed till mustered into the service.⁵⁸

After considering these facts, Rider concludes that it was not "the wiser opinion" that prevailed; three of the four counts in the protest of 1778 proved true—there were not enough to form a regiment so the attempt proved abortive; the eighty-eight slaves purchased cost over £10,000; there *were* great difficulties and uneasiness in the matter of purchases.⁵⁹ The number might easily have been swelled above the number actually purchased, perhaps, by enlistments of free negroes in the regiment. But Rider, after careful inquiry, concludes that even two or three years' recruiting did not swell the number to above 130 or 140.⁶⁰ In June, 1780, for example, Washington wrote that, as the regiment was too small to render much service, he had not ordered it out of the state.⁶¹ Many may have been discouraged, it is true, by the frauds through which their bounties were held back;⁶² but this seems to be one place where the facts are quite plain—the Rhode Island regiment, for size, at least, does not deserve credit for the numbers said to have enlisted in it.⁶³

⁵¹ Rider, 18.

⁵² Livermore, 123.

⁵³ Rider, 39-45.

⁵⁴ Livermore, 117.

⁵⁵ Rider, 41.

⁵⁶ Quoted Rider, 30.

⁵⁷ Rider, 41.

⁵⁸ Rider, 46.

⁵⁹ Rider, 44.

⁶⁰ Rider, 20.

⁶¹ Rider, 22.

⁶² Rider, Preface, v-vi.

⁶³ Nell, 126.

As to its actual services, a similar statement can be made. "The glory of the defence of Red Bank," ascribed to them,⁶⁴ could not have been really theirs, for that defence took place on October 22, 1777, four months before the act authorizing their enlistment was passed.⁶⁵ And it does not seem probable that this inconsistency can be obviated by any statement that it was "before their formation into a separate regiment."⁶⁶ The evidence in regard to the Battle of Rhode Island, August 29, 1778, seems to be at least equally balanced; it is probable that the regiment did render very efficient service at that time, though Rider tries to discredit it.⁶⁷ As to the defence of Colonel Greene when attacked near Pine's Bridge, N. Y., May 14, 1781, we can say confidently that great bravery was shown. Though it may be true that instead, as one extravagant writer has said, of everyone of "his faithful guard of blacks" being killed, only forty out of one hundred and forty-four were killed, wounded or taken prisoner,⁶⁸ is not that number sufficient evidence of bravery and devotion? Even Rider admits that the regiment did well on its last expedition, that to Oswego in February, 1783, to which part of them were assigned.⁶⁹ There is a tendency, in writing of such a subject as this, to exaggerate either one way or the other. I do not believe that the great things said of the negro troops in our Revolutionary War are all true,—it would be surprising if they were, when the country was new. But, on the other hand, I cannot believe in a wholesale attempt to discredit their services, such as Rider has made. The testimony of the great majority of writers and of contemporaries, as, for example, the Marquis de Chastellux, the traveler,⁷⁰ is enough, I think, to establish the fact that this regiment, as well as others, did useful service.

It has, perhaps, seemed needless to go into such detail in regard to the action of this one little state. I have done so for two reasons:—First, it is an interesting piece of comparative history; second, the opposition at the time, and the attitude of the writer to whom I have so extensively referred, show the difficulties which have been encountered all

⁶⁴ Nell, 126-7.

⁶⁵ Rider, 47.

⁶⁶ Livermore, 123.

⁶⁷ Cf. Rider, 22-4; Livermore, 124, ff., etc.

⁶⁸ Cf. Rider, 48-9.

⁶⁹ Cf. Rider, 63-4.

⁷⁰ Quoted Livermore, 124.

through our history when the question of enlisting the negro came up. The history of the negro soldiers of this period in the other colonies may be more rapidly surveyed.

In Massachusetts, in April, 1778, a letter was received by the legislature from one Thomas Kench, of an artillery regiment, favoring the enlistment of negroes in separate companies, and offering his services. On April 11th, this was referred to a committee, and, on the 17th, the Rhode Island resolution was referred to the same committee. On the 28th of April a law was reported and passed, similar to that of Rhode Island, but not authorizing enlistments in separate companies.⁷¹

In Adjutant-General Scammell's report of August 24, 1778, giving the number of negroes under Washington's immediate command, three state brigades are mentioned.⁷² The North Carolina brigade is put down with a total of fifty-eight, the Pennsylvania brigade with thirty-five, showing that negroes were enlisted with the other troops in those states to some extent. The total of the Second Maryland brigade's negro troops was given as sixty. Mention has already been made of the Maryland militia act of 1777, which confined the service to whites, so these must have been merely volunteers not included in the militia. In 1780, Maryland made *all* males liable to draft and received slaves as recruits with their masters' consent.⁷³ In 1781, when two extra battalions were ordered raised, *all freemen* not conscripted as vagrants, were enrolled in the militia and made liable to draft.⁷⁴ On June 5th of the same year, John Cadwalader wrote to Washington from Annapolis, "We have resolved to raise, immediately, seven hundred and fifty negroes, to be incorporated with the other troops and a bill is now almost completed."⁷⁵ But as there has been no definite record of the bill or of the troops, it is probable that they were never raised.⁷⁶ The free negroes of Maryland remained in the militia till 1793, when it was again limited to whites.⁷⁷

In New York a law for raising two regiments, passed March 20, 1781, provided, in section six, that owners of male slaves should receive

⁷¹ Livermore, 124-7.

⁷² Quoted Moore, 17.

⁷³ J. R. Brackett, 196.

⁷⁴ J. R. Brackett, 197.

⁷⁵ Livermore, 127.

⁷⁶ J. R. Brackett, 197.

⁷⁷ J. R. Brackett, 197.

one right of bounty lands for each slave who enlisted for three years or till regularly discharged, the slave then to be free. But, oddly enough, in that same year, New Jersey prohibited the enlistment of slaves.⁷⁸ Freemen, though, seem to have been enlisted, for mention is made of several, for example, one Oliver Cromwell who fought at Trenton, Princeton, Yorktown, and other places.⁷⁹ As in most of the colonies, the negro soldiers of New Jersey must have been in regiments with white men.

New Hampshire permitted the enlistment of negroes, the bounties of slaves who enlisted being paid to their masters as the price of their liberty. The bounties for negro soldiers were fixed at the same rate as for whites.⁸⁰

In 1777, Virginia passed a law requiring a *certificate* of freedom before enlistment, and offering bounties to secure recruits, including negroes.¹ The General Assembly also passed an act in 1783 freeing certain slaves who fought in the war, and who probably had got in despite the previous act.²

I have been able to find no laws on the subject from Delaware, but if the names are a guide in other colonies, as I mentioned above in the case of Connecticut, the same might be said of this colony. Many are found on the roll whose names are certainly those used by freed negroes.³

The two states which have not yet been mentioned—namely, South Carolina and Georgia—are interesting because of the strenuous attempts made to enroll negroes there. The South Carolina resolution of November 20, 1775, which I mentioned above, did not allow the employment of negroes as soldiers; so when the need for more troops became felt it was proposed to organize a large number of negro soldiers from the two states of Georgia and South Carolina. Strangely enough, in view of the opposition which it aroused later, the project was first suggested by the delegates from South Carolina and a special envoy from the Governor, who

⁷⁸ Moore, 20.

⁷⁹ Nell, 160.

⁸⁰ Moore, 19.

¹ Moore, 21.

² Heacock, 10.

³ Cf. the roll quoted in Whiteley, 31, ff.

hoped thus, not only to intimidate the enemy, but to lessen the danger of revolts and desertions among the slaves "by detaching the most vigorous and enterprising from among the negroes."⁴ The idea was enthusiastically taken up by John Laurens and was recommended by his father, Henry Laurens. In a letter to the former, March 20, 1779, Washington showed that he was dubious,⁵ but Hamilton in a letter to Jay on March 14th, endorsed the project enthusiastically.⁶ Finally, on March 29th Congress passed a resolution recommending this action to the states of Georgia and South Carolina and providing for payment for slaves purchased. Another resolution of the same day commissioned John Laurens lieutenant-colonel with authority to go ahead with his plans.⁷ He at once set out for South Carolina and tried to get authority from the two states. But by this time they had changed their minds, or else the governor had not counted on such opposition when he proposed the plan, for the attempt failed. Laurens made two attempts during the next year, but both states obstinately refused to do anything. After his return from France, whither he was sent as an envoy in 1780, he tried again, this time backed up by the recommendations which General Greene had made.⁸ To the last he hoped he might be successful and so wrote to Washington, June 12, 1782,⁹ though the General's reply expresses no surprise at the failure, which he had foreseen.¹⁰

Perhaps one of the main reasons for the failure was the preponderance of Tory sentiment in the South, especially in these two states.¹¹ This checked the attempt and was a cause of the reasons that Laurens himself assigned. After his second attempt had failed he wrote to Washington: "I was outvoted, having only reason on my side, and being opposed by a triple-headed monster, that shed the baneful influence of avarice, prejudice, and pusillanimity in all our assemblies."¹² Another puts it concisely, "It was the institution of slavery, not the character of the slaves, that placed obstacles in the way."¹³

⁴ Moore, 11.

⁵ Quoted Livermore, 131.

⁶ Quoted, *Ibid.* 131-3.

⁷ Quoted, *Ibid.* 133-5.

⁸ Livermore, 148-9.

⁹ Quoted, Livermore, 140.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹² Quoted, Moore, 14.

¹³ Bolton, 24.

¹¹ Cf. the quot. from Sabine, "The American Loyalists," in Livermore, 128-30.

“Enough is known to show that the free colored men of the United States bore their full proportion of the sacrifices and trials of the Revolutionary Army,”¹⁴—so said Whittier. “Many black soldiers were in the service during all stages of the war,” writes another authority.¹⁵

PAUL T. ARNOLD.

RIDGWAY, PA.

¹⁴ Whittier.

¹⁵ Sparks' Washington, quoted, Livermore, 102.

(To be continued)



PENNSYLVANIA COUNTY NAMES

FFIFTH in the tier of Pennsylvania counties westward from the Delaware and resting upon Mason and Dixon's Line is the historic county of Adams. For a period of half a century its area was included in York County, which was separated from Lancaster in 1749. The early inhabitants of Adams County were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and the followers of William Penn. During the last term of Washington's administration when party lines began to be drawn, inhabitants of the western part of York County were advocates of the policy and principles of the Federalist party, founded by Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, John Adams and other illustrious statesmen of that period. The German population around the borough of York in the fertile plains near the Susquehanna supported the Anti-Federalist or Republican party, of which Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and other patriots of that period were the founders.

Adams County came into existence in 1800, by the mandate of Governor Thomas McKean, just as the bells were ringing out the old century which had brought forth on this continent a new nation, and ringing in a new century destined to be the most progressive in the history of the world.

About the time that a name was to be selected for the new county west of the Susquehanna, John Adams, the second President of the United States, with a train of attendants and a military escort crossed the present area of Adams County, on his way to the banks of the Potomac to become the first President at the new seat of Government of the American Republic. It was this incident largely that induced the voters who formed the new county to name it in honor of the illustrious statesman of Massachusetts who was then the Executive Head of the Nation.

About ten years before, James Getty had laid out a town which be-

came the future seat of justice of Adams County. He was a typical Scotch-Irishman who settled on what was known as the Manor of Maske, together with many other bold and enterprising Scotch-Irishmen; among whom were the Crawfords, the Blacks, Hamiltons, Casatts, McPhersons, Ewings and other family names which have become noted in our nation's history.

For sixty-three years Gettysburg was only a small spot on the map of Pennsylvania. No school boys during the first half of last century dreamed that the name Gettysburg would be famous throughout the civilized world as long as the English language shall be spoken. They thought more of Brandywine, Germantown and Valley Forge, historic names familiar to the school children of that period.

There are interesting stories about Adams County not known to the general reader. Twice during his term of office as President, George Washington slept upon the area now embraced in the battlefield of Gettysburg. In 1791, while returning from his tour through the Southern States, traveling in an elegant chaise with his private secretary Major Jackson, and a train of attendants, our first President lodged for the night in the village of Taneytown, the birthplace of Roger B. Taney, who was to render the famous Dred Scott decision. Washington was on his way from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia, then the National capital. Before leaving Georgetown on this trip he recorded in his Diary that he selected the site for the public buildings at the new seat of Government on the banks of the Potomac. In October, 1794, in company with Alexander Hamilton, he went from Philadelphia as far westward as Bedford, to lay plans for quelling the so-called Whiskey Insurrection. After spending a few days at Bedford in conference with General Lee (Light Horse Harry of the Revolution), he returned eastward on his way to Philadelphia. During a beautiful day in October he crossed the mountains and lodged for the night in a stone building still standing, a short distance northwest of Gettysburg. The President arose early next morning, sat on the box-seat of the chaise with the driver in order as he said "that I might observe the country which interested me very much." His observant eye—for Washington we remember was a surveyor—gazed on Little Round Top, Culp's Hill and Cemetery Ridge,

strategic points which the husband of his grand-niece, commanding 75,000 Confederates, endeavored to gain during the three days of one of the greatest battles in the world's history. So it happened that the great soldier who had led his armies, first in defeat and second to victory during the Revolution, gazed with eager interest over the landscape where the Blue and the Gray contended for mastery the first three days of July 1863. A short distance to the south is Cemetery Hill, where now stands a tall shaft to commemorate the battle. Abraham Lincoln delivered his memorable speech here just sixty-three years to the day after Washington moved eastward on his way to Philadelphia.

These are a few facts that present themselves to the historian when in a reminiscent mood about Adams County. It was at the village of Taneytown, just beyond the Pennsylvania border in Maryland, that General Meade completed his plans for the battle of Gettysburg after hearing of the death of Reynolds, the commander of the First Army Corps. It was at Taneytown that Washington slept for the night in July, 1791, and it was near the place that Washington slept in 1794 that General Robert E. Lee had his headquarters during the last two days of the battle which decided the future destiny of the nation.

Allegheny is second on the alphabetical list of counties of the Keystone State. It was organized in 1788, five years after the treaty of peace which ended the war for Independence had been signed. The counties of Westmoreland and Washington had been organized at an earlier date, west of the Alleghany Mountains. Out of a portion of their territory and the vast extent of country to the north and west the county of Allegheny was formed, three years before the adoption of the second Constitution of Pennsylvania. At that time the state had only one legislative body, known as the General Assembly. The executive head of the Commonwealth was called the President, and so when Allegheny came into existence the statute which created another county in the Keystone State was signed by "President" Franklin.

The population of all its vast territory in 1790, two years after the organization of Allegheny County, was only 10,300, and many of these people lived on the area now embraced in other counties formed out of Allegheny. In 1810 there were 25,000, and in 1905, 750,000.

When Eli Coulter, Peter Kidd and Benjamin Lodge, in 1788, ran the boundary lines for this new county of Pennsylvania their attention was attracted to the limestone and sandstone land along the level plains of the streams that traversed this county. They commented upon these resources in their official report of their survey, but never dreamed that underneath a large portion of this region were beds of coal almost unlimited in their supply. At that time manufacturing interests had not been developed, but at a later period when the "black diamonds" became necessary for the progressive enterprise of the people of this region, veins of coal from five to eight feet in thickness were found all over this county. These resources made it possible for the rapid growth and prosperity of the future county of Allegheny and of one of the most progressive cities in the world.

The word Allegheny is of Indian origin, and Pittsburg, one of the greatest manufacturing centers of this country, was named in honor of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the famous English statesman who was a friend of the Americans in their struggle for independence.

Armstrong County was formed out of Allegheny in March, 1800, and named in honor of Col. John Armstrong who commanded the forces that defeated the Indians at Fort Kittanning in 1756. Later he commanded the left wing of the American forces at the Battle of Brandywine. Two of his sons won fame and distinction as soldiers. General Armstrong lived and died at the borough of Carlisle, the seat of justice of Cumberland County. Among the commissioned officers, one who was of his advisers and aided in defeating the Indians at Kittanning in 1756 was General Hugh Mercer, who joined the expedition as surgeon. Later he moved from Pennsylvania to Fredericksburg, Virginia, where, before the opening of the war, he was a bosom friend of Washington. No two men in the country mourned the loss of that soldier who fell mortally wounded at the Battle of Princeton more than the Commander in Chief of the armies and General Armstrong, each of whom paid a graceful tribute to his memory.

Beaver County, on both sides of the Ohio River west of Pittsburg, was formed out of Allegheny and Washington counties March 12, 1800, by the same act that created the counties of Armstrong, Butler and Mer-

cer. The county obtained its name from the fact that the beaver in early days built his dam along the streams which were tributary to the Ohio, one of which was called the Big Beaver and the other the Little Beaver. This region, like Allegheny, has become an important manufacturing center with flourishing towns supplied with many industrial establishments.

Bedford, the first county west of the eastern ridge of the Alleghenies, was created by act of the Provincial Assembly in 1771, and was formed out of the western part of Cumberland County. Bedford originally included all the southern and western part of Pennsylvania, its limits extending to the borders of the present state of Ohio. Most of this vast territory was thinly populated before the Revolution, for Bedford County in 1775 did not contain more than six thousand people.

As early as 1745 Indian traders visited this interesting region. Most of these traders were Scotch-Irish adventurers.

One of the early settlers of Bedford County founded Raystown about 1751. A fort was established there to protect the white settlers from hostile Indians. Raystown was laid out in 1759 and by an order of John Penn, then the Governor of Pennsylvania, was named Bedford in honor of one of the dukes of the House of Bedford in England. The county took its name from the same source.

Bedford Springs, one mile south of the borough, were first discovered in 1825. This place for half a century was one of the most famous summer resorts in America. The scenery of Bedford County is picturesque. Since it was created in 1771 four other counties have been formed out of its territory.

The County of Berks, lying on both sides of the Schuylkill River, was formed in 1752 out of the northern parts of Philadelphia, Chester and Lancaster counties. Admiral Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania, owned valuable lands along the Thames in Berkshire, England, and it was for this reason that his grandsons Richard and Thomas Penn in 1752 named the new county Berks. The original settlers came to this region between the years 1704 and 1712. They were English Quakers, Huguenots and Germans. Soon afterward the rich

valleys of Berks County became thickly populated by industrious Germans from the Palatinate country along the Rhine. Their descendants still own and occupy these fertile lands and speak the language of their ancestors who came here from the Fatherland. Berks County to-day is one of the richest agricultural regions in the Keystone State. It contains also valuable deposits of iron.

The ancestors of Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Boone were among the early settlers of Berks. Reading, the seat of justice, founded in 1748, was named for the borough of Reading in Berkshire, England.

Blair County, lying along the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains, near the center of the state, was formed out of Huntington and Bedford counties in 1846. A large part of the country is mountainous, but it also contains many fertile valleys. This county was named in honor of John Blair, Jr., an early resident prominent in the affairs of Pennsylvania.

Lead was discovered in Sinking Spring Valley in 1750, and mines of this region were operated until 1779. During the Revolution, lead was obtained from this region for the American Army. Logan Valley is another fertile section of Blair County, and was named for Captain Logan, an Indian chief who was friendly to the whites during the colonial period of our history.

Most of the earlier settlers were Scotch-Irish. Among them were Samuel and John Holiday who in 1768 founded the town of Holidaysburg, the seat of justice of Blair County. This borough was the terminus of the eastern division of the Pennsylvania canal, and boats were transported in sections over a portage road across the mountains to Johnstown, a distance of forty miles. The western division of the canal extended from Johnstown to Pittsburg. For nearly twenty years this portage road was used by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company until the line was completed around the famous Horse Shoe Bend, and across the mountains to Johnstown. The completion of this road, shortly before the Civil War, was considered one of the marvels of railroad engineering.

Bucks is one of the three original counties established by William Penn when he first landed in his Province in 1682. It lies north of

Philadelphia and Chester, the other two original counties. In some of the early papers it was designated as Buckingham, the name of one of the important shires of England.

About twenty-five miles north of Philadelphia, within the limits of Bucks County, along the banks of the Delaware, William Penn in 1682 reserved eight thousand acres which has since been known to history as Pennsbury Manor. It is one of the garden spots of the state. On the eastern side of this Manor, facing the Delaware, Penn built a large mansion which he occupied for two years. It was a stately building and this mansion, one of the largest in the colonies, stood until a few years before the Revolution.

The earliest white settlers took up some of the fertile lands of Bucks County in 1670, or twelve years before Penn received his permanent title for his vast domains from Charles II as a legacy from his father Admiral Penn, famous in the naval history of England. These settlers were English Quakers who migrated across the Delaware from New Jersey when Sir Edmund Andros was Governor of New York and of all this territory.

Butler was one of the three counties formed out of Allegheny by Act of March 12, 1800. It was named in honor of General Richard Butler of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, who lost his life while leading a division of St. Clair's forces against the Indians in Ohio in 1791. General Butler won distinction as a soldier under Gates at Saratoga, Washington at Monmouth, Wayne at Stony Point and Lafayette at Yorktown. His untimely death at the age of forty-eight was deeply lamented by the entire country.

GEORGE R. PROWELL.

YORK, PA.

(To be continued)

SOLUTION OF AN OLD HISTORIC MYSTERY

(*Third Paper*)

NOW in 1632 Gorges had given to his son Robert a grant of land on Massachusetts Bay, which, with the immemorial English clearness on American geography, was so defined as to convey nothing in law, but on a fair interpretation extended from Charles River to Nahant and thirty miles inland. The next year he issued to his leading lieutenant John Mason a grant for the territory from Salem to the Merrimac, which Mason named Marianna; and a few months later the two obtained a joint patent from the Merrimac to the Kennebec and sixty miles inland, which they called Maine. The two Gorges and Mason thus controlled everything from Boston to Augusta: all northeastern Massachusetts, eastern New Hampshire, and western Maine. Gorges' aircastle was taking visible shape. Robert died shortly after, and his patent was inherited by his brother John; who, just before the issue of the Massachusetts royal charter, sold it in two parcels to John Oldham and William Brereton. But these would come under Gorges' government if he received it; and of course he wished to protect his son's grantees.

Meantime Warwick had issued the patent of 1628 to the Massachusetts Bay Company, for three miles south of the Charles to three miles north of the Merrimac, and extending to the Pacific. He had ostensibly secured permission for it from the absent Gorges; but, according to the latter some years afterward, he did so by misrepresenting its provisions or secretly defying Gorges' instructions. Gorges on his own story—which need not be doubted—had stipulated that it should not prejudice his son's rights; apparently he did not think of its invading Mason's also, and said nothing on that point. He supposed, beyond doubt, that the Bay patent was only a sub-patent merely for rights of occupancy, and reserving the jurisdiction of the Council, and of himself and Mason and his son's grantees beneath it. But the grant in fact

conveyed absolute rights to the company, and thus not only extinguished the ownership of himself and Mason from Salem to the Merrimac, and ousted Robert's grantees, but cleft his expected viceroyalty directly in twain, cutting a huge section through it from side to side. It is rather curious that one of the Bay patentees, John Humphrey, was Robert Gorges' brother-in-law. But his brother-in-law was dead; and moreover, the Bay Company held his patent invalid in law for defective description, as it unquestionably was: "ten miles on the north side of the Bay of Massachuset" defines nothing anywhere.

For some years Gorges and Mason remained in ignorance of these facts. When the war was over, Gorges resumed his attendance and began issuing patents to open up the Council's territory and prepare for his sub-kingship. He divided up the joint patent so as to give Mason in severalty the land from the Merrimac to the Piscataqua, which Mason named New Hampshire; the Maine coast was covered with grants; Gorges prepared to lay out a great city for a capital at the junction of the Kennebec and Androscoggin, with a ring of huge baronial estates surrounding it, for a viceroyal court of his subordinate lords. During a brief absence of his, Warwick seized the opportunity to issue the patent of 1630 to the Plymouth Company. Gorges had perhaps begun to be suspicious, and certainly did not wish New England colonies to escape his control; at any rate, when the royal charter was sought for Plymouth the following year it was pretty certainly he who was largely responsible for its never passing the Privy Council.

After a break of over eight years in the records of the New England Council, they recommence in November, 1631; and it is needful now to fix our attention closely upon what they tell us, and the order in which it is told. There are nominally thirteen members, but for nearly eight months Warwick and Gorges are the sole attendants, save one other at one meeting; and the sole business is granting patents to the Gorges-Mason interests. Suddenly there is a radical change. On June 21, 1632, the aggressive Mason, Gorges' right arm outside the Council for years, is taken into it for voting strength, with another of Gorges' partisans; weekly meetings are voted, and a secretary hired. Six more members are admitted within a week, all pro-Gorges. On the very first

meeting after the addition of the first two recruits, John Humphrey, close kinsman by marriage to Gorges, comes before the Council to complain of its demanding a license from the Massachusetts company, when their charter releases them from it; and it is impossible to suppose that he burst in upon them with this complaint without having privately complained to his relative beforehand. When Gorges began reinforcing himself as above, he had evidently just heard of this, and suspected a "joker" in the patent which had overridden some of his rights and plans. "Some of the Council," we read, "thereupon ask to see the patent," since the Bay Company allege that it "preindicted former grants." Obviously its scope is a revelation to them. Humphrey says it is in New England, and they have often written for it but never received it: as he went there permanently himself shortly after, he perhaps went after the charter and was not willing to return without it. The Council summon him and Governor Cradock before the next meeting for further answer. Against this, a committee of five—the two Gorges, Mason, and two others, but *not* Warwick—are to prepare Warwick's patent, with the limits we have seen, *and* to investigate the powers granted under the Massachusetts patent.

Evidently a hornet's nest has been stirred up, for two meetings are held within the next three days, packed with Gorges' partisans, and neither of which, nor any after, does Warwick attend; the future meetings are not held in his house; the patent is never again mentioned; and the Council takes action to make sure what patents he has issued without their knowledge, and that he shall issue no more. He is to be "entreated to direct a course for finding out what patents have been issued for New England," which looks as if only informal memoranda had been kept of the proceedings, and he had carried those off with him: of course some records must have existed, for grants cannot have been made at random without consulting former ones. He has certainly carried off the seal, and there is no evidence that despite their tearful pleadings he ever returns it. Meantime it is resolved to enlarge the Council from its then twenty-one members to the original forty, and procure a new patent for it (of course with privileges stiffened). All patents given to date are to be brought before it, perused, and confirmed, "if the Council see fit." We may guess which they

would not have seen fit to confirm, and also feel Warwick justified when the Council thus treat their former patents as waste paper at their discretion. One wonders how the new ones would be any more secure. Many other new activities are provided for. In a word, Gorges was proposing to push his former schemes to a finish without delay; and there is little doubt but the discovery that Massachusetts had escaped his control and lay athwart the center of his proposed dominion was the cause of this sudden spurt of renewed energy. There is no doubt whatever that it was the discovery of Warwick's having, in Gorges' belief, tricked his partner and his son's grantees out of two great parcels of land, and driven a vast wedge through the center of his dreamed-of viceroyalty, that led to this outburst of alarmed activity and fortifying of his own side, and his permanent break with Warwick and refusal to issue his patent. Warwick on his side, all hope of using the Council for his desired purposes being at an end, abandoned it and worked elsewhere. But his influence and resolution were still too formidable to make war to the knife desirable, and perhaps his possession of the seal made them wish to conciliate him into returning it; at any rate, he was not ousted from the presidency till it was decided to wind up the Council altogether.

The cause of the breach is so plainly intimated by the records as above, that its never having been noticed is most singular. As to the explanation, when any is attempted, that it was due to Warwick's favoring the Puritans, Gorges had known this from the first, and as we have seen, was secretly finding his own account in it. There was no surprise for him in this phase of Warwick's action. The genuine and most unpleasant surprise, which broke off all further co-operation, was vulgar—practical and not sentimental: it concerned pockets, not politics. If further proof is needed, it is afforded by the fact that Gorges and the Council to the last never ceased complaining of the "surreptitious" patent of Massachusetts, and made it an excuse for winding up the New England Company, which would be more convincing if some of the other excuses were not so fictitious.

We now know why and by what a narrow margin the patent was lost: Humphrey's complaint, or the exaction from the Bay Company, came

about a week too soon, though in fact it was a very great blessing in disguise. But we have much further concern with Gorges' policy toward Warwick's patentees, just outlined. His old baronial scheme was modified, from there being now peopled territories instead of naked territories to people. New England was to be divided into provinces, each with its governor and council, and himself as governor-general over the whole: a mighty viceroy, with an ecclesiastical second to reduce the schismatics to conformity. The first step was to revoke the Plymouth patent and the Massachusetts charter. The latter, as the more difficult and the more important, was first assailed, in December, 1632; not nominally by the Council, but backed by those interests. Warwick and his friends stood by the colony, the King as yet was glad to have the rebellious elements out of England, and the attempt collapsed for the time. Shortly afterward William Laud became archbishop of Canterbury, and undertook to enforce conformity, stop the emigration of dissidents, and seize the Massachusetts charter. The latter failing because the charter, in foresight of exactly such attempts, had been kept in New England, the plan was adopted of a colonial commission with full executive and judicial powers, to find reason for vacating the charter and vacate it accordingly. In April, 1634, Laud and others were empowered, among other extraordinary privileges, to frame colonial governments, remove governors, appoint magistrates and judges, establish courts, *and* have power over all charters and patents, "and to revoke those surreptitiously obtained." "Still harping on my daughter." This grievance never leaves the Council's minds, and that they were back of this is shown further by Gorges writing to Charles a few days later outlining his governmental scheme for New England; and shortly afterward we find him selecting his provincial governors.

At the news, Massachusetts with a thousand or so of fighting men prepared for war with the kingdom of England: authorized the magistrates to conduct it *for a year* if it came, voted to fortify the harbor and coast towns, ordered volunteer drills, and unanimously resolved not to accept a governor-general, but to defend their liberties if possible, "otherwise to avoid and protract."

Gorges then turned to Plymouth, and wrote to Laud that as it ad-

joined the Dutch (he evidently had his country's notions of our geography), and was disaffected both to royal and church authority, it was "more than time these people should be looked unto." He also urged that all dissident emigration should be stopped. Laud and the King accepted these views cordially, as the whole was part of a concerted plan of the court to extinguish political and religious dissidence at once.

Then with seven others of the Council, Gorges arranged a scheme for dividing up its territory among themselves. This was agreed upon February 3, 1635; Gorges announced it to Secretary Windebank March 21, and urged a prompt recall of the Plymouth patent. Five days before this, Sir Richard Saltonstall of the Warwick patentees and the Bay Company, had signed articles with Francis Stiles and his party to go to Connecticut. April 18, Warwick was replaced in the presidency by Gorges' second cousin, Edward Lord Gorges; a week later the Council assigned reasons for winding up which were mainly fictions, but the undying "surreptitious" charter of Massachusetts is still in the foreground. The next day Charles' appointment of Gorges as governor-general was read. May 5, Thomas Morton of Merrymount was made solicitor to prosecute the suit against Massachusetts Bay, which was decided against the colony in September; and in June John Winthrop, the younger, had been commissioned *for a year* as governor to the mouth of the Connecticut, by Warwick's Puritan patentees. In October, Mason was appointed vice-admiral of New England. All seemed over with Puritan hopes, and New England doomed to consist of eight feudalized and clericalized provinces and sees. The popular governments must abdicate, the colonists would have no right to their properties, and must pay blood-money to new proprietors or "trek."

FORREST MORGAN.

HARTFORD, CONN.

(To be continued)

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR MATERIAL IN THE VIRGINIA STATE LIBRARY

ON this occasion I wish to give a short description of the Revolutionary War records deposited in the Virginia State Library, and to set forth in outline a plan, the execution of which I purpose in the near future, looking toward the rendering of certain parts of them more accessible to that class of our people at present seemingly most interested in them, namely, the descendants of the men who, in the Revolution, fought in the American ranks—the explanation of this interest being that they wish to prove their eligibility to membership in the patriotic societies—“Sons” or “Daughters.” About three letters a day reach the Library asking for information in reference to men supposed to have served in the war on the patriot side. Unfortunately, few of our records have up to the present time been published. They still exist merely in manuscript form, and the great majority of them have not even yet been indexed. Hence it is absolutely impossible in many cases for the members of the Library staff to be of assistance to the applicants for information, since, of course, time is wanting in which to consult unindexed material. If, in response to a request made in one of these letters, the member of the staff whose duty it is to attend to this department of the work of the library finds among our records the name of the man about whom inquiry has been made, all information in reference to the man is very cheerfully given the writer of the letter; but in a great many cases the name cannot be found. Then the reply has to be sent that such search among our records as we have been able to make fails to disclose the name wanted. The situation is simply this: the name has not been found, whereas it may be contained in one or the other of the records, which, in their unindexed condition we do not consider available. It is, of course, extremely unsatisfactory to all parties concerned—possibly as much so to the members of the library staff as to the applicants for in-

—Read before the Southern Educational Association.

formation—that the information is so lacking in finality. Hence, it is my fixed purpose to do my utmost toward remedying this condition of affairs just as soon as possible. The records will be put into such form that our answers may be considered as giving absolutely all the information obtainable in our library. After that time arrives, however, failure on our part to find any particular name will not by any means carry with it the certainty that the owner of the name did not see service. Far from it, since our records, though voluminous, are incomplete. There are serious gaps in almost every one of our various sets of manuscript volumes and loose papers. It is true that the Revolutionary records in the Virginia State Library are supplemented by those in the War Department at Washington, which Department is able to turn at once to any name inquired for if the name occur in any of the material preserved by it. All its material is arranged and indexed, being thus in the condition in which I wish the Virginia State Library material to be in a few years. But if all the existing records of Virginia's Revolutionary soldiers could be gotten together and made into one collection, the collection would still be incomplete. Time and inattention have done their work. The descendants of not a few who by tradition fought as bravely as did their brethren, will not have the satisfaction of obtaining documentary evidence of the deeds of their ancestors.

In the case of records destroyed nothing can, of course, be done. The regrettable loss can now in no way be made good. But such material as has fortunately been preserved should be rendered accessible to all. The only thorough-going way of doing this is, of course, to have it printed and made into books which might be distributed far and wide throughout the land. The books, being placed in many depositories, would come into the hands of thousands of users. The material would also be rendered, in a measure, indifferent to the casualties that might befall its present depository. But it is safe to say that it will probably be many, many years before the State of Virginia will give it this treatment, though in course of time it will beyond a doubt do so. The State is now engaged, through the agency of the library, in publishing the Journals of the House of Burgesses. About \$3,500 a year is required to do this work, two handsome volumes appearing annually, and the series will hardly be completed for five or six years. After the comple-

tion of this series, the Journals of the Council will probably receive attention. Work of this kind is costly, and Legislatures are not always controlled by men interested in historical material. Hence my statement made above seems to be the proper way of expressing the probabilities of the case. For many years to come Richmond will be the only place in which the material may be consulted. So it remains for its custodians to render it in the meanwhile as accessible as they may.

Seeing that the records deal with the Virginia soldiers that fought the war, dealing with them sometimes collectively and sometimes individually, the description of the records had, I think, best be prefaced by a slight account of the various classes into which these troops were divided.

The most important class was made up of the Virginia soldiers in the regular Continental army. In order to encourage enlistment it was in 1777 enacted that the county courts might advance money for the comfortable support of the families of soldiers in their absence, the money to be paid finally from the State treasury. It was soon found however, that the expense entailed in this measure was much too great for the resources of the State to bear, and the law was repealed except only so far as it applied to cases known of all men to be absolutely necessitous. This particular law is referred to here because from its application arose many of the records with which we are dealing.

In order, too, to encourage enlistment a considerable piece of land was promised, besides money, to the man who enlisted for the whole war. Later the land was promised to those enlisting for as much as three years. Nor were men enlisting for three years to be required in the future to pay taxes. All regulars disabled were to receive full pay during life, and if they were killed their families were to be supported. After May, 1779, according to a law passed at that time, all officers who continued to serve in the army until the end of the war were to receive half-pay for life. These various laws are referred to because, as in the case of the law mentioned above, for the support of soldiers' families, their execution gave rise to many of the records in which we are at present interested.

In addition to the quota that she furnished the regular army, Virginia raised her own little army for the defense of her territory, and, as

in the case of the men under George Rogers Clark, for the enlargement of it. First and last, Virginia's own regular army amounted to several regiments. Added to this, she had her own little navy. The officers and men belonging to these branches of the service were treated in exactly the same way, so far as pensions, bounty in land, and half-pay were concerned, as were the members of the regular Continental line—that is, the same inducements were held out to bring about enlistment.

It is possible, however, that more Virginians saw actual service at one time or another during the war as militiamen than as regulars. But unfortunately the records for this branch of the service are more incomplete than for any other. By a law passed in 1777 it was enacted that every free male in the State between the ages of sixteen and fifty (clergymen, members of the Council, members of Congress, jailers, millers, regular soldiers, and a few other classes excepted) should be considered a member of the militia. The militia was organized into companies and battalions, and had company drills once a month except in January and February and battalion drills twice a year. The pay of the militia when called into actual service was the same as that of regulars, grade for grade.

It was found, however, in 1779, when the State was invaded, that the militia were a poor defense, being deficient in equipment and discipline; and therefore a law was passed to raise 4,560 volunteers, who were to be formed into a little army modelled on the Continental army; to have the same pay, grade for grade, as members of the regular army; and to continue in service for the space of one month after the enemy should leave the soil of Virginia. Provision was also made for pensions.

I shall now proceed to describe the manuscript material containing information relative to these various classes of troops, in many instances giving the names of individual soldiers.

The notion must be dismissed at once that the muster rolls of these troops have been preserved. Unfortunately a muster roll is a rare relic. The documents are of the most heterogenous character imaginable. They consist—to mention a few of the classes into which the manuscripts may be divided—of rolls giving the names of those who have received back

pay or pensions, or of certificates of service given by officers to men applying for bounty, or of statements in the auditors' books that warrants had been given on the treasurer for money to be paid for the care of the wives and children of named soldiers. Nor is it possible to obtain from these records much beyond the mere information that the man named was a soldier, and some idea as to the length of his service. In a few cases, the regiment in which he served may be given, or the county from which he came, but usually only the mere fact of service.

I shall now pass to a somewhat more minute description of the various classes of documents. In the first place, there are many certificates of the service of those who sought to establish the fact that they were entitled to the bounty in land given those serving for as much as three years. It will be remembered that the promise of this bounty was one of the means adopted to encourage enlistment. Applications for bounty were closely examined and many of them rejected, this rejection merely indicating that it had not been proved that the applicant had served the time required—by no means that he was not a soldier at all. These certificates date from 1783 to about 1845, the later ones, as is natural, being more detailed than the earlier. With the lapse of time it became harder and harder to obtain the bounties. Since the presumption was that the deserving cases had taken advantage of the law soon after the close of the Revolution, clearer proof of the service was required of applicants.

The second class of papers is made up of the legislative petitions. Frequently soldiers who had not served a sufficient length of time to entitle them to land bounty and who, not having been disabled in the service (in which case they would by law have been entitled to pension), applied, on becoming disabled by age or sickness, to the Legislature for relief. These petitions were frequently made by the families of soldiers who had died, or by persons who had given aid in emergency to soldiers or their families, and who wished to be recompensed therefor. In these petitions many names of soldiers are to be found that do not elsewhere appear.

The third class of documents consists of the executive papers. These papers have been printed in full, or abstracts of them have been

printed, in the Calendar of State Papers, a set of eleven volumes published some years ago, and containing what their editors considered the cream of the State's manuscript material.

Fourth, there are the George Rogers Clark papers—letters written to and by Clark when on his famous expedition which resulted in the conquest of the Northwest Territory, the accounts kept by him, muster rolls of his troops, etc. These papers are of the very greatest interest and importance. They show how carefully the expedition was planned and conducted, and how clearly it was in every respect a Virginia enterprise, Virginia furnishing the sinews of war and Virginia, as she was then constituted, the troops. These papers—or most of them—have been printed, or abstracts of them printed, in the Calendar of State Papers.

The Journals of the House of Delegates from 1775 through 1783, and even later, make up a fifth class. They contain the names of many soldiers applying for relief or whose widows applied. All these Journals have been printed.

In the sixth place the Journals of the Council for the same period show a good many names.

Seventh, the governors' letter-books for the period of the war (four volumes) have many names that do not elsewhere appear—especially of men belonging to the Virginia navy.

Eighth, the auditors' books (thirty-four volumes) contain hundreds—probably thousands—of names not found elsewhere. This series is especially rich in the names of militia drawn into actual service. In the search for names of supposed Revolutionary soldiers very little use has heretofore been made of these volumes. They are large in size, crabbed of penmanship, and unindexed. For the sole purpose of finding one name, it would take a stout-hearted searcher indeed and one possessed of unlimited time to explore the contents of these volumes. But in them are buried the names, which if exhumed, would enable many an aspirant to enter the ranks from which, owing as much to accident as to any other cause, he is now excluded.

In the ninth place, in the ten volumes of naval records are to be

found the transactions of the board that had in charge the affairs of Virginia's little navy. Many names of officers and a few of men are found.

The tenth source of information consists of the accounts of the public store at Williamsburg. Among these accounts a few names are to be found.

Finally, there are sixty-five miscellaneous volumes, such as the book containing lists of soldiers receiving back pay at the end of the war; the book containing the pension rolls of Virginia for the period of 1786-1816; minutes of the Board of War (1779-1780); lists of soldiers entitled to land bounty having their records certified in the years 1782 and 1783. It would be tedious to enumerate further. Suffice it to say that all these volumes are important sources of information. They all contain the names of men that multitudes of people throughout the country are very desirous of bringing to light.

Now, my plan is to have all the material in the library containing such names indexed—so far as these names are concerned—just as soon as possible. The indexes of the various volumes, sets of volumes, and series of papers will then be thrown into one alphabet. Then a fee of three dollars will be charged for a copy of the record of any soldier whose record is desired. Sometimes the record will be brief—a mere statement of the fact that the name appears on a certain list. Sometimes it will be long, as when the man's services are certified to by various officers. But the fee will be the same in all cases; and since the information given will in all cases avail to establish the eligibility of the soldier's descendants to membership in the organizations mentioned, for the great majority of applicants the service rendered will be the same; and, looking at the matter from their point of view, the cost will be inconsiderable.

This work, it seems to me, should be undertaken, even if the mere gratification of applicants for membership in the societies were alone considered. It might be legitimately undertaken, also, if, these applicants being left out of view, the only purpose were to convert what is now an unpaid burden—namely, the answering of the numerous letters that come in—into a source of revenue. But neither of these motives can be said

to be the main one prompting to the undertaking. More important than either, is the desire to accomplish something toward making it possible to get at a true estimate of the number of men of all branches of the service furnished by Virginia in the Revolutionary War. At present such estimates are examples of mere guesswork. When, however, all the material described above has been thoroughly explored and the names all put into one index, it may be that the writers of our history will have sufficient data with which to convince the world at large that Virginia furnished as many men in proportion to population as did the New England States. At any rate, an effort should be made to get at the facts.

H. R. McILWAINE.

—*Southern Educational Review.*



MILESTONES IN AND NEAR BOSTON

BEFORE the introduction of the steam railroad it was the custom in the new world, as in the old, to travel by stagecoach or private carriage on the roads which connected the towns and villages which lay scattered on the route. At intervals on these roads could be seen stone posts suitably inscribed, which were called milestones. They were welcome sights to travellers, when beginning in gay mood a day's journey; a more welcome sight at nightfall when one was found to be near a hospitable tavern where food and shelter were ready for tired traveller and more tired beast.

When Benjamin Franklin was Deputy Postmaster-General of the British Colonies in America, he caused many milestones to be placed on the post roads between Boston and Philadelphia to enable His Majesty's mail carriers to measure distance as they travelled on the king's business on their fleet horses. It is related of the many-sided Franklin, whom we delight to honor as a native of Boston, that he constructed a mechanical device whereby he could have his milestones placed at regular intervals on the road. He travelled in a comfortable chaise, to which his contrivance was attached. His chaise was followed by workmen travelling in a cart, from which they unloaded and set a milestone at each designated place. This invention of Franklin may be called a forerunner of the modern cyclometer and speedometer which the bicyclist and autoist attach to "wheel" or "auto" to record the distance travelled. A few of the Franklin milestones are still standing on the former post-roads between Boston and Philadelphia. One in Stratford, Conn., is marked—

F
20
Miles
TO
N H

By the time of the administration of Gov. Hutchinson, the Province

of Massachusetts Bay had become well supplied with milestones, and several are still standing. Two are to be seen on the old Boston and Worcester Turnpike. One is situated in the town of Framingham at the junction of the turnpike and the road to South Framingham. It is inscribed—

23
Miles
from
BOSTON
1768

It is interesting to note that within a quarter of a mile of this stone is the old Buckminster Tavern, where the three companies of Framingham militia paraded before the Battle of Lexington in 1775. The two spies¹ sent through Middlesex County in February of the same year by Governor Gage stayed at this tavern over night and saw a parade of the Framingham men. In their report to the governor they said, after describing the parade, that "the militiamen went into the tavern and drank liquor until they were full of pot valor." The other stone is to be seen in the center of the city of Worcester and bears the inscription—

42 Miles
to Boston
52 Miles
to Springfield
1774

These stones are probably two of many which were set in compliance with the following order of the Council of Massachusetts Bay issued in 1767, the original record being filed in volume xvi, page 239, of the Massachusetts Archives. The order reads, "To the Justices of Middlesex, Essex, York, Cumberland and Lincoln Counties. To preserve mile marks of Captain (Francis) Miller, by fixing stones at said marks. Also Suffolk, Norfolk, Hampden and Berkshire Counties." I am informed that this is the only reference to milestones in the records of the Governor's Council from 1729 to 1767.

It was customary in tavern days for a landlord to locate at a mile

¹ Captain De Bernière and Lieut. Brown.

post on the highway, and fortunate indeed was he whose hostelry was placed at the end of a day's journey, for this ensured him a steady and profitable business. We can see in imagination the rotund figure of "mine host" as he hastens to his front door on the arrival of the evening coach, joyfully rubbing his hands together at the prospect of a good night's trade.

Landlords were permitted by authority to place milestones in front of their taverns at their own expense and were even allowed to so place such stones if the house were located to one side or the other of the proper marking-places. These private stones bore the initials of the landlord in addition to the distance inscription, and were formerly many in number. Such a stone is to be seen now in Walpole, Mass., and is inscribed—

E R
20
MILES
BOSTON
1740

This stone was set in provincial days when our "forbears" lived under the King, by Ezekiel Robbins, landlord of the Brass Bull Tavern in Walpole, a famous relay house or noon rest, half way on the post road from Boston to Providence. Landlord and tavern have long since disappeared from sight, but the milestone was made of more enduring material. Banished from its former location by the widening of the highway, it now occupies a prominent position in front of the town hall in Walpole.

In these opening years of the twentieth century, as we travel through some of the highways and byways of Greater Boston, by trolley car, automobile or "shanks mare," we see scattered along the roadside many milestones which have come down to us from the days of which we have been speaking. They are zealously guarded to-day by antiquarians who delight in the study of the past, although in a practical way the present also claims their activities.

We should know something of the men to whom the people of Boston and its vicinity were indebted for placing so many milestones, and

of these public-spirited citizens we must first consider Samuel Sewall, for he began the good work in 1707, over two centuries ago. It is, however, only necessary to give a brief biography of this useful and distinguished man, for all students of our local history are familiar with the life and activities of Boston's famous diarist.

Samuel Sewall, eldest son of Henry Sewall, was born in Bishops-Stoke, England, March 28, 1652, and died in Boston, January 1, 1730. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1671, and received there three years later the degree of A. M. He was an assistant of the Massachusetts Bay Colony from 1684 to 1686, and was appointed by William and Mary in 1692 as one of their first council, serving in that capacity until 1725, a period of thirty-three years. He was appointed a judge in 1692 and Chief Justice of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in 1718, resigning this last office in 1728 on account of the infirmities of age. He was also judge of probate of Suffolk County from 1715 to 1728.

Judge Sewall was married three times. His first wife, with whom he lived for forty-three years, was Hannah Hull, daughter of John Hull of Boston, the famous mint master. He married for his second wife Mrs. Abigail Tilley; his third wife was Mrs. Mary Gibbs.

Judge Sewall made the following entry in his diary on July 14, 1707: "Mr. Antram and I, having Benjamin Smith and David to wait on us, Measured with his Wheel from the Town House Two Miles and drove down Stakes at each Mile End in order to placing Stone Posts in convenient time. From the Town House to the Oak and Walnut is a Mile wanting $21\frac{1}{2}$ Rods. Got home again about Eight o'clock."

Three weeks later the judge wrote: "Peter Weare set up the Stone Post to show a Mile from the Town House ends: Silence Allen, Mr. Gibbon's son, Mr. Thrasher,—Salter, Wm. Wheelers,—Simpson and a Carter assisted, made a Plumb Line of his whip. Being Lecture Day, I sent David with Mr. Weare to show him where the second should be set; were only two little Boys beside."

These stones were placed on the thoroughfare we now call Washington Street. One mile from the Town House, then standing on the site of the present Old State House, is at about the corner of Washing-

ton and Lucas Streets. The one milestone at this location is shown on Bonner's map of Boston, which was printed in 1722, fifteen years after Judge Sewall had the stone placed in 1707. Two miles from the Town House where the second Sewall stone was set, is at about the corner of Washington and Camden Streets. It is to be regretted that these two ancient marking stones are not standing to-day. But in the upbuilding of a city there is continued change; by such a process these stones may have found useful if not appropriate places in cellar walls. Will they ever be brought to light and reset as relics of the past?

The distinguished Paul Dudley may next claim our attention, for he cut the initials of his name deep and strong on many of the milestones which we see to-day.

Paul Dudley, son of Joseph Dudley, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony from 1702 to 1715, was born in Roxbury, Mass., September 5, 1675, and died there January 25, 1752. He was educated for the law at the Temple in London, and returned to New England in 1702 with a commission from Queen Anne as Attorney-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. He was appointed a judge in 1718 and became Chief Justice of Massachusetts in 1745, holding this office until his death.

Judge Dudley was a naturalist as well as a jurist, was honored as such by membership in the Royal Society of London, and contributed material for a natural history of New England to the Transactions of that society.

He married in 1703 Lucy, daughter of Col. John Wentworth of Ipswich, Mass. She died in 1756, surviving her husband less than five years.

It is easy to imagine that in the pursuit of the study of natural science Paul Dudley, the learned judge, traversed on foot the roads and lanes of Roxbury and its vicinity and then conceived the placing of his famous milestones; or he may have set them at the request of his friend Judge Sewall, whose life was then drawing to a close.

In connection with this biography of Paul Dudley it is interesting

to relate what I was told by a grandson of Rev. Dr. John Pierce, the beloved pastor of the First Parish of Brookline, Mass., from 1797 until his death in 1849, a period of fifty-two years. Dr. Pierce was driving one day with his grandson, then a boy, and was calling his attention to the Dudley milestones which they passed on the way. "Remember," said Dr. Pierce, "that these stones were placed by Paul Dudley, and to fix this fact in your memory I will teach you a couplet of verse which you must always remember:

" His name on every side you see;
The very stones are marked P. D."

Many of the Dudley milestones must have been familiar to young John Pierce when as a student in Harvard College it was his custom to walk from his home in Dorchester to Cambridge at the beginning of the week and at the week's close to return in like manner.

CHARLES F. READ.

BOSTON, MASS.

(To be continued)

A MASSACHUSETTS TOWN IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS

(*Second Paper*)

THE LATER WARS AND THE MUSTER ROLLS

WHILE the people were in the very midst of the war, peace came. It was made in Europe, by the treaty of Aix la Chappelle. It could not endure, but it gave the colonies a little breathing space. Trade was carried on again with the Indians, but the local frontier forts continued to be garrisoned. This was true of the fort, or forts, at Blandford.¹

The inevitable struggle was precipitated again in 1754, both east and west. There was an outbreak in the Ohio country and another occurred just over the New York line from West Hoosuck (now Williamstown). The Crown Point expeditions were repeated, and five thousand men from New England and New York were sent there. This army included a regiment raised in Hampshire County, where the preparations for war were cordially supported by the people. Colonel Israel Williams of Hatfield commanded the Hampshire regiment, and it was through his wisdom that a new cordon of forts was established along the Deerfield River. Putnam and Stark were in this same expedition. The people of this vicinity had intensest interest in both the expedition and the frontier fortifications.

The Hampshire regiment was engaged in that bloody and gallant struggle in which Colonel Ephraim Williams met his death, the battle of Lake George. This regiment suffered the heaviest loss, nearly one-fourth having been killed or wounded. The details of the campaign and of the battle belong to general history, and need not here detain us.

How far the little town of Blandford was drawn upon for fighting men in this war appears—yet only in part—from what muster rolls and other returns have been brought to light from the obscure and chaotic mass of documents reposing in the State House at Boston. A large number of these documents are undated, and conjecture has to come to

¹ *Provincial Laws, 1749-50, Dec. 27, Chap. 158.*

the rescue. Here is one, on which the date, 1755, has been written in pencil:

' A list ¹ of Men Voluntarily Inlisted into his Majestys Service for reinforcing the Army destin^d for Crown Point, out of y^e Southern Regim^t in the County of Hampshire

“ Capt Elisha Noble
John Sinnet
Samuel Stoddard
Robert Blair
James Beard
William Crooks
Samuel Loughead ”

Another document relating to the same date and events—so at least it would seem—not dated, but endorsed, 1756, is the following: ²

“ A list of Persons in the South Regiment in the County of Hampshire under Com^d of Col. John Worthington that have been employ'd in his Majesty's Service within Two Years past Accord^d to y^e Returns of the Several Captains Viz

“ Cap^t William Hustons Comp^s
John Donhester ³
Sam^l Belknap
Geo Cannaghee
Armour Hamilton
James McCullock
Robert Blair
John Beard
Sam^l Loyd
W^m Steward
John Sennet
John Gibbs

¹ Vol. 94, p. 2.

² Vol. 95, p. 19.

³ Doubtless the same as Donasy, or Doneghy, a Blandford name of that generation.

W^m Crooks
W^m Barfield " ^a

^a Or, perhaps, Basfield. Can it signify Warfield? This was a Blandford name.

A third document of the time ¹ giving " An Acc^t of the ² Subsistence money p^d Cap^t John Moseleys men for the Crown Point Exped—1756 " swell the former lists by a little, and serves to increase the conviction that what items have come to light do not exhaust the details:

		Miles	
" Viz Capt John Moseley	Westf ^a	95	0—9—6
Sam ^l Lah head ³	Glascow	95	0—9—6
John Ferguson	Do	95	0—9—6
James Sennett	Do	95	0—9—6
W ^m McCallett	Glascow	"	0—9—6 "

Besides the above, Mathew Blair appears on " A Muster Roll (date not given; sworn to, Boston, March 2, 1756) of a company . . . under the command of Capt. John Worthington, Centinel. Entered service Nov. 7, served until Nov. 18 (year not given. Endorsed Co. Westward from June 20 to Nov. 22, 1755)." ⁴

Colonel Worthington became one of the most prominent and influential members of the Hampshire bar. He was a young man when he joined the army, and died long years after, at the advanced age of eighty. Blandford men leaned upon him for counsel in peace as well as having followed him in war.

In connection with the " Subsistence money " paid the soldiers as in the above account, it is of interest to note the allowance ⁵ given to the soldiers, " after the arrival at the Place of general Rendezvous:

" To each Man, Fourteen Ounces of Bread	<i>per Diem</i>
Ditto of Pork	ditto
One Jill of Rum	ditto

¹ Vol. 94, p. 423.

² Some words follow here which are undecipherable.

³ Same name as Loughhead, Loyd, etc.

⁵ Provincial Laws, 1755-56, Feb. 26, Chap. 316.

⁴ Vol. 94, p. 24.

160 A MASSACHUSETTS TOWN IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS

Half a Pint of Peas or Beans	ditto
Half a Pound of Sugar	per Week
Two Ounces of Ginger	ditto
One Pound of Flour	ditto
One Pint of Indian-Meal	ditto
Four Ounces of Butter	ditto
One Pint of Molasses	ditto "

There is an undated document of the war, of particular interest in this connection, containing a number of Blandford names. It is a muster roll of the company "Under Command of William Shepard."¹ The document was endorsed, 1760. It contains these items:

John Ferguson, Sergeant, Blandford, at 2 : 3 : 1 per month. Began service, June 25. Served til Dec. 1, 22 weeks, 6 days. Miles traveled at 8d. per diem, 60. Received, 2. 8. Whole of Wages due, 12. 0. 10. Received of the Paymaster, 72; of the Sutlers, 2. 5; for baking bread, 2. 1; of the Captain, 6s. Bal. due, 9—3—9.

Francis Moore, Private, Blandford, began service Feb. 28; served till Dec. 1, 22 weeks, 3 days; traveled 60 miles at 8d. per diem; received 2. 8; 10. 4. 7 wages due; received of Paymaster, 18; of the Sutlers, 1. 1; for baking bread, 2. 1; of the Captain, 6s. Bal. due, 7—17—6.

John Clarke began service June 28; served till Dec. 1, 22 weeks, 3 days; traveled 60 miles at 8d. per diem; received 2. 8; Whole of Wages due, 10. 4. 7, received of the Paymaster, 18; of the Sutlers, 1. 1; for baking bread, 2. 1; of the Captain, 6. Bal. due 7 : 17.6.

William Moore began service, June 23 and served till Nov. 8, 19 weeks, 6 days; traveled 60 miles at 8d. per diem, received 2. 8;

¹ Vol. 98, p. 229.

A MASSACHUSETTS TOWN IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS 161

whole of wages due, 9. 1. 5; received of the Paymaster, 12; of the Sutlers, 1. 1; for baking bread, 2. 5. Bal. due, 7. 6. 4.

William Karr began service June 30, and served till Dec. 1, 22 weeks, 1 day; traveled 60 miles at 8d. per diem; received 2. 8; whole of wages due, 10. 2; received of the Paymaster, 18; of the Sutlers, 2. 11; for baking bread, 2. 1; of the Captain, 9. Bal. due, 6. 1. 11.

John Miller began service June 30, and served till Sept. 28, 13 weeks, received 1. 4; whole of wages due, 5. 17; received of the Sutlers, 1. 10; for baking bread, 2. 1; of the Captain, 9. Bal. due, 6. 1. 11.

Isaac Blair began service June 30, and served till Dec 1, 22 weeks, 3 days; traveled 50 miles at 8d. per diem; received 2; whole of wages due, 10. 12. 11; received of the Paymaster, 12; of the Sutlers, 1. 7; for baking bread, 2. 1. Bal. due, 3. 11.

There are some mathematical inconsistencies in this document, but the whole stands as an eloquent story of camp life in the Crown Point campaigns. That the document, further, belongs to a period previous to the massacre at Fort William Henry appears from a tombstone in the old burying ground in Blandford. The inscription is of sufficient interest to reproduce:

In Memory of Miss Eleanor
Ker, who died March 27 A D
1788 aged 27 years. Daughte^r
of M^{rs} Katharine relict of M^r
William KER who was slain
by the Indians at Fort George
in a morning scout August
4, 1757. Aged 46.

There fell the parent by the savage band,
Here I was snatched by deaths unerring hand;

Now gentle reader see what death hath done
And humbly wait your own your certain doom.

William Ker, or Karr, was listed in the military document along with Blandford men. The fact would appear to be that he was a resident of Westfield, for in 1760 "The widow Katherine Kar" and others of her family or kin were "warned out of town" by Glass Cochran, constable of Blandford,¹ the official document making record of such action further stating that they came from Westfield.

The serious military reverse suffered at Fort William Henry—the same as "Fort George" of the burial inscription above—and the fearful massacre attending it may well have spread terror and rage throughout New England. It served as urgent occasion for calling out new troops, of which Blandford town had no mean share. One company went out under Lieut. David Black, a fellow citizen.²

¹ "Taverns and Turnpikes," etc., p. 222.

² Vol. 95, p. 552.

SUMNER G. WOOD.

BLANDFORD, MASS.

(To be continued)

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE CHESAPEAKE

MARYLAND'S little Mediterranean, the Chesapeake, to compare a small thing with a great, is a blandly beautiful inland sea, with a climate of its own, a distinctive population along its shores and inhabiting its islands, and a trade and navigation unique in the local commerce of the United States. If you would approach these waters in exactly the right fashion you should go by way of Philadelphia and the Delaware. Other modes of approach are agreeable, as that by sea from Boston, or even that by rail, for the visions that one catches of the bay near its head from the higher points of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad after crossing the Maryland line on the way from New York to Baltimore are like glimpses of celestial promise. It is the Delaware River and the century-old Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, however, that offer to an idle traveller the most delicious foretaste of what the Chesapeake has to give.

On the Delaware waterfront in Philadelphia are the wharves of the company that operates a line of steamers plying between Philadelphia and Baltimore through the canal. If you have chosen your time aright you find yourself astern on the upper deck of the little steamer at half-past five of a fine spring evening, well on your way down stream, with Philadelphia fading behind you, and the gracious panorama of the Delaware defiling before your eyes, clothed in the mingled light of the westering sun and a three-quarter moon already well up the sky. The whole voyage seems like an adventure in Toyland. There is just room on the upper deck astern for half a dozen passengers. You sup in a little saloon at one of half a dozen impeccably neat tables, and look out of the window beside your shoulder upon water, sky and shore, while you eat much the kind of delicate though sufficient meal that good housewives serve at evening all over the Delaware and Maryland peninsula.

If the boat seems small you have more than ever the sense of merely

making play when you reach the entrance of the canal at Delaware City, fifty miles below Philadelphia. Standing on the upper deck at the prow you tower above the puny lighthouse with its malignant red danger speck menacing your eye. The long narrow lock looks as if a spry man could leap across it, though they tell you that the mackerel catch here in the small hours of a Monday morning in spring after the canal has been closed since midnight of Saturday, sometimes yields ten or fifteen thousand fish. The canal widens into what looks like a lovely river soon after the vessel passes the locks, and its umbrageous shores beneath the moon are as romantic as those of many a natural stream. One smells the odor of magnolia blossoms, sees the dim cattle at feed upon gently sloping pastures, and can almost reach from the tiny cabin window and snatch bits of the foliage as the little steamer threshes slowly along its journey of fourteen miles to the final lock at Chesapeake City to pass into the lovely little river that gives access to the bay.

Early morning finds one well up the tortuous, but beautiful harbor of Baltimore. All water routes in the Chesapeake region lead to Baltimore, and here you are with the whole enchanting land before you where to choose. No other American city has such a wealth of safe inland navigation as the Chesapeake region furnishes Baltimore, none other has just at its back door so rich a market garden as is afforded by the hill country of the Western Shore and the flat sandy acres of the Eastern Shore; above all, none has such a swarming abundance of sea-food as comes from the Chesapeake and its fifty tributaries.

It is the land of plenty from which all these things come, that now invites the voyager. If he would waste no time in Baltimore he may go from his toy steamer to the canal on board the larger craft that makes the three-hour morning voyage down the bay and up the Severn to Annapolis, still in spite of recent growth, the quaintest of little capitals, thick with fine old colonial brick mansions decorated with unsurpassed woodwork, the very first town in America, so it is said, to have a theater of its own. If Annapolis is an old story to the traveller, he may have any one of three or four other short morning voyages, from some of which he may return by rail on the afternoon of the same day, or he may idle the day in Baltimore and make choice of a longer voyage to begin

toward five o'clock, and continue for twenty-four, forty-eight, seventy-two hours, or even four or five full days.

Baltimore's fleet of bay steamers sails at various hours from early morning till ten at night. Their voyages, outward and inward, aggregate perhaps 5000 miles of navigation in the bay and its tributary streams. All the world has heard of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the James, perhaps of the York, and even of the Patuxent, but one must be in some sort bred to the Chesapeake to have acquaintance with the Elk, the Sassafras, the Bohemia, the Chester, the Choptank, the Nanticoke, the Tred Avon, the Wicomico, the Manokin, the Onancock, the Nandua, and the Occohannock, most of them navigable for five or ten miles from the bay, some of them for forty or fifty miles, and each fascinating with a distinctive charm of its own. One may cruise nearly a month by the bay steamers without taking the same voyage more than once. There is a tradition of a man who for years took his six weeks' vacation every summer, and occupied the whole of it going back and forth on the Pocomoke route.

Any man in a hurry is urged to shun these voyages as he would his dearest foe. You may go from Baltimore to Washington by express train in about forty minutes; the voyage by steamer down the bay, up the Potomac and into its entrancing little tributaries occupies nearer forty hours. You may take train from Baltimore, run northeastward into the edge of Delaware, and thence down the Peninsula to Snow Hill, in Worcester County, Maryland, the head of navigation on the Pocomoke River, in something like four and a half hours. If you would approach the same port by water you leave Baltimore at five o'clock in the afternoon, and find yourself at the head of navigation some time between seven and ten o'clock the next night. From Baltimore to Denton on the Eastern Shore is perhaps fifty miles, as the crow flies, but the voyage by way of the beautiful and changeful Choptank River lasts for a little over twenty-four hours. Seaford, Delaware, is a little over one hundred miles in a direct line from Baltimore, but the voyage down and across the bay and up the noble Nanticoke takes from nineteen to twenty-two hours. Salisbury, the largest of Eastern Shore towns, at the head of navigation on the Wicomico River, is not much further from Balti-

more than Seaford, but the voyage again is one of from twenty to twenty-four hours. You voyage from ten o'clock at night till three the next afternoon to reach the head of navigation on the Patuxent, a river of the western shore, and then find yourself within sight of a railroad that will take you back to your starting point in less than two hours.

He, however, who would rather lose time than save it, who would flee the strenuous life, who would make the intimate acquaintance of a whole people by the simple process of sailing into their back gardens, who would see the splendors of the Patuxent, which seemed to the invading British troops of 1814 a great river flowing through a vast wooded wilderness, who would know the noble dignity of the Northern Neck of Virginia, where Washington was born and which he always loved, who would feel the semi-tropical character of the lower eastern shore, where the fig lives unblighted through the milder winters, and the mockingbird sings on bright days in January, may wisely commit himself to the truly tender mercies of those who conduct these delightful voyages. The progress is slow, indeed, but there is charm and interest in every idle moment. The voyager wakes at dawn or an hour later to find himself, mayhap in some deliciously sparkling, sunny little harbor, with a bit of smooth tawny sand rimming the slender hood-like cape fringed with irregular pines that reaches out toward the shallows of the bay or river. Unfamiliar little craft lie huddled at the wharves or make sail from neighboring coves in order to be present at the unloading of the steamer. Everything glitters and sparkles as if the very air and sunshine had bathed in those lucent, gray-green waters. Perhaps the earliest morning stop is at an island well out in the bay, with a busy little landing place, and a swarm of odd figures, black and white, waiting to welcome friends or to take the boat to the next harbor. The voyage goes on sometimes for half a day up a winding river, with a dozen landing places now on one side, now on the other. For the most part the settlement about the wharf is merely half a dozen white-washed wooden houses. Sometimes you have merely the bare wharf at the end of a pier running back two or three hundred yards over shallow water or vivid marsh to the fast land. Now and then the vessel turns a wooded bend of the narrow, crooked stream, to come upon a busy little town of two or three thousand inhabitants. At such ports the stop may be

of an hour or more, and the obliging captain will let the interested voyagers know that there's time enough to explore the place. If the voyager happens to be a man of some tact or a woman of some charm, as like as not the captain will make absolutely sure that the favored one has come aboard before the gang plank is drawn in.

Upon some of these voyages the vessel leaves the main stream and penetrates the loveliest little tributaries with landlocked harbors and bowery shores where the mocking-bird pours out his soul in the most dramatic of songs. The deeply embosomed harbors open and open with their seemingly endless seas of sparkling waters, until one half believes the ship has discovered a new Northwest passage. The Potomac voyage, especially, is distinguished for delicious bays of saintly name in old Catholic Maryland—St. Clements, St. Mary's and the unspeakably lovely little St. Inigo's,¹ where you see at the wharves the most beautiful oxen with color that proclaims a Jersey strain, where the youth with the torn straw hat hands his women ashore with a courtly grace as of the Calvert days, and where the very Negroes are still of the old faith.

Much of the country is the reverse of rich in aspect, and some of it is unmistakably poor, but the headlands in many places are dotted with the dignified old-colonial houses set amid grounds that slope to the water's edge, so that the owners may catch oysters almost without leaving their own gardens. The Pocomoke voyage takes one into the brilliant waters of little Onancock Creek, where one sees the once noble seat of the Virginia Wises. An episode of the Choptank voyage is the run by moonlight up the Tred Avon or Third Haven, a stream penetrating a rich and beautiful farming country with lawns sloping to the water and densely embowered homesteads. It is worth the loss of two hours' sleep to be waked on the outward bound voyage as the vessel comes down the Third Haven at dawn, so charming is the spectacle of that intimate, domestic navigation which takes one almost into the barnyards ashore. Nothing can exceed the lonely charm of the Nancoke River, which for miles winds in great curves through a region of alternate marsh and upland to fetch the voyager at high noon into a busy little Delaware town.

¹ From it John P. Kennedy borrowed the sub-title of his book—"Rob of the Bowl; a Legend of St. Inigoe's."

He has voyaged clean across the eastern shore of Maryland, and the head of navigation is only about twenty-five miles from the Atlantic. The Nanticoke, the Choptank, and other rivers of the Eastern Shore, which there appear as thread-like and sometimes nameless streams on ordinary maps, are really estuaries, from two to five miles broad at their mouths, and considerable waterways even up to the head of navigation. The Potomac for the lower fifty miles of its course looks like an inland sea, and its insignificant tributaries seem great rivers. As to the Rappahannock, it is navigable to Fredericksburg, about 140 miles, and the round trip lasts the better part of a week. About the mouth of the Wicomico is a group of little islands some of them with quaint harbors that one sees on the outward voyage by the light of a new risen sun, on the return beneath the magic of a white moon and the mingled old gold and dim-rose of the after sunset hour. The air in these streams from mid-April to the end of May is deliciously fresh and mild morning and evening, and in autumn it has a soft mellowness even up to the middle of November.

Whoso voyages in the Chesapeake region, if he be a stranger to the land, should prepare himself for a journey by the diligent study of a book of etiquette calculated for the latitude of Mason and Dixon's Line, or a bit further South, and should temper even its precepts with all the geniality at his command. Unsuspicious courtesy between man and man is the social law of the Chesapeake, and "cap'n" is the title of courtesy for any man in command of a boat, whether he sit at the head of the table in gold lace aboard a big steamer, or is merely a negro oysterman in a two-ton "bugeye." If a raw-boned "far-downer" from one of the Chesapeake islands, clad in his palpably best clothes, says to you as you watch the buildings of Baltimore fade in the dusky gold of an urban sunset, "Neveh been on this hyuh rowt befo' suh?" don't fall into the crude error of giving him a sub-Arctic stare and answering in a monosyllable; he might think you had been taken suddenly ill. He would not understand your first rebuff, and would be sorry for your breeding if he discovered that you had made the churlish mistake of supposing that you thought him anxious to force an acquaintance. Should he put his creed into words, he would say that it was impossible for the son of a gentleman to have a social ambition. His people have been decent oystermen,

or moderately prosperous farmers for two hundred and fifty years in the same or nearly the same spot, and he may bear an old English name as good as anybody's. His courtesy is universal, addressed impartially to the stranger in irreproachable outing costume and to the colored boy who waits at table, because it is part of his native self-respect. He has the same kind of personal dignity that one finds in the native Cape Codder, and in such Long Islanders as have not been debased by too close association with the summer colony from New York, and he tempers his manners with innate sweetness caught from the warmth of the Chesapeake suns.

As to the officers of the boat, especially on the Eastern Shore voyages, they regard the round trip traveller as a guest. If he comes with any sort of introduction he is asked to sit at the captain's table. Sometimes the Northern voyager wonders whether he shall not come back to Baltimore as the accredited owner of the vessel, so anxious seems everyone on board to make him at home. These are busy men, with twenty wharves to make, difficulties of navigation to meet, hundreds of tons of freight to handle and record, but they are never too busy to be courteous. Their relation to the passenger, one feels is almost purely social, not a matter of business.

And the waiters! As it is absolutely certain that no white man or woman can hope to be as truly and consciously respectable as a respectable colored man or woman, so no white person of whatever rank or breeding quite equals the insinuating though seemingly sincere courtesy of the best negro waiters of the Chesapeake.

E. N. VALLANDIGHAM.

—*Transcript*, Boston.

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES
ON THE FAMILIES OF HALLEY, HAWLEY, PYKE, ETC.
(*Seventh Paper*)

A PRELIMINARY search was made in January, 1909, through certain of the official records in Dublin, for documentary evidence tending to establish a relationship between the families following:

McPike (or Pike) and Halley,
McPike (or Pike) and McDonald,
McPike (or Pike) and Stewart.

The results, given hereinafter, are based upon an examination of numerous wills, marriage licence bonds and registered deeds. "The name Pike is very common in Cork, but McPike, as you will see, is very scarce all through Ireland." The present writer has already commented upon the fact that several English Pikes either migrated, at an early epoch, to Ireland, or were interested in land ventures in the Emerald Isle. The rough notes above mentioned now follow:

Prerogative will of Wight Pike, 1801.—I, Wight Pike, of the city of Dublin, merchant, do make this my last will; to my daughter Sarah Pike, £1000; to my son John Pike £500; to my son-in-law Geo. Penrose £1000.0.0. To my friend Richard Cartrell £500. To my friend Charles Fansut [?] £100.0.0. To the poor of the Quakers Society £50.0.0. To the poor Roman Catholics of the Parish of St. Catherine £50.0.0. To my sister-in-law Elinor Thomas £50. To my friend Hannah Lapham £50.0.0. All the rest of my worldly substance I leave to my son James Martin Pike. I appoint my friends William Taylor and Joshua Edmundson both of the city of Dublin ex^{ors} of this my Will. Signed this 5th January 1801. Wight Pike. Witnesses: Alex^r Todd, Robert Taylor, James Anderson. Proved 30th Oct. 1801.

Prerogative Will of Edward McDonnell, 1790. Left a wife, surname Martyn—no children. His sister Ann McDonnell married ——— Fitzgerald.

Registry of Deeds (Book 259, p. 142). McDonnell to Pike. A memorial of a lease dated 28th July, 1764, whereby Michael McDonnell, of the town of Drogheda, Yeoman, demised unto John Pike, of the same, weaver, a small parcel of land between Drogheda and Green hills, containing half an acre.

REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

	1730—1745	
McPeake, Henry, to Graves, 99-112		68196
“ “ “ “ McNeill Boy, 115-165		80042
	1745—1758	
McPike,	<i>none.</i>	
	1758—1768	
McPike,	<i>none.</i>	
	1768—1780	
McPeake, James to Peake, 303-678		202691
	1730—1745	
Halley,	<i>none.</i>	
Haly, William to Bruce, 84-366		61092
	1745—1758	
Halley,	<i>none.</i>	
	1758—1768	
Halley,	<i>none.</i>	
	1768—1776	
Halley,	<i>none.</i>	
	1776—1785	
Halley,	<i>none.</i>	
	1730—1745	
Stewart, Alexander, to Bruce, 120-85		81929
	1745—1758	
Stewart,	<i>none,</i>	
	1758—1768	
Stewart,	<i>none,</i>	
	1768—1776	
Stewart,	<i>none,</i>	
	1776—1785	
Stewart,	<i>none,</i>	
	1730—1745	

MacDonald,	<i>none.</i>	
	1745—1758	
MacDonald,	<i>none.</i>	
	1758—1768	
MacDonald,	<i>none.</i>	
	1768—1776	
MacDonald,	<i>none.</i>	
McDonnell, John, to Hale,	308-553	207434
McDonnell, Lady Elizabeth, to Stewart <i>et al.</i> ,	298-62	196528
	1776—1785	
MacDonald,	<i>none.</i>	

WILLS: Diocese of Derry.

McPake, Murtagh, 1805.

McPeak, *als.* Walsh, Anne; Tamlaghtocrilly, 1738.

McPeak, Daniel; Moneystaughan, 1778.

McPeak, Thomas; Maghera, 1765.

McPeak, Thomas; Ballymacpeak, Maghera, 1766.

WILLS: Diocese of Derry (continued).

McPeake, Michael; Maltra, 1800.

McPeake, Owen; Ballynease, 1719.

McPeake, Thomas; Tamlaghtocrilly, 1820.

McPeake, William; Ballymacpeake, 1793.

WILLS: Diocese of Cloyne.

Pike, John; Blarney, 1689.

WILLS: Diocese of Connor.

McPike, Thomas; Ballinderry, 1785.

WILLS: Diocese of Cork and Ross.

Pike, Ebenezer; Cork, 1724.

" Ebenezer; Cork, 1738.

" Elizabeth; Sundays Wile, 1741.

" Francis; Cork, 1720.

" Richard; Cork, 1738.

" Thomas; Cork, 1726.

WILLS: Diocese of Armagh.

Pike, James Nicholson; Derryvale, Dungannon, 1850.

Pike, William; Derryvale, Co. Tyrone, 1833.

WILLS: Diocese of Down.

Pike, Mary, 1806.

Pike, William; Saintfield, 1789.

WILLS: Diocese of Dublin.

Pike, Robert; Great Ship St., 1837.

Pike, Roger; Castlehaile, Co. Kilkenny, 1660.

Pike, Samuel; Dublin, 1694.

WILLS: Diocese of Killaloe and Kilpenora.

Pike, John; Roscrea, 1827.

WILLS: Diocese of Waterford and Sismore.

Pike, Benjamin; Waterford, 1695.

MARRIAGE LICENSE BONDS: Cork and Ross.

1751-1845

McPike, Thomas, and Sarah Fowler, 1769.

Dublin Grants: M. L. Bonds.

Pike, Elizabeth, and John Roper, 1682 (M. L. 63).

Pike, Samuel, and Anne Oldfield, 1681 (M. L. 53).

M. L. Bonds: Diocese of Cloyne.

Halley, Edward, and Anne Serjeant (Widow), 1729.

M. L. Bonds: Cashel and Emly.

Pike, Elizabeth and Thomas Cormick, 1787.

Pike, George and Kitty Healy, 1784.

Pike, Thomas and Catherine Ryan, 1828.

M. L. Bonds: Elphin.

Haily or Heily, Joseph and Sarah Browne, 1839.

PREROGATIVE GRANTS: 1745-1780.

McPeake, Patrick, 1756; Intestancy, 174.

Here end the notes from Dublin which may, perhaps, be supplemented at some future time. A memorandum of the seven wills in the Diocese of Derry was also kindly sent to the writer by Mr. J. W. Kernohan, M. A., Honorary Secretary of the Presbyterian Historical Society of Ireland, Belfast. Mr. Kernohan mentions, as a useful source of information, the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, of which the editor is T. J. Bigger, Esq., M. R. I. A., "Ordriugh," Belfast.

Mr. Edward McPike, of Mako Point, Awhitu, New Zealand, wrote (1907) that his father, the late Mr. James McPike, had emigrated to New Zealand from Belfast, about sixty years ago (? 1847). It is well known that Belfast is and long has been the center of the linen industry. It is just such a place as we might expect a Scottish linen merchant to visit. Perhaps the other James McPike (born *circa* 1751) did visit Belfast.

The 'Feudal History of Derbyshire,' by Pym Yeatman (apparently still in course of publication) contains several references to persons of the name of Halley and variants of that name, but I have not discovered in it any record which has an obvious bearing on the astronomer's family. Mr. Pym Yeatman seems to treat Hall, Halle, Haley and de Aula as synonymous. I am not sure that he is right in so doing." (MS. letter from Mr. R. J. Beevor, M. A., dated Jan. 3, 1909.)

The oldest printed reference to the Halley family, so far found, mentions Sir Thomas Halley, Knt., of Wyam, whose daughter married Sir Robert Hildyard, Knt., living temp. Richard I. (1189-1199). See Burke's "Landed Gentry for 1850," vol. I., page 572.

Whalley's "Northamptonshire," a rare work, of which a copy is in the Newberry Library, Chicago, gives several entries under Halley and allied surnames. The oldest date refers to Will. de Hauley, 6 Mart, 1370, under caption of "Wardon Hundred: Eydon" (*ibid.*, vol. I., p. 123). Among other items in the same work are the following:

Ibid., vol. I., p. 599: "Guilsborough Hundred: Sulby—Abbey." "John Halley, who professed canonical obedience to his diocesan," in 1452.

Ibid., vol. I., p. 271: "Towcester Hundred: Tiffeld." "*Dom.* Rob. Hawley, A. M., 16 Aug., 1487."

Ibid., vol. I., p. 287: "Cleyley Hundred: Covesgrave." "Rob. Hawley." [This entry is without date, but appears between two other entries dated 1479 and 1524, respectively.]

Ibid., vol. II., p. 608: "Nassaburgh Hundred: Wittering."

"From the family of RIDEL, this lordship [of Wittering], probably by marriage, passed into the hands of Robert Halley, Esq., which Robert, at his decease, in the 19th year of Henry VII., left it to John Halley, his son and heir. At the death of this gentleman, in the 8th of Henry VIII. without issue male, it came to Anne, his daughter, a minor fourteen years old, first married, it should seem, to Guy Kirkham, and afterwards to John Stydoliffe. She died in the 15th year of the same reign, leaving Wittering manor, with Taristed [?], to Antony Stydoliffe, a minor three years of age, her son and successor."

Ibid., vol. II., p. 609: "Patroni:" "Robert Halley, *Arm.*," 30 Sept., 1482. "John Halley," 12 Maii, 1517.

Ibid., vol. II., p. 508: "Nassaburgh Hundred: Upton." "In the 19th year of Hen. VII. died Robert Halley, Esq., seized of Upton manor, with its appertences, held of the Abbat of Peterburgh, by suit at Langdyke court, in which he was succeeded by John Halley, his son and heir."

Ibid., vol. II., p. 600: "Nassaburgh Hundred: Ufford." "In the 19th year of Henry VII. died Robert Halley, Esq., seized of a manor in Ufford, held by the Lady Margaret, countess of Richmond, by suit of court at her manor of Torpel, in which he was succeeded by John Halley, his son and heir."

Ibid., vol. I., pp. 262-263: "Scholastica de Meux and John de Meux; her son; *tempo* Edward III."

Baker's "Northamptonshire" [chief volume], London, 1822-1830, page 679, "Sutton Hundred: Siresham," says "The Rectory is in the deanery of Brackley," and in the list of Rectors, mentions Sir Robert Holwey. ("He occurs rector of Stowe, in 1372.")

Ibid., p. 566: "Leicester Abbey Lands;"—mentions Soke and chapel of Halso ("Alsou," "Halse").

Ibid., [vol. 2] London., no date, gives a pedigree of Hawley of Leybourne Grange.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

(To be continued)

NOTES BY THE WAY

AN ECHO OF THE PAST

Extracts from a contemporary copy of a letter dated Government House, Charleston, S. C., 6th Oct., 1783, by Ben. Guerard, 2½ pp., folio, to Gov. Hancock of Massachusetts, protesting in vigorous language, against the interference of the Judicial Department of the State of Massachusetts, with the efforts of certain agents to secure and carry back certain negroes, resident in Massachusetts, who were captured and carried off by British marauders.

“ I have the honor of addressing myself to you, but am concerned that it is on a subject (in the line of my duty), of exception, expostulation, complaint, remonstrance, challenge, arraignment & protest against a matter of a very extraordinary, vexatious and alarming nature. * * * * That it is alarming to the last degree, as of the most fatal consequences to the States whose lands are cultivated by Negroes, if their Negroes by the single act of deserting the service of their owners, are to receive emancipation in the State of Massachusetts. * * * * That the liberation of our Negroes, discloses a specimen of Puritanism I should not have expected from Gentlemen of my profession.” Also, a copy of a letter from Judges Cushing and Sargeant, to Governor Hancock, giving him the legal state of the case, and saying that “ it was the Opinion of the Court that there was no legal ground for their ” (the negroes) “ detention in prison,” and adding—“ If a man has a right to the service of another, who deserts his service, undoubtedly he has a right to take him up & carry him home to service again, which has always been the case here, without any sanction from the magistrate. It is suggested in the *Mittimus*, that they were delivered to the care of Mr. Winthrop for the benefit of their masters; and why they were not carried off without the trouble of Imprisoning, we know not, whether any person had a right to the Service of those Negroes & might take them up was clearly a Question the Court had nothing to do with.”

THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES

At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts S. A. R., Boston, April 19, were present three "Actual Sons," whose fathers were Revolutionary soldiers. These three venerable gentlemen were John Adams of Gardner, nearly ninety-five years old; John Faxon of Salem, eighty-two, and Azra M. Clark, Boston, seventy-nine. The Society has appropriated \$2,000 to construct the Massachusetts "bay" in the Washington Memorial chapel at Valley Forge.

Prof. Charles L. Parsons of Durham, N. H., said at the annual dinner of the Society of Colonial Wars, Boston, April 19, that "Patriot's Day," instead of April 19, should be December 4, the date of the capture of Fort William and Mary, 1774, at Portsmouth, N. H.

A UNIQUE MEMORIAL

The graves of more than 800 American sailors, who were taken prisoners in the War of 1812, and who were buried near St. Michael's Church, at Dartmoor, Devonshire, England, will be marked with headstones and identified as far as possible, according to plans of the United States Daughters of 1812. The organization also intends to place a memorial window in the church, and to have the edifice rebuilt.

The Bunker Hill Chapter D. A. R. of Boston contributes \$50 toward a scholarship in the boys' industrial school in Rome, Georgia, of which Miss Berry ("the Sunday Lady of Possum Trot") is principal. The youth chosen is Claude Crider, a young mountaineer who is a direct descendant from a Revolutionary soldier.

NOVA SCOTIA LOOKING UP HISTORY OF ACADIANS' EXILE

The tragic and romantic history of Acadia is recalled by a petition which has been introduced in the Nova Scotia Legislature on behalf of present-day French Acadian residents of the province. The petition asks the Government to authorize a thorough search of the provincial archives with a view to finding definite information concerning the stirring times preceding and accompanying the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia by the British and the burning of their homes. It is said that some

facts which are needed to make a complete history have never been clearly set forth, and it is hoped that an examination of the early archives may reveal the "missing links." The petitioners claim that all histories of the Acadian expulsion thus far written have been partisan. The petition has been referred to the Government.

BEAVER COLONIES IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Two interesting specimens of the work of beavers are on exhibition in the office of Commissioner James S. Whipple of the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission at the Capitol, Albany, N. Y. They are two sections of poplar tree trunks which have been well gnawed by the clever and active rodents. The trunks are over a foot in diameter. Commissioner Whipple reports that he saw a beaver house close to the shore of Tupper Lake, in which there was a family of five beavers, which has grown from two received from Yellowstone Park. "The beavers had cut down a number of poplar trees to furnish them with a supply of food for the winter. The limbs and tops had been removed by the animals, these portions being the most desired by them," said Commissioner Whipple. "From the trees which remained men from the Whitney preserve cut up twenty cords of fire-wood." There are fifteen colonies of beaver in the Adirondacks, all of which are growing rapidly. It is the intention to promote the propagation of beavers in the State, as they are interesting and harmless animals.—*Knickerbocker Press-Express*.

Beavers have been extinct in the Adirondacks, until the present restocking of the region, since 1853, when John Cheney the celebrated hunter, then living at McIntyre, N. Y., told Charles Lanman he had caught "the last one in the State." See Lanman's *Adventures in the Wilds of America*, vol. i, p. 230.—[Ed.]

A PIGEON WITH A WAR RECORD

(Everyone is supposed to have heard of "Old Abe," the war-eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers, but a "war-pigeon" is something new.—Ed.)

The following is a true and singularly remarkable story of a pigeon captured by Mr. Tinker, a teamster of the Forty-Second New York Volunteers, while the regiment was encamped at Kalorama Heights, Va. Mr. Tinker made a pet of him and kept him in camp until they started for Poolesville. Strange to say, the pigeon followed on with the train,

occasionally flying away at a great distance, but always returning, and, when weary, would alight on some wagon of the train. At night he was sure to come home, and, watching his opportunity, would select a position and quietly go to roost in Tinker's wagon.

Many of the men in the regiment took a fancy to him and he soon became a general favorite. From Poolesville he followed to Washington, and down to the dock where Tinker took him on board the steamer; so he went to Fortress Monroe, thence to Yorktown, where he was accustomed to make flights over and beyond the enemy's works, but was always sure to return at evening to roost and receive his food in Tinker's wagon. Thence he went all through the Peninsula campaign, afterwards to Antietam and Harper's Ferry, witnessing all the battles fought by his regiment. By this time he had gained so much favor that a friend offered \$25 to purchase him, but Tinker would not sell him at any price, and soon sent him home as a present to some friend. It might be interesting to trace the future movements of this remarkable specimen of the feathered tribe, but none will doubt his instinctive loyalty and attachment to the old "Tammany regiment."—*Chicago Tribune*.



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER IX

DEATH'S DOINGS

IT was through the lenity of MacDonald, in releasing the bonds of his captive the moment he discovered her arms were pinioned, that Alida had succeeded in making her single attempt at escape, which we have already seen was futile. The worthy Scotchman was deeply chagrined at having in any way participated in the business of the night, which he deemed affected his character both as an officer and as a gentleman; and now, while hurrying toward the Indian station, he did not hesitate to express his regret that the lady had not succeeded in regaining the protection of her friends. Thayendanagea seemed in nowise offended with the bluntness of his language, as the major denounced in no measured terms the Indian system of making war upon women and children, answering only very dryly that that was a question for the moralist, which he would be happy to discuss with his friend when they should be at leisure to talk over the whole subject of war, with Sir John's chaplain to make a third party in the discussion. "But, Major MacDonald," said he, "I could tell you that in regard to the position of this young lady which entirely prevents her case from being included in the question you have raised."

"You have already told me the considerations of policy which prompted the act; but, Sachem, there is but one policy which should ever govern gallant men when the welfare of women is concerned. Our humane civilization teaches us that war——"

"Is an honorable game, at which the noble and the far-descended should play with the lavished lives of their inferiors, the wail of whose desolated kindred can never reach the ears of the upper classes, to whom alone the prize of glory in any event may fall; pardon my interruption, but that, Major MacDonald, is the real purport of what you would say. You would shudder at the bare thought of one of Britain's high-born

dames being torn from her luxurious home to a prisoner's dungeon; and the horror of her being tortured at the stake would darken the recollection of the most brilliant successes in war. But the wretched children, whom you doom to grow up in poverty and contempt by making them fatherless; the lacerated hearts of thousands of widows, whose existence you protract by your reluctant bounty, after rendering that existence miserable; these are never remembered to cast a shade over the tale of a victory. Call you this humanity, which embraces but the welfare of a class within its mercies? Call you this consideration for women, which regards the rank rather than the sex of the sufferers? The sex? Great Spirit of the universe! have I not read of your gallantry, your *tender mercies* towards them in the storming of towns and castles? I, an Indian, a *savage*, have seen your own records, the white man's printed testimony to these abominations of his race; but the breath of life is not in the nostrils of him who has seen a female insulted by her Iroquois captor."

MacDonald listened to the tirade of the chieftain without caring to contradict what he said; and, by way of cutting short the discussion, and changing the subject to one of a less abstract nature, he admitted that if war were an evil, not the least *summary* way of putting an end to it was by the Indian mode of making all who were interested in its result indiscriminate sharers in its horrors. "But I have yet to learn, Sachem," said he, "why the welfare of this young lady is not involved in the question?"

Brant smiled grimly, and pointed to a litter of boughs carried by a couple of Indians, whereon reposed the form of Alida, wrapped in his own mantle. "Could a father," he said, "care more gently for his own daughter than do I for the Lady Alida? Could that feeble old man, with his rash, hot-headed son, have given her the safe shelter she may find, in times like these, beneath the roof of Thayendaragea? The devil is unchained, I tell ye, Major MacDonald, and there are wild men enough beside Indians to do his bidding in these parts."

"Why," said MacDonald, in a tone of surprise and pleasure, "why did you not hint this to me before? You spoke but of taking the lady as an hostage! And I thought that so generous a concern prompted——"

"Nay, speak not of generosity. Perhaps, after all—though her

safety is best secured by the act—it was but as an hostage that I did seize my captive. But I mean her as an hostage to restrain far more dangerous spirits than the mad-cap De Roos, or the dreaming enthusiast Greyslaer. There are men—men bearing the commission of the king, who bring the ferocious nature of outlaws to our cause; men whom you and I would scorn to act with, save in a cause so holy; and in the mad dance of devilish passions which the convulsion of the times will let loose, they must be restrained by other powers than those of official authority. There is one man who—but this is not the time to speak of him; let us urge onward to our destination.”

That time never came with Brant, who seemed to have forgotten the promised solution of his dark and mysterious language when they arrived at the Indian station; nor did MacDonald, who soon after departed with an escort through the woods to Johnstown, understand, till long afterward, the bearing of what the chieftain said upon events disclosed in the sequel; and which may be best unfolded in the regular course of our story, which recurs again to the scene of our last chapter.

It was about the hour of midnight that the younger De Roos, taking Balt to guide him upon the Indian track, quietly withdrew to the hillside with his followers; where, after some ten minutes' impatient waiting for Greyslaer, they took up their line of march through the forest without him.

Greyslaer, in the meantime, rising from the pallet whereon he had snatched a brief repose, descended the staircase, and already had his hand on the outer door, when a deep moaning in the room adjacent to the passage arrested his attention. A feeble light streaming through an aperture showed that the door was ajar, and, with cautious and subdued steps, he hesitated not to enter.

It was the chamber of the dead.

The flickering taper upon the hearth revealed the figure of an old woman in a gray cloak, whose attenuated and sallow features looked still more ghastly from the scarlet hood which was thrown back from her forehead and rested upon her shoulders. She sat upon a low wicker chair, with one of her feet upon a footstool, and the other with the toe

stiffly upturned, and the heel resting on the floor, thrust out so far beyond her dress that its shrivelled proportions showed like the stark limb of a skeleton. Her cheek supported upon her bony fingers, with the closed lids of her sunken eyes, showed that her vigil had been badly kept; and Greyslaer, pained at the thought that the remains of the gentle Tyntie should be left to such a watcher, turned from the forlorn old crone to the coffin in which the body had been laid.

It was empty. But, before he could rally his thoughts to account for a circumstance so astounding, the moaning sounds which had first drawn him to the chamber again caught his ear. He turned, and beheld a sight both piteous and awful.

In a shadowy corner of the room, removed as far as possible from the slumbering guardian of the dead, sat the venerable father of the murdered maiden, folding her stiffened corpse in his arms, and pressing it to his bosom with a tenderness as passionate as if he thought that the pulses of parental affection which beat within could rekindle those of life in his departed daughter. The shroud, with its formal drapery, still veiled the lineaments of her clay-cold form; but the napkin that shielded her throat, and the fillet or muslin band that covered the gash in her forehead, while keeping the long locks smoothly parted beneath it, had escaped from their place; and the golden tresses, floating loose, mingled with the gray hair of the old man, as he madly kissed the frightful wound through which her gentle spirit had been dismissed to heaven.

The agonized parent, who had thus crept, in the dead of the night, to hold this awful communion with his child, seemed wholly unconscious of the presence of Greyslaer, who would fain have slunk away in silence, as one who, by unwitting intrusion, profaned some hallowed mystery; but his power of volition seemed taken away, and he still continued to stand, in spite of himself, as it were, with eyes riveted upon the heart-rending spectacle. At length the mute anguish of the old man found vent in words. The color went and came strangely over his ashen countenance; while his features writhed as if it were difficult for them to assume the new expression of malevolent and vindictive feeling they had now for the first time to wear.

“Brant, cruel Brant,” cried the wretched parent, “the God—the

Christian's God, whom I aided in teaching thee to worship, may forgive thee this, but I—I never can. A parent's curse—the curse of a bereaved and stricken heart, be, oh God, upon——” A burst of sobs, that for a moment threatened to suffocate him, cut short the blasphemous appeal; but history, in the tragic fate of Brant's own family, has shown how deeply the malediction wrought in after years; and the old man, like one startled by a spell himself had evoked, seemed, with the prophetic eye of approaching dissolution, to foresee the working of his curse. He shivered as with a grave-chill; and, dropping now upon his knees, with the lifeless face of his daughter upturned upon his bosom, mutely pleading toward heaven, he essayed in prayer to beseech a pardon and recall his words. But his quivering lips refused to syllable a sound. A sudden and subtle agony seemed on the instant to travel through his limbs and rack his aged frame; and then, while unresistingly permitting Greyslaer to take the body from his arms, he sank unconscious upon the floor.

Calling the old woman to his aid, Greyslaer, with the tender care of a mother lifting the fragile form of her child in which life still feebly hovers, again consigned the body to its formal receptacle; and, while the crone busied herself in readjusting the grave-clothes of the maiden, he turned to raise her wretched father from the ground.

But the sorrows of the old man had ceased for ever; the thread of his feeble existence, protracted only, as it seemed, beyond the usual length, to be interwoven at the last with more than usual misery, had snapped beneath the tension of an agonized spirit. He had been called away—after a long life of blameless benevolence and Christian meekness, he had been mysteriously called away in a moment of contumacy toward Heaven. He departed, indeed, with a prayer upon his lips, but his last-uttered words were those of imprecation. He had been called, though, by a God of mercy!

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

OCTOBER, 1909

No. 4

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

(*Third Paper*)

CHARLES PINCKNEY of South Carolina, said in Congress in 1820: "They were in numerous instances the pioneers, and in all the laborers of your armies. . . . In the Northern States, numerous bodies of them were enrolled into and fought, by the sides of the whites, the battles of the Revolution."¹⁶ It is useless to multiply quotations; let one more, from a contemporary, suffice: "No regiment is to be seen in which there are not negroes in abundance, and among them are able-bodied, strong, and brave fellows."¹⁷ The actual number is hard to determine. Scammell's report of August 24, 1778, already mentioned, gave a total of seven hundred and fifty-five under Washington's immediate command, distributed among fourteen different brigades. This does not include all that were enrolled at the time and many were enrolled later, so the total number was much above this. Doubtless it might be very conservatively estimated at about 3,000.¹⁸ This would be a full proportion, for the negroes formed the bulk of the laboring class, so were not as free to enlist as the white men generally.

These negro soldiers were, as we have seen, obtained under various conditions, but two seem to have been generally observed: *First*, they were given the same bounties and pay as white soldiers—but if slaves, the bounties usually went to the masters as the price of freedom. *Second*, it was generally required that no slaves should be soldiers; if they were slaves when enlisted they must be freed. For this reason almost all the colonies provided some system of compensation for slaves who enlisted,—

¹⁶ Annals of Congress, quoted, Livermore, 155.

¹⁷ From Schloezer's Briefwechsel, Livermore, 111.

¹⁸ Williams' Rebellion, 35 n.

such as turning over the bounties, as I have mentioned, or paying a price from the treasury, or both.

We should also mention among the rights of the negro soldiers of the Revolution, that after the war, they were on the same footing as to pensions as the whites. Hon. Calvin Goddard, of Connecticut, stated that he obtained pensions for nineteen colored soldiers under the act of 1818.¹⁹ And the act of May 15, 1828, provided that *any* private who served to the end of the war should receive full pay for life from March 3, 1826.²⁰

As to the real services of these soldiers it is unnecessary to say much. I have already spoken of some of the engagements in which they took part. Other instances could be given if it were worth while: I will mention two or three cases where they showed their efficiency. A negro soldier at Arnold's raid on New London in 1781, ran Major Montgomery through as he was about to enter Fort Griswold, thus checking the British advance.²¹ The capture of the British General, Prescott, by Colonel Barton, of Rhode Island, is said to have been achieved largely through the help of a negro, Prince, who, with his head, broke open doors and then seized Prescott in bed.²² Diman says Barton makes no mention of such a human battering-ram,²³ though he admits that some negro took part in the capture.²⁴ Negroes also acted as spies, one having been freed in South Carolina for such services.²⁵ Rider says, "Our belief is that the freedmen of 1778 as a class did not prove themselves such excellent soldiers as they have heretofore been represented."²⁶ Doubtless this is true; there is a tendency to over-estimate such things, and the conditions of the time and of the war were not conducive to making fine soldiers out of material that needed strict training. But from the testimony at hand we can decide that they *were* courageous, devoted, obedient soldiers. If I had space I might quote many testimonials from their contemporaries—Madison, General Thomas, Story, and others²⁷—besides those I have already quoted. With confidence we can say that the negro's part in our

¹⁹ Whittier.

²⁰ U. S. Govt.—Resolutions relating to Pay, 17.

²¹ Heacock, 11.

²² Livermore. 111-13.

²⁷ Cf. e. g., Livermore. 96, 103, 138-9; Nell 24, and others.

²³ Diman, 31.

²⁴ *Ibid.* 36-6.

²⁵ Moore, 22.

²⁶ Rider, 49.

struggle for independence was an honorable one. Many, especially in the South, opposed him then, as they have since; but let us do justice at least.

We cannot pass by the history of this period without a reference to the British use of negroes in the Revolution. Desertions of slaves were encouraged and were complained of even as early as August 2, 1775, in a letter from Norfolk.²⁸ On November 15, 1775, Lord Dunmore issued a proclamation promising freedom to all who should join him.²⁹ While many did join him, the numbers were not as great as he expected, a fact which he attributed to a fever raging among the negroes.³⁰ This action was severely denounced; Virginia, for example, passed resolutions offering pardon to all who returned, and giving warning of the punishments meted out to deserting slaves.³¹ A proposal to organize a large body of slaves into British regiments in the South was not carried out,³² but there was an attempt to raise a regiment on Staten Island, which was reported to Washington by Greene, July 21, 1776.³³ On February 28, 1781, Greene also reported to Washington that "the enemy have ordered two regiments of negroes to be immediately embodied."³⁴ Clinton and Cornwallis also issued proclamations similar to Dunmore's.³⁵ No estimate has been made of the number of negroes employed by the British, but it was certainly considerable.

1783-1812

After the war most of the states again excluded negroes from the militia,—the case of Maryland, for example, has been mentioned. After the adoption of the Constitution, Congress at once set about to pass militia laws, under its Constitutional authority to regulate the militia. The first of these, April 30, 1790, provided that the members of the militia should be "able-bodied, of at least five feet six inches in height, and not under the age of eighteen nor above the age of forty-five." * In the next few years a large number of these bills were brought forward,

²⁸ See clippings, vol. ii.

²⁹ Quoted, Livermore, 103.

³⁰ Williams, I, 340-2.

³¹ Livermore, 104.

³² *Ibid.* 142-3.

³³ *Ibid.*, 110.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, 139.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, 136-8; Williams, I, 352.

* Williams' Rebellion, 145.

a few being passed.† That of March 3, 1795, had the same conditions as the law of 1790; by the law of March 3, 1799, militia-men were to be "able-bodied, and of a size and age suitable for public service, according to the directions which the President of the United States shall and may establish;" this was changed by the law of March 16, 1802, to "effective, able-bodied citizens of the United States," with regulations for age and size. In the Senate on July 6, 1862, Senator Collamer stated that the states excluded negroes from the militia under the act of 1793.‡ I have been unable to find this act, but, if so, Congress showed its desire to change it when it passed the later acts. Moreover, the question concerns not the State, but the national militia, and we have seen that in general, these did not exclude free negroes, at least, before the War of 1812.

WAR OF 1812.

When the danger of a second war with England became imminent and after the war broke out, several militia laws were passed—December 4, 1811, January 11, 1812, January 20, 1813, and January 27, 1814. These all provided that the militia should be composed of "effective and able-bodied men," with no statement as to color. When the conscription bill was discussing in the Fall of 1814, it was at first proposed to limit the service to whites, but as finally passed this provision was omitted and the words "free, effective, able-bodied men" were used.³⁶ In speaking of this law, Governor Andrew said in a message to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1860, "It did not require a man to be . . . a citizen, nor white, in which . . . it differed from the old militia act."³⁷ In this, Governor Andrew was slightly mistaken, however, for, as we have seen, these provisions were not uniformly adopted before the War of 1812.

The disposition to use the negro as a soldier, which is evidenced by these acts, was put to account, though not till rather late in the war—as was the case in the Revolution and the Civil War as well. The first movement toward it seems to have been in August, 1814. A letter to General John Armstrong, from Acting Inspector General P. P. Walter

† Cf. Journals of Congress.

‡ Congressional Globe, 1861-2, p. 3199.

³⁶ Cf. Niles' Register, vii, 183 and later numbers. ³⁷ Congressional Globe, 1861.

of the 3d Military District, and dated August 23d, said in part: "Sir, I have just been informed . . . that you have in contemplation to raise a Regiment of Blacks; should this be the case, I solicit permission to tender my services to assist in Recruiting such a Regiment, confident that in Pennsa (the place of my nativity) I should be able in a short period to enlist from 3 to 500 men. . . ." ³⁸ Nothing seems to have come of this, and the National Government made no systematic efforts to enlist negroes. But on September 21, Jackson issued from Mobile his famous proclamation calling on the free negroes, "as sons of freedom," "to defend our most inestimable blessing" of liberty. The negro soldier was to have the same privilege as whites and was to be enrolled in separate battalions or regiments.^{38a} In his address on reviewing the troops, December 18, he congratulated the negro soldiers, and said they had surpassed his hopes, great though they had been.³⁹ These negro troops fought with the rest of Jackson's army in the great battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. On the celebration of the anniversary of that battle in 1851, the New Orleans *Picayune* commented favorably on the appearance of the ninety colored veterans of the battle who were in the parade.⁴⁰

Shortly after Jackson's call to the free negroes, the New York Legislature, on October 24, 1814, passed an act authorizing the raising of two regiments of free negroes to be officered by whites and to receive pay of soldiers in the United States army. Slaves were to be freed, their bounties and pay going to their masters. In Congress, on January 22, 1828, Mr. Martindale, of New York, said: "I, myself, saw a battalion of them (negroes) attached to the Northern Army in the last war, on its march from Plattsburg to Sacket's Harbor."⁴¹ These may have been some of these New York soldiers, or may have come from somewhere else. So little attention has been given to the subject of negro soldiers in the War of 1812, that it is hard to find much concerning them, but the instances I have cited show very well that negro troops were actually employed, and enlistments authorized. In Philadelphia, a battalion of negroes was organized under a United States army officer, and was about to march when peace was declared.

³⁸ Quoted *Mag. of Amer. Hist.*, vol. 22, p. 253.

^{38a} *Niles' Register*, vii, 205.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, vii, 345-6.

⁴⁰ *Nell* 289-91.

⁴¹ Whittier.

In this war, too, the British seem to have made use of negroes as soldiers. A letter from Captain Massias * at King's Bay, written January 11, 1815, to Brigadier-General Floyd, says: "Sixteen barges of the largest size have passed toward Dungeness and have landed. I compute his whole force to be about 1500, *white and black*."⁴²

1812-1861—MEXICAN WAR

The period from the close of the War of 1812 to the Mexican War, and from after that short war to 1861, was one of comparative peace in this country. Little was thought of any soldier, so no thought was given the negro soldier. Negroes were excluded from the militia in many states, in New York, for example, but even here there were staunch believers in the negro.⁴³ Nothing was done to change the status of the United States soldier.

Practically all that can be learned about the negro in the Mexican War must be by conjecture; there is little mention of him anywhere. A few seem to have volunteered, for the names of two or three are recorded by Nell. One, Thomas Savoy, served in the Revolution in Texas, with a company of Mississippi volunteers, and served in the Mexican War at Monterey and Buena Vista.⁴⁴ Another, a servant of General Taylor, was with him at Palo Alto, Buena Vista, and Monterey, at which last place he saved the General's life, it is said. Colonel Grayson gave him a testimonial for gentlemanly conduct and martial character. Beyond such scattered instances, all I have found is the following:

In the debate in Congress on July 23, 1861, over a resolution of inquiry in regard to negro troops, the following conversation took place:⁴⁵

"Mr. Curtis (of Iowa), I ask the gentleman (Mr. Burnett of Kentucky), another question: Whether negroes did not go with our officers to the Mexican War and carry arms there as they do now.

Mr. Burnett: I do not know whether they did or not.

⁴² Niles' Register, vii, 362.

* A. A. Massias Comdg. 1st. U. S. Rifle Corps.

⁴³ Cf. N. Y. Convention of 1821—Rep. H. Clarke's speech, 187 ff.

⁴⁴ Quoted from Cong. Globe, Special Session, 1861.

⁴⁵ Quoted from Cong. Globe. Spec. Sess., 1861..

Mr. Curtiss: I know they did."

No facts to bear up this statement were given or asked for, and, as I have said, I have found but few. But this should certainly establish the fact that negroes did fight in the Mexican War. However, they were probably not enlisted separately, but belonged to white regiments.

THE CIVIL WAR

At the beginning of the Civil War, therefore, the negro as soldier was practically an unknown quantity. He had taken no important part as a soldier for fifty years, and had been largely excluded from the State militia.⁴⁶ So for a long time there was little movement in the North toward using him to help us fight our battles. But the South began right promptly to think of using him. On April 23, 1861, the free negroes of New Orleans organized two regiments which they called the "Native Guards," and a little later were enrolled as part of the State militia.⁴⁷ A company from Nashville offered their services to the Confederate government two weeks after the firing on Sumter.⁴⁸ In May, 1861, the Memphis Committee of Safety voted to raise a negro company;⁴⁹ and at the review of twenty-eight thousand troops held in New Orleans November 23, 1861, one negro regiment had fourteen hundred members.⁵⁰ These actions seem to have been known in the North, for, on July 22, 1861, the following resolution passed the House of Representatives: "Resolved, That the Secretary of War be requested to inform this House whether the so-called Southern Confederacy, or any State thereof, has within its military service, any Indians or negroes, and if so what numbers and what tribes."⁵¹ These facts are especially interesting in view of the later change, by which the Federal army made large use of the negro; while the Confederacy passed laws and issued proclamations—against Generals Butler, Hunter, and Phelps, in particular, for their services in raising negro troops; and in general against any white

⁴⁶ Cf. *e.g.*, Hickok, 58-60.

⁴⁷ War of the Rebellion Record, I. 15:556.

⁴⁸ Williams, II. 277.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, I. 278.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.*

⁵¹ Cong. Globe, 1861.

officer of negro soldiers.⁵² The South also showed later that it was very loath to effect exchanges of negro prisoners.⁵³

The day after the House Resolution quoted above, namely, on July 23, 1861, another was introduced by Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, asking information from the Secretary of War on any use made of the negroes in the army. It was not passed, because it was thought that the resolution of the day before included this. Burnet claimed to have seen armed and uniformed negroes with the troops in the city, but, on question, admitted that he had not seen any in squads or companies, and did not know whether they were more than servants or not. He was greatly incensed, though, at their wearing the soldiers' uniform. During the discussion, Lovejoy of Illinois said: "I would fight with any muscle that can fight." Even this early in the war, though most opposed it or were indifferent, there were some in favor of using the negro.⁵⁴

Soon after the opening of the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, in December, 1861, a project came up to free the slaves in regions under military control, in order to weaken the rebels. On January 8 the next year, resolutions of the Maryland Legislature were laid before Congress protesting against schemes, which, like freeing or arming the slaves, they feared would excite insurrections, etc. In view of later events, however, this fear may be said to be unfounded; "The great majority remained quietly at home and at work."⁵⁵ The slave insurrections in the South during the Civil War are remarkable for their absence, as the Irishman would say. On April 21, 1862, a resolution of inquiry into the employment of negroes as laborers, etc., in General Wool's department was introduced. On May 28, 1862, Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky introduced a bill to limit the number of volunteer soldiers of the United States, and to prohibit the arming of slaves in any part of the country. It was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, where it seems to have died.

This view of the legislative discussions up to the Spring of 1862 show that the opposition to negro enlistments was very strong. But

⁵² Williams, II. 350-3; War of the Reb. Record, I. 14:599.

⁵³ Wilson, 347, 373-4.

⁵⁴ References in the future to legislation, Congressional debates, etc., will be to the *Congressional Globe* unless otherwise stated. I shall not, therefore, give all the references.

⁵⁵ Weeks, 49.

during the year it had lost strength, as shown by the killing of this last bill, and General David Hunter in command at Hilton Head, S. C., had felt safe in ordering the enlistment of fugitive slaves. On May 7, 1862, Sergeant C. T. Trowbridge of the New York Volunteer Engineers, was detailed as the first recruiting officer for negro troops.⁵⁶ Several companies had already been formed when the news reached Washington. At once a storm of protest broke out and the House in a resolution on June 9, requested the Secretary of War for information. On the 14th Stanton replied that no such regiment had been authorized by the Department and that no clothing or arms had been furnished for it. On the 23d he transmitted to the House the answer which he had received from Hunter. The General defended his action, declaring that he had felt himself justified by the instructions turned over to him by his predecessor, Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman. These instructions, issued by former Secretary Cameron, authorized the employment of all "loyal persons" who wished to aid in suppressing the rebellion in and about Port Royal. Accordingly he had begun the organization of a regiment of loyal black persons whose masters were "fugitive rebels;" and, he claimed, the experiment had been such a success that he hoped to be able by the end of the Fall to present the government with 48,000 or 50,000 of these soldiers. Congress did nothing, though it is said to have treated the matter as a huge joke.⁵⁷ The resolution introduced by Dunlap of Kentucky on July 3, severely condemning Hunter's action and his reply to the inquiry, was not passed. But Hunter found that he was not supported by the administration and in the first week of August, all but one company were disbanded.⁵⁸ Because of this, it was thought,⁵⁹ he asked to be transferred and was relieved by General Saxton.

⁵⁶ Higginson, 272.

⁵⁷ Cf. Sketches by "Private Miles O'Reilly"—Wilson, 145-165.

⁵⁸ Higginson, 272.

⁵⁹ Williams' Rebellion, 95-6.

PAUL T. ARNOLD.

RIDGWAY, PA.

(To be continued)

MILESTONES IN AND NEAR BOSTON

(Concluded)

LET us now speak of another native of Massachusetts who rose to distinction. Jonathan Belcher, son of Andrew Belcher, a councillor of Massachusetts Bay, was born in Cambridge, Mass., January, 1682, and died in Elizabeth, N. J., August 31, 1757. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1699 and then traveled in Europe for six years. Returning to Massachusetts, he became a Boston merchant and was later a representative in the General Court, a councillor, and agent of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in England.

He was appointed by the Crown in 1730 Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire—then under the same jurisdiction—and served until 1741, when in response to the opposition to his administration he was superseded by Gov. William Shirley. He was appointed Governor of New Jersey in 1747, and held that office until his death.

Jonathan Belcher married January 4, 1705, Mary Partridge, daughter of William Partridge, Lieutenant-Governor of New Hampshire from 1699 to 1702. She died in Boston, October 6, 1736, and in 1748, when Governor of New Jersey, he married for a second wife Mrs. Teel of London.

Lastly, let us study briefly the life and activities of John McLean, a Boston merchant and benefactor. He was born in Milton, Mass., in 1761 and died there October 16, 1823.

It is interesting to relate of Mr. McLean that, having failed in business late in the eighteenth century and at a later period having recovered his lost fortune, he invited his creditors to a supper at the Exchange Coffee House in Boston. At the gathering, which proved to be a joyous one, each guest found under his plate a check covering the amount of his claim including interest.

In his will, John McLean made the Massachusetts General Hospital his residuary legatee, and that institution, then just beginning its great work, received more than one hundred thousand dollars from the estate. As a tribute of respect for this benefaction, the trustees of the hospital named the department for the care of the insane the McLean Asylum. The asylum, now great in itself, was located for many years on the Barrell estate in Somerville. It is now splendidly maintained in Waverley.

The milestones which were erected at the expense of John McLean were placed in position in 1823, the year in which he died. In fact, the work was completed after his death by his business partner, Isaac Davenport, who caused the name of J. McLean to be placed on all the stones.

The milestones which we are to consider in this paper were set on five roads which, then as now, connected Boston and some of the neighboring towns, and it is well to remember that all five lines of stones supplement the two which Judge Sewall had placed in 1707, and of which I have spoken previously. The five roads radiate from a southeasterly to a northwesterly direction from the portions of Washington and Roxbury streets which extend from Eustis street to Eliot Square.

The ancient Lower Road to Dorchester, of which I shall speak first, began at the corner of Washington and Eustis streets, and, running through Roxbury and Dorchester, ended at Dorchester Lower Mills; it followed the present Eustis, Dearborn and Dudley streets, Columbia road and Hancock and Adams streets. On this road a line of milestones was placed in the year 1734 by Governor Jonathan Belcher "to guide the weary traveler on his way." Teel's History of Milton, published in 1889, tells us that a platway of these stones was at one time in the possession of Edward J. Baker, who died in Dorchester in 1891, and who was deeply interested in the local history of Milton.

We should find the three-mile stone in the immediate vicinity of the Hugh O'Brien School on Dudley street, Roxbury, but it has disappeared from sight.

A distance of one mile carries us to Hancock street, opposite Trull street, Dorchester, but the stone which stood there for one hundred and seventy-three years was removed in 1907 for safe keeping to the grounds

of the Dorchester Historical Society at Edward Everett Square. Placed within a foot of the front wall of the ancient Blake house, the appropriate home of the society, it has found a permanent resting place. It is inscribed—

4
Miles from
Boston
Town Hous[e]
1734

The removal of a milestone from its proper location is always to be regretted, but a visit to the locality where it formerly stood, convinces us that it was by no means safe there, so rapidly is the neighborhood changing from a rural to an urban condition.

The five-mile stone should be near the corner of Adams and Park streets, Dorchester, but it cannot be found at the present day.

As we journey on for the next mile on Adams street, we see many evidences of the ancient character of this thoroughfare. We pass houses some of which were built possibly in the seventeenth century, and we see the stately elm trees bordering the way, the fast decaying fruit orchards and the primitive stone walls which bounded the once productive farms. Before many years all of these, with the exception possibly of the elms, will have disappeared, for there is to be seen on every side the three-story wooden apartment house.

The six-mile stone should be at about the corner of Adams street and Oak avenue, midway between Ashmont and Neponset, but we found no trace of it.

It is gratifying to record that the seven-mile stone has been cared for by the Boston authorities. It has been built into the Adams street wall of Dorchester Park and will thereby be preserved for generations to come. It is marked—

7
Miles to Boston
Town House
1734

Descending the slope to the Neponset River, the picture of the valley and the hills beyond gladdening our eyes, we cross the river at Dorchester Lower Mills, and find ourselves in Milton, one of the fairest towns in the Commonwealth. Continuing on Adams street in that town, we find the last of the Belcher stones set in the front wall of Hutchinson Field, a metropolitan reservation. It is inscribed—

8

Miles to B Townhouse
The Lower Way 1734

As we stand in front of this stone on the summit of Milton Hill and look on the beautiful picture embracing the Blue Hills and the wide expanse of Boston Harbor, we recall the three royal governors who traveled by coach and four the lower road to Dorchester in the eighteenth century. Time and again have Governor Belcher and Governor Hutchinson counted the milestones on this road as they journeyed to and fro between the Boston town house and their estates in Milton. The third chief magistrate was William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts Bay from 1741 to 1756, succeeding Jonathan Belcher. Governor Shirley traveled continually a portion of the lower road, for his home was very near where we hoped to find the three-mile stone on Dudley street, Roxbury.

The line of milestones which were placed on the Upper Road to Dorchester, and which extend through Milton to Quincy, should be considered next. These stones are shown on an original plan which is preserved in the Massachusetts Archives. It is entitled, "Boston Town House to the ten-mile stones in Quincy measures $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles plus 1 rod. The Upper Road as travelled," and was drawn in 1802 by William Taylor of Boston, Surveyor.

The total distance, $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles plus 1 rod, indicates that the stones were not placed in their proper locations, and furthermore the distance between them vary from 78 to 120 chains. But probably the traveler of the eighteenth century replied, if the locations of his milestones were questioned, "Never mind, they serve their purpose."

The third milestone was in place on Warren street, near Rockland street, Roxbury, until about the year 1871, when it disappeared during the erection of a block of dwelling houses there. This information was given me by the late L. Foster Morse, who is remembered for his interest in the local history of Boston, and especially that of Roxbury, where he resided.

One mile further on, we find at 473 Warren street, Grove Hall, the four-mile stone, which is the first Paul Dudley stone that we have considered. It is marked—

B 4
1735
P D

and it is interesting to note in addition that at the beginning of the nineteenth century one Bugbee had a tavern here, which was the first resting place on the road.

The next stone should be near the corner of Washington and School streets, Dorchester, but it has disappeared.

The six-mile stone, which stands at the corner of Washington and Mora streets, Dorchester, is a peculiar one, and it would be interesting to learn the meaning of a portion of the following inscription—

HEMMS 6
WC M to B
 (T I)

On Adams street, Milton, which was laid out as early as 1654, we see near the railroad station the next stone, which is inscribed—

B
7
1722

A walk of one mile on this ancient road to Quincy, carries us to the location of the next stone, near the corner of Adams and Babcock streets, East Milton. The stone is inscribed—

B
8
1723

We find one mile further, on Adams street, Quincy, just beyond the Furnace Brook metropolitan reservation, the next stone, on which we read—

B
9
1730
J N

I am informed by William G. Spear, who is an authority on the antiquities of Quincy, that the initials on this stone, J. N., are, to quote his exact words, "most likely meant for Joseph Neal."

One more mile carries us to Hancock street, Quincy, and on that thoroughfare, within sight of the church under which lie buried the second and sixth Presidents of the United States, we see what remains of the next one of this line of milestones. It is built into the stone wall in front of the Brackett house and we read on it only—

B
10

The eleven-mile stone formerly stood near the Adams house, at the base of Penn's Hill, Quincy, but it disappeared many years ago.

The twelve-mile stone is still to be seen on Franklin Street in Braintree as one enters the limits of that town. It is inscribed—

B
12
I M 1727 I H

On the broad boulevard which we now call Blue Hill avenue, and which was called Brush Hill Turnpike from 1805 to 1870, we find the

McLean milestones, which were placed in 1823. They are six in number, are constructed of hammered granite of uniform size, and the inscriptions on them are similar, with the exception of the numeral indicating the distance from Boston.

The five-mile stone is at Harvard street, Dorchester, one mile from the Dudley stone at Grove Hall. It is inscribed—

Boston
5 Miles
J McLean
1823

The six-mile stone is at the corner of Ormond street, Dorchester, and the seven-mile is passed as one enters the town of Milton.

Continuing, we find the three remaining McLean stones in Milton. The eight-mile stone is about a quarter of a mile south of Robbins street, the nine-mile stone is at Atherton street, and the ten-mile stone is safely set in the stone wall of a private estate not far from the boundary line between Milton and Canton.

Proceeding on Washington street, Canton, which is the continuation of Blue Hill avenue, we find a line of stones which practically supplement all three lines which we have considered thus far. They differ, however, from one another in form and material, and were placed by different persons.

At the base of Blue Hill we find a stone which was placed by Lemuel Davenport of Canton. It is marked—

12
Miles
to Boston
1774
L D

One mile further is a stone set in a wall in front of a residence which was formerly the Cherry Tavern. It is inscribed—

13
Miles to Boston
1786
John Spare

John Spare, who set this stone, was a son of Samuel Spare, an early settler in Canton, and who was the first one of the name in New England. Both father and son were prominent in the Episcopal Church, or, as it was then called, the English Church, which was formed in the early days of the town.

Huntoon's History of Canton tells us that the fourteen-mile stone is not standing, the author believing, when he compiled the history, that the stone lay buried beneath a modern wall.

The fifteen-mile stone stands in front of the Roman Catholic Cemetery in Canton and opposite the meeting house of the First Congregational Parish. We cannot learn who placed it there, for the inscription merely reads—

B
15
M

Two miles further on the same road in Canton is a stone which bears the inscription—

B 17
M
1736
N L

This stone was set by Nathaniel Leonard, and is the first one placed in the town.

At the junction of Roxbury and Centre streets, Eliot Square, Roxbury, at which point the last two lines of milestones begin, we find the famous Dudley "Parting Stone." It bears on its faces the three inscriptions—

DEDHAM
RHODE
ISLAND

THE
PARTING STONE
1744
P DUDLEY

CAMBRIDGE
WATERTOWN

It is a satisfaction for antiquarians to know that this stone was saved from threatened destruction a few years ago, and that it will now be preserved for many years to come by the Boston authorities.

Centre street, on which we trace the next line of stones, runs through Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, Roslindale and West Roxbury to Dedham and beyond. The road was laid out as early as 1662, and was once called "The Middle Post Road from Boston to Hartford." The stones which we find on this ancient road were set by Judge Dudley, and four of them are in place to-day.

The three-mile stone is at the corner of Centre street and Highland avenue, just beyond Eliot Square, and is inscribed—

BOSTON
3 MILES
1729

It is one mile distant from the former location of Judge Sewall's two-mile stone on Boston Neck.

Proceeding on Centre street, we find one mile further, opposite Creighton street, the four-mile stone, a small one, set in a retaining wall. It is marked—

B. 4
1735

The five-mile stone stands at the corner of Centre and Eliot streets, Jamaica Plain, and is the largest and finest of all the Dudley stones. It is about four feet high, almost three feet wide and quite symmetrical. It is, moreover, the only one on which a title is affixed to the name of the man who placed it. The inscription reads—

5 Miles
Boston
Townhouse
P Dudley Esqr
1735

The six-mile stone is opposite Allandale street, Jamaica Plain, and, like the five-mile stone, is large and well proportioned. It is marked—

6 miles
Boston
1735 P D

This is the last stone standing on this route, with one exception; fourteen miles further on, we find in Walpole the Ezekiel Robbins stone, of which mention has been already made in this paper.

Starting again at the Parting Stone in Eliot Square, Roxbury, we find the fifth and last line of milestones on the ancient road to Cambridge and Watertown. We find the road to-day in the following avenues and streets: Roxbury street, Columbus avenue, Tremont street and Huntington avenue, Boston; Washington and Harvard streets, Brookline; Harvard avenue, Franklin and North Harvard streets, Brighton; and, crossing the Charles River, Boylston street, Cambridge, to Harvard Square in that city.

The three-mile stone on this route should be on Roxbury street, just beyond Eliot Square, but it has disappeared.

As we walk the next mile, we see a milestone on Tremont street, just beyond Roxbury Crossing, which is one of the Worcester Turnpike stones. It is set in the retaining wall in front of the Comins School and is inscribed—

To Boston
Line 1 M
1810

While considering this line of stones, I will speak of another one

which is to be seen at the corner of Boylston and Warren streets, Brookline. It is of similar design and size and was placed in the same year. It is inscribed—

To Boston
Line 3 M
1810

This stone is not in its proper location, it being evidently placed in its present position by the authorities of Brookline to ensure its preservation. It stands in a triangular plot of town land at the intersection of the above named streets.

Returning to the line of milestones we are considering, we find the four-mile stone in front of the grounds of the House of the Good Shepherd, on Huntington avenue, Roxbury. It is a Dudley stone and is marked—

[B]OSTO[N]
4 MILES
1729
P D

The five-mile stone is now permanently placed on the lawn of the Harvard Congregational Church of Brookline. It bears the inscription—

BOSTON
5 MILES
1729
P D

This stone was formerly on the opposite side of the street, and it was largely by the efforts of the Brookline Historical Society that it was placed in its present appropriate position.

The six-mile stone should be near the corner of Harvard street and Commonwealth avenue, Brighton, but it has disappeared from sight.

The seven-mile stone is in front of the North Harvard Street Primary School, Brighton. To preserve it, the Boston authorities have had it set in a brick wall, surmounted by flagstone. It is marked—

BOSTON
7 MILES
1729
P D

A walk of a mile carries us to Harvard Square, Cambridge, and there in the ancient burying-ground where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," we find a milestone which is the last one we shall consider in this paper. It was set up in 1734, and supplements the line of stones which Judge Dudley placed five years earlier, and which we have just studied. It bears two inscriptions, the one on the face fronting on Harvard square reading—

BOSTON
8 MILES
1734
A I

When the first West Boston Bridge was built the following inscription was cut on the opposite face of the stone—

CAMBRI[DGE]
NEW BRIDG[E]
2¼ MILES
1794

This stone was placed by Abraham Ireland of Cambridge on the east side of the first Middlesex County Court House, which stood in the middle of Harvard Square. The stone narrowly escaped destruction when removed from this location, and it then stood for some years in front of Dane Hall, then occupied by the Harvard Law School. After a second rescue from demolition, it was placed in its present location.

Abraham Ireland died in 1753 and lies buried in the burying-ground near where his milestone stands to-day. His gravestone bears the following inscription, which is a fair specimen of the mortuary poetry of the eighteenth century:

“ God brought him from a distant land
And did preserve him by his mighty hand.
God blessed him with old age and a great posterity.
Pray God to give them Grace to fly to Christ!
To prepare them for great Eternity.”

It is not possible in a brief paper, to speak of all the milestones to be seen at the present time in Greater Boston. There are scattered stones in Boston, Quincy, Milton and other towns which I have not mentioned, and occasionally I am told of others in various parts of Eastern Massachusetts.

You have, however, learned that there are still standing a goodly number of these interesting relics of provincial days; most of them now receive watchful care and will probably be preserved for many years.

It is appropriate to close with a quotation from Alice Morse Earle's delightful book entitled, "Stage Coach and Tavern Days." The words of the quotation were often used almost two centuries ago to induce travelers to patronize some particular stagecoach route; they are, "This Elegant Road is fully Set with well cut Mile stones."

CHARLES F. READ.

BOSTON.

“THE EMBATTLED FARMERS.”

MILITARY preparedness of Massachusetts on April 19, 1775, has rarely been properly stated. We read how two battalions of eight hundred picked troops of the British army in Boston went out secretly by night to destroy some military stores at Concord, how they soon were warned by the ringing of church bells and the firing of alarm guns that the country was roused and would spare no effort to baffle General Gage's carefully prepared plan; how they found a company of Minute Men awaiting them on Lexington Green, having been warned of the British approach by pickets posted well out on the Boston road; how, after a brief skirmish, the column pushed rapidly on toward Concord, where they found few stores to destroy, most of them having been removed; how they beheld a threatening cloud of Minute Men gathering on the hill across the river; this and the skirmish at the North Bridge convinced the British commanders that a retreat was necessary and without delay. We read, not without patriotic exultation, how terribly those Minute Men harassed that retreat, so that by the time the British troops reached Lexington—only six miles from Concord—their retreat had become a run; that they had nearly used up their ammunition, had been obliged to abandon their killed and wounded, were utterly exhausted; and that nothing saved them from surrender but the timely arrival of Percy's brigade of twelve hundred men and two field pieces; that when they resumed their retreat towards Boston, the Minute Men gathered strength every mile and made a gallant well-conducted fight at Menotomy; and finally that Lord Percy barely escaped losing his entire command by changing his line of retreat to the road over Charlestown Neck, where troops had been sent to cover his retreat to the ferry from Charlestown to Boston.

This brief summary of facts is known to every school boy; but to the thinking man arises the conviction that there must have been an effective military organization to account for such a disaster to two

thousand highly-disciplined troops under an officer so skilful as Lord Percy; that these "embattled farmers"—as they have been picturesquely described—must have had competent and skilful commanders.

Nay, more convincing of a strong military organization is the fact that not only companies, but regiments of Minute Men were concentrated at Cambridge to the number of 12,000 men within three days, and that they were kept supplied with food by their respective towns, there being no commissariat yet established. Even the night of April 19 we find General Heath stopping the pursuit across Charlestown Neck and encamping his troops between Cambridge Common and Winter Hill on a line of easily defended heights with a well-ordered strong picket line extending to Charlestown Neck.

It was no accidental or sudden uprising of individuals or even of a community; it was military discipline, not individual impulse, which accomplished this. All day long the news had been carried from town to town of the march of the invader; at noon it had reached Worcester to the west and Amoskeag to the north—some fifty miles; by sundown the Minute Men were marching by companies and by regiments to Cambridge from the north and from the west; it was not a tumultuous march as a mob, but an orderly march of troops equipped for battle, under officers to whom the men gave military obedience.

Let us recall that from the settlement of Massachusetts every able-bodied man between sixteen and sixty had been enrolled as liable to military service; that every town was obliged to maintain a military company duly organized with its proper officers; that there was a training field set apart in every town for the drill of the town company; that every company had its company clerk, who was responsible for the company property and accounts; that every company was obliged, at stated times, to drill on the town training field, and that every town was obliged to keep a town powder house for the town's stock of powder. Inasmuch as there was a series of wars with the Indian tribes and with the French and Indians of Canada for a century and a half before the Revolution, every man was more than merely liable to be ordered under arms; and further that, within twenty years, Massachusetts had actually in service in the "Old French War" one-third of her men of military age; that

thus the New England people had been under military discipline for several generations, and had thus become (to use the words of one of our foremost Civil War generals) “the most martial, but the least military people on earth.”

The company books of many companies of the Revolutionary War, which have been published in whole or in part, give us the exact work of the company day by day; the parade and countersign, the details for fatigue duty, the details for outpost and guard duty, and those present for duty and those on the sick list; in a word, that day's record of the company; kept by the company clerk as accurately as in the regular army. This was the company organization throughout New England, and it made the company the military unit, complete in itself and an inseparable part of the life of every town.

There was no West Point then for the education of officers; but the old London system of train bands seems to have been the model adopted in New England; and the establishment in Boston of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company marks the establishment of a military training school, composed of officers of the various town companies. It was impracticable when the country was new to have the town companies properly organized as regiments and drilled in regimental camps. But before the Revolution the town companies were organized as county regiments, the field officers being elected by the company officers in a manner similar to the election of company officers by their men.

We have an admirable account of the practical working of this military organization in Governor Washburn's “History of Leicester,” his native town. His grandfather was captain of the Leicester Minute Company, and Governor Washburn evidently related facts which he personally had gathered from his father, and those who had them at first hand. The Boston Port Bill went into effect June 1, 1774, and General Gage removed the seat of government to Salem, sending out orders for the election of a new House of Representatives to meet on October 5, 1774. The people of Worcester County called a convention which met September 21, to concert measures, among which were instructions for the representatives to meet at Concord as a Provincial Congress in the event of General Gage revoking his orders for a special session of the General

Court at Salem on October 5. Anticipating such revocation, the Worcester County Convention divided Worcester County into seven military districts, known as the "Seven Regiments," and recommended the towns to choose their company officers, who, in turn, should choose their regimental field officers; also that the company officers of the "Minute Companies" should meet at Worcester on October 17 and "proportion their regiments and choose their field officers."

It is said that Colonel William Henshaw of Leicester, a veteran of the French War, who was a member of the previous county convention held at Worcester August 9, 1774, was the first to propose the measure which was so readily adopted by the militia of Massachusetts; to form companies of "Minute Men," so called because they were to hold themselves ready to march at a minute's warning if the British should show any demonstration to coerce the province by military force. He was made colonel of the "First Regiment" of Minute Men raised in Worcester County, made up of the minute companies of the towns of Worcester, Leicester, Spencer, Holden and Paxton.

Governor Washburn says of the Minute Company of Leicester: "So intent were the members of this volunteer company in the necessary preparation for active service that they hired a drill officer, who had been in the regular army, to train them, meeting weekly or oftener for drill—and for several days before April 19, 1775, doing so daily; so that when the alarm reached Leicester of the march of the British to Lexington, every man was found ready to move literally at a minute's notice."

Colonel William Henshaw, commanding the First Worcester Minute Regiment, upon hearing of the march of the British to Lexington—about noon of Wednesday, April 19,—ordered his field officers and the company officers with their companies to report to him at Worcester at ten o'clock that Wednesday night. Before twelve o'clock the regiment was on its march to Cambridge.

Let us now turn to the Minute Company of Leicester, whose answer to the summons is so graphically described by Governor Washburn:

"Early in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th of April, a horseman rode furiously through the little village of Leicester of that day;

and, stopping for a moment in front of the blacksmith shop of the captain of the Minute Company (Captain Seth Washburn), announced in a hurried voice: ‘The war has begun! The regulars are marching to Concord!’ and then he rode on to carry the alarm to the towns west of Leicester. He stopped for no explanation; nor was any needed. The captain threw down the ploughshare upon which he was at work, seized his musket which stood beside him, ready-loaded for the purpose, rushed into the street and discharged it. The signal was understood and, without waiting for orders, the appointed messengers were at once on the way to arouse the men of the company, many of them three or four miles from the place of parade and at work on their farms. Before four o’clock every man of the company was on the Common by the meeting-house, ready to answer the rollcall. Not one of them had a uniform; they had hastily changed their working clothes, seized their guns with their powder horns and bullet pouches; and on foot or on horseback they had come by short cuts and across fields the sooner to reach the appointed place of meeting on the Common.

“It was about an hour and a half before sundown when the company began its march. ‘I need not tell you,’ said an eye-witness to me, ‘that that was a solemn night to the people of Leicester. Soon after Captain Washburn’s “minute company” had left they were followed by Captain Newhall’s “standing company” (i. e., the regular town company); soon after dark we heard the Spencer company pass; before morning the company from Brookfield followed them. Lights shone from the windows along the highway; not an eye closed that night in town.”

Thus we know just what a company of minute-men was: that it was a regularly organized company of trained soldiers, with its three company officers, and its sergeants and corporals; that every enlisted man had signed enlistment articles and was amenable to military law; that these companies were organized into regiments, commanded by a colonel, lieutenant colonel and major, and subject to their orders.

In addition to their regular pay from the Province when called into the field, each man in a minute company received a bounty of six shillings for keeping himself ready for marching at a minute’s notice; and further,

their "Province pay" commenced the moment they left home, and continued until their return home. They were, in fact, the flower of the Provincial troops, drilled for special service.

Thus the popular legend of a sudden uprising of the people in mass—of the "embattled farmer" leaving his plough in the furrow and rushing into battle as boys run to a fire, every man for himself—may be highly romantic, but there is not a particle of truth in it. Before a helter-skelter mob of that kind the British regulars need have had no fear, for a mob has no cohesion and concerted action is impossible, however brave its individual members may be.

The minute company of fifty men was found to be no mean antagonist to the best grenadier company of Gage's army in Boston, whether on the 19th of April or on the 17th of June, 1775. It is true that the minute-man was no match for the grenadier in the open field, where highly trained troops have the advantage of manœuvring in masses with celerity and precision, but behind earthworks field manœuvres are impossible, and the minute-man by his very individuality became by his company organization more than the equal of the British grenadier.

HORACE N. FISHER.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

Read before the Bunker Hill Monument Ass'n, 1909.

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALLEY, HAWLEY, PYKE, ETC.

(*Eighth Paper*)

MR. R. J. Beevor says, January 3, 1909: "I recently wrote to the rector of Cheddleton, Staffs, where you may remember Humphry Halley (*ob.* 1596) appears to have resided, but I heard from him that the extant Cheddleton register does not go further back than 1690."

Unless, therefore, some new way opens, it is difficult to see how the ancestry of Dr. E. Halley, the astronomer, can be carried back any further than was done in *The Genealogist* (London), new series, for July, 1908.

Some remarks on the personal appearance of the astronomer's father, E. Halley, Sen. (*ob.* 1684) are given in *The Genealogist* for October, 1908, vol. 25, pp. 143-144 (? *et. seq.*).

A few new facts about the Tooke and Halley families appeared in *Notes and Queries*, London, for January 23, 1909, tenth series, vol. XI., pp. 64-65.

Burke's "Commoners" (London, 1838), vol. 4, page 85, under "Bodenham of Rotherwas," mentions Thomas Bodenham, Esq. (living 1634), whose daughter, Blanche, married after 1634, Edmund Hawley.

Ibid., vol. 4, p. 260: Elizabeth Oliphant, daughter of Sir Laurence Oliphant of Gask, married (*circa* 1670?) Gavin Drummond of Belliclone. The latter was mentioned in the first series of these extracts.

In "Wills from Doctors' Commons, 1495-1695" (Cambridge Society publications, vol. 83) appears the name of one Edmund Hawley who may, perhaps, have been identical with his namesake above mentioned.

The writer's paternal grandfather, the late Judge John Mountain McPike (1795-1876), dictated, *circa* 1868-1870, to his son, Hon. Henry Guest M'Pike (afterwards Mayor of Alton, Ill.), certain genealogical memoranda which were at once reduced to writing and carefully preserved by the latter, who caused duplicate transcripts thereof to be made, *circa* January 1, 1888. One of these, signed by Henry Guest M'Pike, the writer's father, was handed by him to the writer in 1896, and was subsequently deposited in the museum of the Newberry Library, Chicago (catalogue No. 89030; case II., 31-2). The manuscript was further supported by a sworn affidavit by Henry Guest M'Pike, dated 23 Nov., 1899, reproduced in photographic facsimile, and one of the facsimiles was deposited in the Newberry Library (catalogue No. E-7-M-239). The original manuscript relates chiefly to the families of McPike, Guest and Dumont. It contains, among many other items, the following:

" . . . McPike from Scotland, m. to Miss Haley (or Haly) from England; she was granddaughter of Sir Edmund Haley (astronomer) England. Children were: James M'Pike, Miss — M'Pike. Miss M'Pike married a M'Donald of Ireland."

"Capt. James M'Pike, Scotch, from England, 1772, to U. S., Baltimore. . . . Served seven years with Washington, under Col. Howard and Gen. Little [?] of Baltimore, Maryland. Also under command of Gen. Lafayette. Capt. James M'Pike married Martha Mountain."

We shall hereinafter comment on the foregoing tradition, which it will be observed is more minutely circumstantial than usual in such cases and has been well preserved. There is another oral tradition, however, which was not reduced to writing, so it seems, until about 1898. Its principal authority seems to rest with the late Mrs. Louise Wilkinson of Perry County, Missouri, who was a daughter of Richard McPike (born 1791), the second son of the aforesaid James McPike. This tradition purports, in substance, to say that one Pike, an educated Scotchman, who had been or afterwards became a linen merchant, held, at one time, a minor commission of some kind in the service of the Stewarts in Edinburgh, and that, in fact, he married a Miss Stewart of Edinburgh,

by whom he had one child, a son, supposed to be identical with the aforesaid James McPike; furthermore, that the son was placed under the care of one McDonald, and finally sent to Dublin, Ireland, to acquire a thorough military education. It is added that the surname was changed from Pike to McPike about the time of the birth of the said son (? circa 1751) and that the son emigrated to America when quite young, not more than twenty-one years of age, if that.

This last tradition is so vague and unsatisfactory that the writer has never made any serious effort to prove or disprove it, except so far as necessary to give it consideration during researches relating to the more obvious connection between the Halley and Pyke families. We have shown that the McPike family, as such, seems to belong to Ireland, although it may be Scotch-Irish. We have also shown that several English Pikes or Pykes settled in Ireland. It is quite possible that James McPike did not belong to the McPike family, but, on the contrary, he may have been a member of the Pyke or Pike family. It will be noted that his family surname, according to tradition, was Pike (not McPike) before 1750. This may be a point of minor importance (owing to the etymological relationship between the two surnames), and it must be admitted that no example of the surname McPike before 1750 has yet been discovered.

The attempted solution of the puzzle here presented has been the subject of numerous notes printed in genealogical periodicals in England, Scotland and the United States (we might add: Ireland, as well), since 1897. The first printed reference to the question was made in the *American Historical Register*, new series (vol. I., No. 2, pp. 167-170), for April, 1897. Among other notes, one giving some details appeared in *Notes and Queries*, London, ninth series (vol. XI., pp. 205-206), and a collection of "Remarks on Dr. E. Halley" was deposited in the British Museum, London (press-mark 10882 K. 25). It is high time, therefore, to collate all these traditions and facts, so as to present them, at last, in concise form. The problem involved happens to contain some points of interest beyond the scope of merely private family history.

During the researches made, some documentary evidence was found and duly published which clearly established an association and a rela-

tionship between the family of the astronomer, Dr. Edmond Halley (1656-1742), and the family of Pyke, in London and Greenwich. All this evidence can be found through the citations already given in this series of "Extracts." Dr. Halley's own cousin, Francis Halley, married (? circa 1690) Eleanor Pyke, daughter of Richard Pyke, poulterer, of London. Her brother, William Pyke, of Greenwich, in his will, dated 1727, mentions his cousin Archibald Bruce (see *Notes and Queries*, London, for July 20, 1907, pages 44-45). The well-known connection between the families of Bruce and Stewart needs no comment here. However, coincidences are astonishingly frequent, and one must not jump at conclusions. We find also that one Isaac Pyke, Esq., of Greenwich, late governor of Saint-Helena, in his will (dated Jan. 5, 1730) mentions "Dr. Halley, the professor," which, no doubt, means the second Astronomer Royal at Greenwich.

When coincidences pile up, one upon another, it is very difficult for any but an experienced genealogist to keep his mind free from such influence. Nothing less than absolute proof or, at least, complete historical proof is satisfactory. We even find documentary evidence of relationship between certain families of Halley and Stewart or Stuart, but this is not conclusive.

We have endeavored to present quite impartially, but with some detail, the origin and the present status of this puzzling problem.

It should be added that no evidence whatever has been found indicating the existence of a military academy in Dublin during the last half of the eighteenth century (1750-1800), but, perhaps, the traditional military education acquired there by Capt. James McPike may relate to service in some regiment then stationed in that vicinity. The military records of Capt. James McPike in America were briefly reviewed in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, vol. 34, pp. 55-56, and again (with new facts) in the *MAGAZINE OF HISTORY*, New York, for March, 1908 (vol. 7, pp. 166-169). His descendants were, in part, recorded in a book entitled "Tales of Our Forefathers," Albany, New York, 1898, which was supplemented by an article in the "*Old Northwest*."

Some further effort to solve the problem will be made by seeking

more documentary evidence in the Old World. However, it is desirable to discover, also, if possible, the official record of the marriage of James McPike and Martha Mountain (? *circa* 1789), probably in New Jersey or Pennsylvania, although perhaps in Maryland or Virginia. The name of "McPike" occurs several times in the published "Pennsylvania Archives."

The Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., kindly supplies the following information from the Chief Bibliographer:

" . . . In John O'Hart's 'Irish Pedigrees,' 4th edition, Dublin, 1887, vol. I., page 91, is a foot-note to the account of the Hally family (anglicized Halley) and reads as follows: 'It is worthy of note that the celebrated astronomer Halley was a descendant of this family, who were hereditary physicians in Ireland.' "

The present writer would be very grateful for any information as to the authority or evidence upon which O'Hart based the above statement.

Several references to the Haley, Hall, Halley, Haly, Hawley and Hayley families appear in "The Irish and Anglo-Irish Landed Gentry, when Cromwell came to Ireland," by John O'Hart, Dublin, 1884, pages 390-391; also to the families of "Hally" and "Haly" (*ibid.*, pp. 82-83) and the family of "Healey" (*ibid.*, pp. 87-88). Some of the Christian names which appear might, perhaps, be considered suggestive; for example, "Edmond," "Francis," "James," and "Richard."

Mr. J. G. Bradford, of 1, Blandford Villas, Queen's Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, England, inquires "about Mary Bradford of East Greenwich, Kent, widow, whose will was pr. in P. C. C. in 1749/50. She was the sister of Isaac Pyke, decd. whose will was pr. in P. C. C. by Mary Bradford, 1739; he describes himself as Governor of St. Helena & refers to his sister Mary Bradford and his nephew John Buffar."

"Frances Bradford of East Greenwich, spr., will pr. in P. C. C., by Mary Bradford, the mother and ex. who is referred to in the will

"In other lists it appears as Parker Hatley & Newman Hatley,—must be Hatley."

"1796 list,—John Pyke, Coachmkr. Livery (Long-Acre, Drury Lane); Thomas Pyke, Musician Livery (Fore St., Cripplegate)."

"1768 Livery List has Wm. Cooper in Weaver's Livery (manufacturing in the Poultry, City)."

1722 has "James Pike, in the Weaver's Livery (no address printed, 1722)."

Some data on the Halley, Pyke, Parry, and Tooke families appeared in *Notes and Queries*, London, for January 23, 1909 (tenth series, vol. XI., pp. 64-65).

"John Parry of H. M. S. *Achille* [*sic*], gent., 21, bachelor, and Ann Miall, of Portsea, 21, spinster; at Portsea [Portsmouth] 23 Jan., 1800." (Cf. "Allegations for Marriage Licenses in Hampshire, in the Registry of the Bishop of Winchester," vol. II., page 95; Harleian Society publications, vol. 36, London, 1893.)

"Robert Parrey, of Portsea, gent., 21, bachelor, and Ann Bremer, of Bath, co. Somerset, 21, spinster; at Portsea, 22 April, 1803" (*ibid.*).

The "Calendar of Marriage Licenses issued by the Faculty Office, 1632-1714" (British Record Society, London, 1905), contains, among many others, the following items:

1684, June 11—William Halley and Sarah Graygoose.

1697, May 10—John Parry and Mary Rogers.

1700, July 5—Nicholas Wright and Jane Farren, *wid.*

1708, June 23—John Parry and Mary Fitzwater.

1708, Sept. 13—John Parry and Dorothy Wentworth.

1708-9, Feb. 14—John Pike and Mary Lee.

1708-9, Feb. 18—John Halley and Sarah Randall.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

SOLUTION OF AN OLD HISTORIC MYSTERY

(Fourth Paper)

BUT the whole fabric of the court's and Gorges's vision vanished like a cloud city. Mason, the executive heart of the enterprise, died in November; a ship built to carry Gorges and his vice-court and his regiment of regulars to New England racked to pieces in launching; and Laud and his commissioners were so busy pulling their own house down about their ears that they never found time to attend to the colonies.

But what had the men of Massachusetts in mind when they made arrangements for war? Did they really imagine that their petty coast forts and few hundred militia would beat off the araments that had overrun France and defied the Armada? Endicott, it is true, was reckless and blindly fanatical enough for anything; but the remaining leaders were not, as is shown by their action regarding his mad folly in cutting the cross out of the English flag. I think their prevision that the war might last a year or more shows what was in their minds, and we are deeply concerned with it. England in the then condition of foreign politics could not dare, it was felt, to draw off any large percentage of its military and naval force to coerce the little colonies in America. The Thirty Years' War was desolating the heart of Europe, and in spite of themselves the government might at any time be drawn into it on the Baltic issue or the Channel issue. At this very moment Charles was pretending that a French-Dutch plot against English commerce made the assessment of ship-money necessary to build and equip a new fleet. All that Massachusetts would have to contend with, the leaders might think, would be a trivial force, which she might hope to harass and delay for a considerable time; if it finally gained possession of the coast villages, there was the vast inaccessible wilderness to which they could retreat if overborne, and starvation would compel the soldiers to a speedy withdrawal from the land. Before hope was past, the passive or active re-

sistance of their friends at home might tie the government's hands; and at the worst there were new lands on the Connecticut where they might "trek," and where armies hardly could or would follow them. These ideas might not be fully shaped, but something like them must have lain in embryo at the bottom of the leaders' minds.

And this brings us directly into relation with our Connecticut patentees. What were their ideas, after waiting since 1632, in choosing this extraordinary time for migration? The natural answer will be that the question is super-subtle. Three thousand Puritans in this very year came from England to Massachusetts, the heaviest accession in its early history: a considerable number removed from Massachusetts to the tempting meadows along the Connecticut, unaffected by political hopes or fears, and the appeals and reproaches of the Massachusetts magistrates made no mention of the obligation to stay and not weaken them for the coming contest: and there is no reason to suppose that Saltonstall and his companions had other motives and hopes or apprehensions than they. The sharpened tyranny and enforced conformity under the Laudian régime were simply making conditions in England intolerable and extinguishing all hope for Puritans as such, and they took their chances in the wilderness because so far off there was at least some possibility of evading the church authorities. Saltonstall wanted a more southerly climate than Massachusetts for his daughters, whose health had driven him back to England; Say and Sele was poor for a lord, and wished to make himself wealthier and more powerful; Heselrig was on fire with greed: and so on.

But again this is not fully satisfactory. The English emigrants in general were a miscellaneous host who came when they felt the grind or saw the opportunity: they made no choice of times. These of ours were a small group of very exceptional force, position, and resolution, who could choose their own time over the years, and who had almost certainly meant to come or send outriders in 1632, and did not do so until three years later with no better legal backing. Why they held back from the one resolve and embraced the other are questions which do not answer themselves, and are a part of our questions to be answered. As to Hooker and Haynes and the others who left Massachusetts in the heart of the trouble, it is obvious that a charge of desertion would not

only be too impudent to put into words, but even so, injudicious to record, and if their temper and ideas were anything like those which they transmitted to their actual or spiritual descendants, they thought the Massachusetts action pig-headed and childish, and considered their own chances much better out of it. Their method of securing what they wished was to avoid precisely such advertised defiance which would only pique the government into a struggle to the death; to promise, on the contrary, the most loyal obedience, and then do as they liked, trusting to distance to wear out the government with excuses. But our group of patentees was of a notably different make-up, and we cannot quite credit their acting upon the same motives.

A glance at their personality will afford significant help. What first strikes us in the group is the extraordinary militant as well as political leadership of its dominant portion. This comprises almost the same men as in Warwick's Providence Island company, except that Hampden in the one matches Oliver St. John in the other, a Roland for an Oliver most literally; but in the latter company, a pure mercantile speculation for profit, these are quite lost in the great crowd of merchants and adventurers, while in our case they and their immediate kin make up nearly the entire body. To read the list transports us at once to the very forefront of the Long Parliament and the Civil War: it is a beauroll of unsurpassed statesmen and soldiers. It is almost enough to say that of the famous five members of Parliament whose seizure Charles I. thought would end the revolt against his authority, three are on this list. Warwick the grantor, despite his jovial exterior, was a man of high temper and determination, ready for a duel; he became the Parliament's Lord High Admiral in the Civil War, and not a mere political shore-duty admiral, but who fought his fleet in person with courage and success. Of the original eleven, John Pym, "King Pym," though carefully avoiding a contest with the court till success was reasonably assured, —a very Connecticut trait,—was the uncompromising leader of the Commons from the Short Parliament on, begetter of the Grand Remonstrance, chief agent in bringing Strafford to the block, head of the five members, organizer of the irreconcilable revolt which followed. John Hampden, Cromwell's cousin, "the father of his country," was the protagonist of the ship-money contests, leader of the Commons next to

Pym, another of the five members, slain at the head of his regiment shortly after the outbreak of the war. William Fiennes, Lord Say and Selé, was a fearless, proud, intractable aristocrat, the very type of the great oligarchs who have led the march of progress through half of the ages and held it back the rest. In Venice he would have been a chief in the Council of Ten and a powerful doge. In England he was the leader of the Lords almost as much as Pym and Hampden were leaders of the Commons. His pole-star was the rights of his class, and he was equally determined not to have them menaced by a monarch or a populace. He refused to come to Massachusetts unless all the governors in the future were chosen from a hereditary aristocracy. But the monarch's tyranny chanced to be the immediate menace, and in England the rights of the aristocracy are inextricable from those of the Commons; and so for many years he fought for the general liberties against the Crown, and the ecclesiastical establishment as the agent and twin of the Crown, with unending contumacy on every subject and every occasion. He made the lives of the ship-money judges a burden because they would not try his case after deciding Hampden's, and he let his goods be distrained. In the Lords he was with one exception the sole root-and-branch member, advocating not only the thorough bridling of the king, but that of the Church. The exception was his younger companion Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, whose name is permanently linked with his in Saybrook: descendant of Harry Hotspur and of a brother of Warwick the Kingmaker; Scott's "fanatic Brook," who became a Parliamentary general and was killed in storming Lichfield cathedral. Richard Knightley was a hereditary Puritan; imprisoned for defying Charles' forced loan; close Parliamentary ally of Eliot, Pym, Hampden, and Heselrig, and his son married Hampden's daughter. He died before the outbreak of the Rebellion, but we may easily imagine what part he would have taken. Of the remaining six less actively martial, three represented and supported the same connexion—Warwick's son Robert and his second cousin Nathaniel, and Say's son Charles; while the other three were members and first or last magistrates of the not exactly tame Massachusetts Bay Company—Sir Richard Saltonstall, John Humphrey whose protest over the Massachusetts patent had oddly lost him the Connecticut patent, and Herbert Pelham, the promoter of Indian missions.

Of the four later members who signed Winthrop's commission, Sir Arthur Heselrig, who became Brooke's brother-in-law about 1633 or 1634, was a third of the five members. He was a man to whom conflict for his possessions, his ideas, or the ideas of more original companions who swayed him, was the breath of life; impetuous, turbulent, and somewhat bull-headed; apt to act first and think afterward. He, too, defied the royal measures, and pushed the bill of attainder against Strafford. In the war he raised and commanded a regiment of cuirassiers; was in many of the leading battles, and wounded in two; was governor of the northern districts in Cromwell's later campaigns, and relied upon by him before the deciding battle of Dunbar to cut off the Scotch retreat; but when Cromwell broke with the Parliament, he fought against him as fiercely as before he had fought for him. Henry Lawrence was Cromwell's kinsman and landlord, supporter of the Protectorate and of Richard Cromwell afterward. George Fenwick was a colonel in the North, military governor of Berwick (at first as Heselrig's deputy), and appointed one of the judges to try Charles I., though declining to act. I say confidently that no such body predominantly of bold and unflinching political and military leaders, mostly religious Puritans as well, can be found on any colonial patent in American history; nor anything approaching it.

Such a body was not collected by chance, nor was it primarily collected by the hope of profit. There were personal ambitions, even personal greeds and other natural desires; there were relationships and family solidarities: but on the whole they were men of high minds and spirits, willing to sacrifice much and to risk sacrificing all for their ideals in politics and religion. They were not drumming up colonists for a patented territory to which they did not care to go themselves, as with their semi-tropic islands off the Mosquito Coast, but were choosing a spot for their own permanent future. Now, that this mighty group proposed to settle in Connecticut without having at once a determination to remain settled there on their own terms, and a workable plan for accomplishing it, is to me incredible; and they were in the very thick of conditions from which they knew every move of the court, the preparations making to exterminate Puritanism and liberty from New England, and the Massachusetts resolve to fight. Very likely they did not consider war inevitable: that they thought it too probable a contingency not to calculate

for, intended to carry it through if it came, and considered the chances of success good, and that they looked on as not unlikely a hegira from Massachusetts which would rapidly build up Connecticut, I think there can be no reasonable doubt. If Dudley and Ludlow, Winthrop, the senior, and Cotton, and their associates in Massachusetts, were resolved to fight, it is rather improbable that Pym and Hampden, Say and Brooke, Heselrig and Knightley, were proposing to come to Connecticut and still let them fight alone; and it is even less probable that Winthrop the junior intended to let his father take part in a war while he himself held aloof from it, considering their sympathetic accord. John Winthrop's fort at the mouth of the Connecticut, and his one-year governorship, were contingently intended for something besides planting a few farmers and guarding them from Indians.

This is strikingly confirmed by the singular fact that, once the New England danger had gone by, while that in old England continued and intensified, the patentees, instead of hurrying away from the latter and thronging with their households and tenants into the former, as did the general crowd, seem to have lost their chief interest in the territory, and made no further push toward occupying it, on squatter tenancy or any other. They held their one seat for possible contingencies, but made no more foundations, and showed no signs of grudging, much less hindering, the settlement of others. They could not have hindered it, for they had not a shadow of legal claim; but they might have tried to share it, and could easily have done so. Had their first object been escape from English conditions, their conduct would have been the exact reverse of this. If they did not precisely think more of reinforcing their brethren than of gaining better conditions for themselves, at least they were very easily satisfied to bear the home burdens a while longer. As to the hermetically sealed patent, they used it rather to validate possession of what they had than to obtain more or harass others.

And now we have the full materials in our hands for relating the true story of the Warwick Patent. It is simplicity itself; scarcely so much a theory as a bare recital of known facts, up to the last item, and that follows irresistibly from the others. In 1632 Pym, Hampden, Say, Brooke, and the others, thought the English outlook discouraging for liberty of politics or religion, and determined to emigrate if a good spot

could be found with or near their Puritan brethren. Saltonstall gave a bad report of the Massachusetts climate, Morton and others a bad report of the Massachusetts government. More southerly, between Plymouth and the Dutch, was vacant territory reported also to have fertile river meadows, where there would be probably a better climate and certainly a better government, for they could make their own. Warwick agreed to secure them a patent for the part of it not conflicting with Dutch claims, and so involving an undesirable contest at the outset: that is, to the Connecticut, which making almost exactly the same 60-mile breadth as Gorges had taken for his own patent and accorded to Mason, there would, of course, be no question of allowing to him. He therefore had a patent drawn up for them in blank, only waiting for the Council's formal authorization to date and sign or seal it. But Gorges gave the great patents only where they would directly advance his own private ambition: he would consent only to thirty miles of breadth,—the same as he had given to his son,—or about to the Quinnebaug valley. Then the whole plan fell through on account of the Massachusetts patent, and the would-be patentees gave up the scheme, though the old blank was not destroyed.

Two years later the Laudian régime began, and the band, reinforced by several other kindred spirits and connections, once more thought of emigrating. This time they turned to Massachusetts as the best remaining choice; but its democracy, though not in or day looked upon as an extreme brand, was distasteful to Say at least, and he wrote to the colony asking if it could not be changed. No answer came (not for two years, in fact); and shortly afterward the men of Massachusetts were confronted with the prospect of undergoing what they had left England to avoid, and prepared for war. In February, the Gorges ring agreed to divide up its territory, which would patent the Connecticut lands to some one else. But if the whole issue was to be fought out in any event, whoever was first in the field would remain in ultimate possession if the fight were successful, patent or no patent; and the Massachusetts brethren could not be left unaided by such a fighting body, for their cause was the cause of all. There was still a chance of building the kind of society they desired, by enabling the success of the resistance either in the old territories or the new; and the war might not come. The Massachusetts leaders were privately advised of the intention, as is shown plainly enough

by Say and Sele's tone of injury in complaining later that the squatters from thence had "carved largely for themselves": there would be no point in the remark if he had not thought himself assured in advance that they would not. Indeed, the number of Massachusetts patentees in the company, and the younger Winthrop's engagement would sufficiently evidence it. Stiles was employed to begin a settlement, and Saltonstall sent a body of his own men with him: if questioned as to their rights by Dutch or Plymouth men, he was to declare that they had a Council patent for the lands—which was true with the trifling limitation that the Council had disallowed it. Stiles and later Barnabas Davis found the meadow lands on the river taken up, the only ones usable without a great work of clearing for which they had not means or time; their verbal assertion of a patent was scouted: and they returned home.

Meantime John Winthrop, the younger, had been engaged for a year to build and hold a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut, and secure primary possession of the valley above by the same declaration of the patent. The position, the slender fitness for settlement just then, the limitation of time, the knowledge when he was sent that his father might very likely be engaged in war before the year was out, all tend to confirm the views above on the motive of the expedition, as advance-guard of the Puritan leaders. But the coercion plans collapsed; the Connecticut lands were swarming with settlers who paid no attention to parole patents or the secret understandings of their chiefs: and since there was no longer need of helping Massachusetts and no chance of securing Connecticut (as we may call it), as the former would not abolish democracy and the latter could not be equipped with aristocracy, the group decided to stay in England and watch events. They could migrate to Massachusetts, the Mosquito Coast, or indeed Connecticut, at one time as well as another if worst came to worst. But they had invested money at Saybrook, and might as well hold that until they could recoup themselves. Under Lion Gardiner's management, and after the Pequots were destroyed, there seemed a good prospect of its flourishing, and Fenwick came over in person; most likely he brought with him a copy of the "patent," to read as a warrant to those not demanding a sight of it. A few years later, wanted for the Civil War, he sold out to Connecticut and went back to England. But there is no sort of doubt that he had already let the other New England magistrates into the

secret: his being made one of the two Connecticut commissioners in forming the Confederation, as agent of the patentees, and the assertion of the whole body that the patent had been "shown" when the Confederation was formed, are sufficient evidence of that. That it was nothing but the blank draft of the patent made in expectance of the Council's assent, and that its western limit was the Connecticut, are evidenced by his promise to make the jurisdictional title good to that point if possible. Had it extended to the Pacific as in our "copy," it is impossible to suppose that he would not have attempted to make it good at least to the Hudson, which Connecticut held as the irreducible minimum of necessity for a claim. I doubt if Connecticut really expected the fulfillment of the promise, but the grievance was worth £500, which was used to good purpose.

Doubtless, too, Fenwick left the colony a copy of his precious document when he went home. Governor Hopkins, perhaps one of the later "patentee" Company, may very well have been its custodian, and had it among his papers when he returned to England during Cromwell's time: the point is not of much importance, except as indicating once more how valueless the Connecticut officials considered it. During the entire life of the colony from 1635 to 1661, it comes to the surface but twice; once to make a pretext for admitting Fenwick into the direction of the United Colonies (the patentee body were potentially far too useful friends to slight), and once to justify holding Springfield to a colonial bargain. In neither case is any specification whatever given of the patent, or other than the briefest mention made of such an instrument as existing. But it *is* of importance that the other members of the Confederation cordially aided Connecticut in keeping the secret, and using the pretense of the patent to quell opposition when necessary; and upheld them in refusing to exhibit it,—a perfectly unthinkable performance on either part if it were really valid. But in truth, neither of the other colonies had anything to gain by embarrassing and angering Connecticut on this matter. The pretense was not keeping them out of anything they claimed, Connecticut had an honest occupancy right to its lands, and if a bogus deed eased its problems, good-fellowship and New England interests urged their standing together. Moreover, three of the patentees were Massachusetts magistrates or ex-magistrates, and the whole business from the first had been concerted with Massachusetts.

But when Charles II. acceded, a new difficulty arose. Connecticut wanted her own territory by a valid title; she also wanted New Haven in a less but important degree; further, she wanted the chance of westward extension which other colonial grants had given, either to settle or trade in or trade away. If she presented to the monarch no title at all, he might grant none, and in any case there was no guessing how much he would grant or in what form. His ideas must be guided by a draft of what they wished; and if it could be represented that it was what they had already, infinitely better and surer. The old blank patent, if a copy could be found, was well enough as to form, but it had three serious defects, two of them fatal. It only granted to the Connecticut, and thus would leave out all the settlements west of the river, as well as New Haven and the territories beyond New Amsterdam; it was perhaps unsigned, almost certainly unsealed and undated,—though Fenwick's copy may have had a date added,—and would harm instead of helping their cause; and even so, it was from the Council, and there might be awkward testimony from the survivors or successors or records of the Council that none had ever been granted. Three insignificant changes were therefore demanded: to extend the boundaries from the Connecticut to the Pacific, to make the grant from Warwick personally instead of as president,—he was dead, and would have cordially agreed had he been living,—and to affix a date anterior to the time when notoriously Warwick had withdrawn from the Council.

Then beyond doubt Connecticut regretted that the despised copy of the patent had not been kept, to study the needed changes. But as the next best thing, Winthrop was openly commissioned to find it, and privately instructed to have the necessary changes made. Some part of that famous £500 for which Winthrop was not required to account probably went to hire a first-rate lawyer, who could draw up a correct patent and keep his own counsel. It is usual to intimate—even Prof. Johnston broadly hints it—that it was meant and used for a bribery fund; but this is rather absurd—that amount would hardly have satiated one of Charles' esurient courtiers. Such a sum cannot have played any figure in the market for influence on a large scale. It was needed for hundreds of minor fees and tips and lubrications, but I think for legal fees also. However this may be, the plan succeeded to admiration :the King—as the

Connecticut authorities over and over proclaim, with a seriousness which may conceal an imaginable chuckle—"renewed" the Warwick patent, a fictitious copy of a non-existent original, itself of no value had it existed unless based upon a primary grant which never was made.

This conclusion will be extremely distasteful to some, as equivalent to saying that the later stage of the patent was forgery and all stages fraud. Even the intimation that Warwick had no grant from the Council on which to base the patent is indignantly repelled by one excellent Connecticut scholar, on the ground that Winthrop would not have been a party to a fraud, "even a pious one." But this is much too unworldly a view, and these brutalities of language becloud instead of clarifying our views of men's characters and action. To apply to statesmen or soldiers, in their official deeds, the vocabulary designed for self-seeking criminals, is not history, and in my judgment not ethics. Certainly Winthrop was a very honest and honorable man, and so was Washington; but neither would have heeded a code which denied the right to use a political or a military strategy to save or strengthen the life of a commonwealth or of an army, or would have considered the one as less legitimate than the other. And a more legitimate or harmless one than this, for a better purpose of public welfare, cannot be adduced. Fraud upon whom? Not those who had no title, for the reason that they had no title; not those who had a title, for it could not stand in their way an instant, and the users never supposed it could; not the King, who used it and was intended to use it only as a pattern, whose advisers pronounced it modeled after other colonial patents and unobjectionable, and who was quite at liberty to ignore it if he chose. And it seems to me to leave the legal as well as moral basis of the commonwealth's title much more instead of less satisfactory: based not on the paper permissions of a selfish ring with no real right in equity to dispose of the territory, nor even upon the good-will of a disinterested friend; but upon the outlay, the toil, the sacrifice, the blood, the aspirations and achievements of a band of high-hearted pioneers of civilization and religion, whose more self-seeking purposes were mastered by and merged in the honest purpose to build a new society for God.

FORREST MORGAN.

HARTFORD, CONN.

EARLIEST EXPLORATIONS FAR WESTWARD FROM LAKE SUPERIOR

GROSEILLIERS and Radisson, canoeing along the south shore of Lake Superior, on their second western expedition, in the autumn of 1659, were the first white men to navigate the length of this great lake and to travel beyond among the tribes of Northern Wisconsin and Northern and Eastern Minnesota. Their farthest exploration, in the late winter and spring of 1660, took them to the Prairie Sioux, probably going southwesterly past the site of Minneapolis and up the Minnesota River valley to the border of the vast prairie country, in the vicinity of New Ulm, and thence returning down the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, perhaps camping for a night within the limits of the present city of St. Paul. Ascending the St. Croix River, they came by laborious portages to Chequamegon Bay, their starting place on the southwestern shore of Lake Superior.

This journey extended no farther westward than the east half of Minnesota, to which these hardy pioneers of the fur trade appear to have come by another route a few years earlier (1655), during their first western expedition. They then came by the way of Lake Michigan and Green Bay, across southern Wisconsin, and up the Mississippi to Prairie island, above Lake Pepin, if I am right in its identification as their "first landing isle," where they spent more than a year with the exiled Hurons, who had fled there for safety from the fierce raids of the Iroquois.

The Jesuit *Relations* and *Journal* indicate only one year as the duration of their second western expedition, which would suffice for the narration of Radisson excepting a year that he gives to a fictitious description of travel to Hudson Bay and spending the summer there. He says that they returned to Lake Superior by another river, a different canoe route; but he makes no mention of seeing the Lake of the Woods or Lake Winnipeg either in going or returning.

Among many erroneous statements which brand Radisson's story

of the overland journey to Hudson Bay as false, the most absurd is his assertion concerning the remarkable heat of summer days in that northern country, of which he had perhaps received exaggerated ideas from the descriptions given by the Christino or Cree Indians. We are told that eggs can be cooked there by the heat of the beach sand, and that Radisson, in trying the experiment, left the eggs too long, so that they were boiled "as hard as stones."

Oldmixon in his "British Empire in America," published in 1741, wrote that these two French explorers, coming to the lake of the Assiniboines (Lake Manitoba or Lake Winnipeg), were thence conducted by the savages to Hudson Bay. Such claims were doubtless made by Groseilliers and Radisson, both in England and France, for the prestige to be thus obtained in proffering their services for sea expeditions and commerce in the Hudson Bay region; but no credence should be given to this part of Radisson's narration.

Professor George Bryce, the historian of Manitoba, well says: "Closely interpreted, it is plain that Radisson had not only not visited Hudson or James bay, but that he had a wrong conception of it altogether. He is simply giving a vague story of the Christinos."

Du Luth in 1679 explored the country from Lake Superior to Mille Lacs, in eastern central Minnesota, holding councils for the promotion of trade with the Indians; and in 1680 he rescued Hennepin and his companions, who, coming by the canoe route of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, had been taken captives by the Sioux of Mille Lacs. These explorations, like the travels of Groseilliers and Radisson, reached westward from Lake Superior scarcely more than a hundred miles.

The first printed description of parts of northwestern Minnesota is found in a quarto volume of 211 pages, published by Arthur Dobbs in London, 1744, entitled "An Account of the Countries adjoining to Hudson's Bay." Pages 29 to 45 contain a narrative by a French and Ojibway half-breed named Joseph LaFrance, who in 1740 to 1742 traveled and hunted with the Indians through northern parts of this state and in Manitoba, starting from the north side of Lake Superior at Grand Portage and finally coming at the end of June, 1742, to York Fort or Factory, on Hudson Bay at the mouth of the Hayes river.

He passed through Rainy Lake in the later part of April and early May, 1740, and stayed ten days at the Koochiching falls on the Rainy River near the outlet of this lake, where, for the purpose of fishing, the Moose band of Ojibways had "two great Villages, one on the North Side, and the other on the South Side of the Falls." These were respectively on or near the sites of Fort Frances, in the Province of Ontario, and International Falls, Minnesota.

The next ten days were occupied by the canoe journey down the river to "Lake Du Bois, or Des Isles" (the Lake of the Woods). Of the region through which this river flows he said: "The whole Country along its Banks is full of fine Woods, in which are great Variety of Wild-fowl and Beasts, as wild Beaver, Stags, Elk, Deer, &c., and the River and adjoining Lakes full of excellent Fish."

La France stayed a month on an island of the Lake of the Woods with the Ojibways of the Moose and Sturgeon bands, fishing and hunting. He next went down the Winnipeg River, portaging past about thirty falls or rapids, and arrived at Lake Winnipeg in September. The autumn was spent in hunting beavers with the Cree Indians east of this lake.

From the Indians he learned of Red Lake in Minnesota, but erroneously supposed it to be west instead of south of Lake Winnipeg, the description being as follows: "On the West Side of this Lake the Indians told him a River enter'd it, which was navigable with Canoes; it descended from Lac Rouge, or the Red Lake, called so from the Colour of the Sand; they said there were two other Rivers run out of that Lake, one into the Mississippi, and the other Westward, into a marshy Country, full of Beavers." This is our earliest descriptive notice of the Red River valley.

In the spring of 1741, La France made a canoe on Lake Winnipeg, and at the beginning of summer passed to the "Little Lake Quinipique," now called Lake Manitoba, west of which were the Assiniboines of the Meadows, that is, the Prairies. Farther north lived the Assiniboines of the Woods, perhaps meant for the Wood Crees; and southward were "the Nation of Beaux Hommes," and yet farther south, on the west side of the Lake of the Woods as shown on the accompanying map, were "the Sioux Indians."

During the summer and autumn of that year, La France canoed to "the Lake Du Siens . . . about 100 Leagues from the other." This was probably Rice lake in Minnesota, on the Wild Rice River near its sources, and about fifteen to twenty miles northwest of Lake Itasca. He described it thus: "The Lake Siens is but small, being not above 3 Leagues in Circuit; but all around its Banks, in the shallow Water and Marshes, grows a kind of wild Oat, of the Nature of Rice; the outward Husk is black, but the Grain within is white and clear like Rice; this the Indians beat off into their Canoes, and use it for Food." According to this identification, the "River Du Siens" of La France is our Red River; the fork mentioned by him is apparently at the mouth of the Wild Rice River; and the eastern tributary which he noted would be the Red Lake River, called "a rapid River from the Mountains [highlands east of the broad Red River valley], full of Falls, upon which the Nation Du Cris Panis Blanc inhabit, who are still a Tribe of the Christineaux [Crees]."

Referring to the eastern river, the narrative continues: "All the Country adjoining this River is full of Beavers. Here the Winter overtook him, and he was obliged to part with his Canoe, and travelled and hunted through that Country for six Months, in which Time he passed Northwards near 100 Leagues, but would have been much more, had he followed the Course of the River in Summer in his Canoe." He arrived at Lake Cariboux in March, 1742, whence the River Cariboux flowed northward, these being probably Lake St. Martin and the Dauphin River of to-day, east of the northern narrow part of Lake Manitoba.

Thence La France passed eastward to the larger part of Lake Winnipeg, north of its Narrows, which, however, not knowing it to belong to Lake Winnipeg, he called Lake Pachegoia. Of the Saskatchewan river he said: "The River De vieux Hommes runs from the West for about 200 Leagues, and falls into this Lake, . . . it has a strong Current and is always muddy, but there are no Falls upon it."

With a large company of the Cree Indians in a hundred of their small canoes, mostly carrying two men each, La France descended the Nelson and Hayes rivers, to York Fort, reaching it on the 29th of June, 1742. Like Radisson, who visited the Crees eighty years before, he much emphasizes the smallness of their canoes, as follows: "The In-

dians being obliged to go ashore every Day to hunt for Provisions, delays them very much in their Voyages; for their Canoes are so small, holding only two Men and a Pack of 100 Beaver Skins, that they can't carry Provisions with them for any Time. . . . A good Hunter among the Indians can kill 600 Beavers in a Season, and can carry down but 100, the rest he uses at home, or hangs them upon Branches of Trees, upon the Death of their Children as an Offering to them, or uses them for Beddings and Coverings."

The map in this volume, based largely, for the region west and northwest of Lake Superior, on the narrative of La France, is a very bungling, bizarre, and widely erroneous attempt to delineate the rivers and lakes described or mentioned by him. For example, it separates the southern and northern parts of Lake Winnipeg by a river communication of about four hundred miles, on which the lakes here identified as Lake Manitoba, Rice Lake, and Lake St. Martin, are placed in this order from south to north.

I am much indebted to Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, of Toronto, formerly of the Geological Survey of Canada, for directing my attention to this map and narration, with the result of thus bringing to the notice of geographers and historians this early and interesting account of various localities in northern Minnesota and Manitoba.

After the foregoing was written, another discussion of the journeyings of La France, by Lawrence J. Burpee, in his admirable work, "The Search for the Western Sea" (pages 222-233), published last year, was received and found to differ somewhat from my conclusions here stated. Weighing his reasons for the parts differently understood by him, I still think the lakes and rivers successively visited by La France to be here rightly identified, including his coming south in 1741 to the Rice Lake of northwestern Minnesota, renowned among the Indians of that region.

Several years before these random wanderings of La France, reported by Arthur Dobbs from conversations with him at York Factory, the prolonged westward explorations of Verendrye and his sons were begun in 1731, leaving Lake Superior by the way of Pigeon River and the series of lakes and streams continuing along the present northern

boundary of Minnesota. Fort St. Pierre, a trading post, was built at the mouth of Rainy Lake; Fort St. Charles on the west side of the Lake of the Woods, near its "Northwest Angle;" and other forts or trading posts on Lake Winnipeg and the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Rivers.

The chief sources of knowledge of the explorations by the Verendryes are the early French colonial documents, of which a large number relating to their numerous exploring expeditions have been collected and published by Pierre Margry, in the sixth volume of his "Discoveries and Settlements of the French in the West and in the South Parts of North America, 1614-1754, Memoirs and Original Documents." In this last volume of the series, printed in French at Paris in 1886, pages 583-632 narrate the Verendrye explorations. The most interesting and longest document of this group is in pages 598-611, containing the narration of the journey in 1742-43 by two of Verendrye's sons from the Saskatchewan river southwestward to the Missouri and thence southwestward to the Rocky Mountains. It is entitled "Journal of an Expedition made by the Chevalier de la Verendrye with one of his Brothers, for Discovery of a Passage to the Pacific Ocean; addressed to the Marquis de Beauharnois."

A very satisfactory manuscript discussion of the route of this farthest western expedition of the sons of Verendrye, crossing the Plains from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, with platting of the courses as narrated, has been supplied to the Minnesota Historical Society from a corresponding member, the late Captain Edward L. Berthoud, of Golden, Colorado. This manuscript was received through the kindness of another member, Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, of St. Paul, author of an important historical work in two volumes, "The Trail of Lewis and Clark."

Captain Berthoud, following the narrative in the Margry Papers, shows that quite surely the Verendrye sons came, by southwest and south—southwest marching, from the villages of the Mandans on the Missouri river to the Big Horn Mountains. They first got a distant view of the mountains, as the Journal given by Margry tells us, on New Year's Day of 1743. On January 21, in a great war party of the Indians of the Plains for attacking their hereditary enemies, the Shoshone or Snake Indians, at one of their great winter encampments, the Verendryes

reached the foot of the mountains, which, as the Journal says, "are for the most part well wooded, and seem very high."

If they went, in this war raid, around or alongside the north end of the Big Horn range, they may have passed beyond the Big Horn River, coming to the Shoshone camp near the stream now known as Shoshone River, tributary to the Big Horn from the west, so that the mountains near whose base was the camp of the Snake Indians would be the Shoshone Mountains, close southeast of the Yellowstone Park. Probably their extreme advance, to the Snake Indian camp, was somewhere in the foothills of the lofty and extended Big Horn range; and if they went beyond that range, I think that it was only to the Shoshone Mountains.

The general route of the return was eastward to the Missouri River, as narrated in the Journal, and thence northward up the west side of the Missouri, to the Mandan villages, from which the expedition had started. This part of the journey is not considered in Captain Berthoud's manuscript. Both the outward march and the route of the return are well discussed by Parkman in his "A Half Century of Conflict," published in 1892. Volume II, in pages 29-58, with a sketch map of the routes going to the Rocky Mountains and returning east to the Missouri, as recorded in the Journal printed by Margry, gives a very vivid account of this whole expedition.

When the Verendryes reached the Missouri on the return, a cairn monument was erected by them on some hill or point of the bluffs overlooking that great stream, and a leaden plate, commemorating the expedition, was buried. This locality was somewhere near the present south boundary of South Dakota, about a month's travel below the Mandan villages. It would be a most interesting discovery if this plate of lead, "bearing the arms and inscription of the king," could be found. Its burial was unknown to the Indians, who were merely told that the cairn was built as a memorial of the coming of these Frenchmen to their country.

WARREN UPHAM.

MINOR TOPICS

THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF "WARNING OUT"

Josiah H. Benton, LL. D., chairman of the trustees of the Boston Public Library, read a paper at the April monthly meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. "Warning Out," was the subject, a custom in vogue in this State for one hundred and thirty-five years, although many have never heard of its existence. Mr. Benton prefaced his paper with the statement that Major Joseph Bellows of Walpole, N. H., was an accomplished officer, a man of force and character, of charming social instincts, and the father of Henry Adams Bellows, who became one of the most eminent men in New England, received the degree of LL. D. from Dartmouth College, and was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. Major Bellows with his family went from Walpole, N. H., to Rockingham, Vt., in 1813, and the first attention paid to him and his family by the town was to serve upon him the following summons, now on the town records:

STATE OF VERMONT,

WINDHAM COUNTY SS.

To either constable of Rockingham in the county of Windham.

Greeting—You are hereby required to summon Joseph Bellows and Mary Bellows his wife and George Bellows, Henry A. Bellows and Fanny A. Bellows, their children, now residing in Rockingham, to depart s'd Town.

Hereof fail not, but of this precept & your doings herein due return make according to law.

Given under our hands at Rockingham this 30 day of May 1813.

Jonathan Barron, Sam'l W. Pulsipher, Elias Olcott,
Selectmen of Rockingham.

"The purpose of 'warning out,'" said Mr. Benton, "was to pre-

vent anyone from getting a settlement in the town. He could pay taxes, perform all the duties of citizenship, but could never have a claim against the town. It originated in the right of the town to exclude those whom the town did not want. At the common law of Germany, of England, of New England, nobody could lawfully come into a town without the consent of the town. This right was exercised very generally, very fully, for a hundred years. It began in New England with the settlement of the towns. In 1638 in Connecticut nobody could be admitted who was not admitted by the major part of the town. The custom was universal in New Hampshire as early as 1641. It was established in the first settlement of Massachusetts in 1630. In Rhode Island there was the same theory that no one could come in without the consent of the inhabitants, and it was sometimes put into the covenants of the settlers. The reason for this is found in the tithings and the hundreds and the townships of England, where all the inhabitants were responsible for the conduct and support of each of the inhabitants. We find a trace of it to-day in the responsibility of towns for damage done by riot. Another trace curiously enough is found in New England in the law that the property of an inhabitant of a town may be taken in execution of judgment against a town.

These people found themselves with this responsibility, and therefore sought to keep out people they did not want. They had a title to do it in their ownership of the land, which came in grants from the Crown to the town, and then to the inhabitants. They had to give the newcomer a part of the ungranted lands. They enforced their right by providing that no landholder should sell land to the newcomer. They imposed fines on the people who sold, and made the sales void. Then they found that people came who did not buy land, but who were lodged by inhabitants, and they fined those who entertained them. There are numerous records of this. So they provided that if persons thus entertained needed support, those who had entertained them should support them.

These methods failing to stop people from coming into towns, some of these people came to need support and it was claimed the towns should relieve their necessities as the towns had permitted them to be there. The towns replied that they were not inhabitants, and contested. Then

the colonies began to pass laws which were the beginning of our poor laws, providing that if any person had been entertained in a town three months the town should be liable if they came to need, unless the newcomer had meantime been warned to depart. Soon after this period was extended to twelve months; in Massachusetts in 1692, Plymouth in 1671, Connecticut in 1669, New Hampshire in 1679, and Vermont in 1779. Rhode Island had no warning-out laws. These statutes existed in different forms until the system broke down, as such a system inevitably would, and acts were passed providing how settlements could be obtained in towns. In Massachusetts in 1794, in New Hampshire in 1796, Connecticut in 1796 and Vermont in 1817. In Massachusetts the warning existed 135 years, in Maine 103 years (during that period while it was part of Massachusetts), in Vermont 38 years, in New Hampshire 117 years, and in Connecticut 127 years.

This kind of warning out must not be confounded with the notices to idle and vicious persons to depart. Such persons were removed, by force if necessary, and punished by whipping if they came back. It was exercised in some parts of New England very generally. Some towns authorized selectmen to warn out at their discretion; very many warned out everybody. That was the case with Bellows. In Newbury, Vt., 126 persons were warned out at once. In Lexington, Mass., all newcomers were warned out within a year after they came in. There was a great movement all through New England after the Revolution, especially the river towns. The towns were poor and could not afford to take the chances of supporting town charges. So they warned everybody out, although in doing so they warned out many whom they wished to have remain.

There are some advantages to-day from this practice. These records are a census of the newcomers and tell when a person moved into a town. They give the names of members of the family, and supply genealogical data that could not be supplied in any other way. These records are accurate and do not rely on tradition, and have a decided and permanent interest for all who are in any way concerned with genealogical matters.—*Boston Transcript*.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY APPEAL

To Non-Slave holders of the South.

(This interesting document, of the most violent character, was written by Lysander Spooner, and published anonymously in the late 50's. A few extracts will give a sufficient idea of its nature.) "OUR PLAN THEN IS—1. To make war (openly or secretly as circumstances may dictate), upon the property of the Slaveholders and their abettors—not for its destruction, if that can easily be avoided, but to convert it to the use of the Slaves. If it cannot be thus converted, then we advise its destruction. Teach the Slaves to burn their masters' buildings, to kill their cattle and horses, to conceal or destroy farming utensils, to abandon labor in seed time and harvest, and let crops perish. Make slavery unprofitable in this way, if it can be done in no other way. 2. To make Slaveholders objects of derision and contempt, by flogging them whenever they shall be guilty of flogging their slaves. 3. To risk no general insurrection, until we of the North go to your assistance, or you are sure of success without our aid.

SIR: Please accept, and exhibit to your neighbors, this copy of a document, which we are intending to distribute very extensively through the South, and which, we trust, will give birth to a movement, that will result not only in the freedom of the blacks, but also in the political, pecuniary, educational, moral and social advantage of the present non-slaveholding whites. Please let me hear from you often, informing me of the progress of the work. Direct me at——"

In the Senate investigating committee on the Harper's Ferry raid, a copy of this broadside was used as evidence in an attempt to connect the Northern abolitionists directly with the affair.

For its use we are indebted to Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER IX—(*Concluded*)

IT was with a sad heart that Greyslaer, after climbing the hills to strike the trail of his friends, succeeded at last in overtaking them after an hour's rapid walk through the forest; nor, for a long time could he find the heart to break to Derrick de Roos the mournful event which he had just witnessed. The blow was better received than he had anticipated. The grief of the warm-hearted but mercurial young man was indeed, in the first instance, passionate to a degree that was outrageous; but, as it found an immediate outlet in words—for, in the madness of his mood, he poured out such a torrent of curses upon Brant, the author of his sorrows, as to shock the better-disciplined mind of his friend—the first paroxysm soon passed over. When this violent burst of emotion had had its way, he seemed by a versatility of feeling not uncommon in persons of his keen but transient susceptibility to the impression of the moment, to be almost reconciled to the event. And his words characteristically betrayed this condition of his mind. He stood a few minutes, distracted between the natural wish to return and aid in the last obsequies to his father, and an eager impatience to hurry on to the rescue of his sister, and, at the same time, strike instant vengeance upon the desolator of his household.

“Yes, I will proceed,” cried he, at last; “and now Alida—the only living object that remains for my care—must at once be got out of the clutches of these hell-hounds. Perhaps, too, after all, my dear Max, it is better that the old man departed as he did. There will be wild work doing in the valley for years to come; and the kind heart of my father already bled for the distracted state of the country, as he used to pray that he might never live to witness the scenes of havoc and of bloodshed that must soon ensue. Strange! and I used to think it but an old man's dreaming. Yes, yes, Greyslaer, it was better that he should be removed at the first outbreak of the storm, than that those gray hairs should be left to be still farther bleached by its peltings, and bowed down to the

grave at last, without his ever beholding the bright days to come that you and I may yet witness."

And, with the wonted buoyancy of his gay and not wholly unselfish nature, refusing thus to entertain a grief where regret was unavailing—with the sanguine hopes of Youth gilding thus quickly the clouds of a new-sprung sorrow, the young man seemed to dismiss the subject for the present, whatever may have been his after-emotions. Constitutionally reckless and unreflecting as he was, it would be doing injustice to De Roos, however, to say that his step was as buoyant as before, though he again strode stoutly forward with his comrades.

CHAPTER X

THE FOREST TRAIL

"Well, Squire Dirk," said Balt, breaking a long silence, and speaking for the first time since the party had got fairly on the move once more, "I mistrust that your Injun friend there, Teondetha, or whatever be the chap's name, that you and Capting Greyslaer are so thick with, I mistrust that he didn't help you much, arter all, in finding out old Josie. I'll warrant me, now, the sarpent's one of Brant's own crew, sent out to mislead our people. Whereabouts did the Oneida leave your party?"

"What!" exclaimed Greyslaer; "surely Teondetha did not desert you? I'll answer with my life for the fidelity of that Indian."

"And so, twenty-four hours since, would I with mine," said Derick, sorrowfully. "I've known Teondetha much longer than you, Max; he was here at Mr. Kirkland's missionary school while you were getting your college-training at the east. With our bows and arrows we used to watch the stone walls for chipmunks when boys together; often have I taken off my stocking for him to bag the flying squirrel, as he climbed to the hollow bough of some tall chestnut, while I thundered with the back of his tomahawk upon the decayed trunk below. And in later years, when he came down to Guy Park with his tribesmen to receive the government presents, many a hunt have we had in these woods together. But one knows not who to trust in times like these; there's Brant himself was for years my father's friend, though I never liked the

haughty Sachem." The last words suggested associations so bitter that the young man was for the moment overcome by his emotions, and then, regaining his composure, he resumed, still in a mournful tone: "Certain it is, Greyslaer, that Teondetha separated from us in the forest, but whether from accident or treachery I am unable to determine."

"Well, a painter is always a painter, an Injun always an Injun, no how you may tame 'em; and I don't quarrel much with the crittur because he chose to sort with his own kind. No man's to be blamed for sticking to his color, for that's human natur through and through, any way you may fix it. I'm not mad with him for that. I'm only mad with myself that I didn't shoot him down jist by accident, as it might be, afore he got fairly into our councils."

"Balt!" whispered Greyslaer, in a low but stern voice, for he did not wish to mortify the faithful woodsmen before his comrades; "to me, Balt, and to our cause—to all whom you call your friends, I believe you to be a good man and true; and, as such, I would peril my life with you or for you; but, Indian or white, by the God that made me, if you ever practice such a piece of treachery upon breathing man, you shall die the death at my hands. I will pistol you upon the spot."

"Wh-cu-gh! and what would old Balt care for that, if, by shooting one of the red devils, he could save your scalp or Squire Dirk's! You're boys, both on ye, and don't know the natur of an Injun. But I tell ye, Captin Greyslaer, as I suppose I must call ye, it isn't fair and comely, it isn't treating me in a likely manner, to use sich hard words to me, considerin' its only two days gone that I let ye put down my name on your muster-paper there, as making myself a raal sodger under you; I might better have let the cause go the devil, or have gone and taken service in Bradshawe's battalion with Red Wolfert Valtmeyer, rayther than to be spoken to so like a dog I might. I almost wish I was shut of the business of sodgering altogether, if sich talk as that is to be my wages."

"If those are your sentiments, my good fellow," said Greyslaer, stopping short in his walk, as the two pursued a path together a little apart from the rest of the band, "if you really wish to side with the Tories and shed the blood of your countrymen, I will strike your name off this paper in an instant, and you have full liberty to go where you

please." And Greyslaer drew the muster-roll of his company from his bosom, as if about to give his last and most valuable recruit a fair discharge.

"Well, that beats natur; that's raaly the worst thing, arter all. The boy talks jist as if he could get along without me. Ah! ye green springald ye! ye callow fledgling! ye yearling that would gore with your horns yet in the velvet! ye, with yer book-larnin, yer speechifying, yer marchings and counter-marchings, yer shoulder-firelocks, and yer right foot, left foot, ye'd make a pretty how-de-do in times like these, with only sich a mad loon as Squire Dirk to council and guide ye! I tell ye what, Capting Max Greyslaer, I've holpen your edication in some things that may cause ye to make a figure in sich times as these, with some one to look after ye; but, though ye want now to get shut of me, as if I was an old granny of a Yankee schoolmaster dogging his urchins in the holy-days, I'm d—d if I give ye up till I've seen the eend of ye. Put that in yer pipe and smoke it, my laddie! and now go ahead as soon as ye choose, for where *your* trail is there old Balt will follow."

"A hopeful subject I have here for a disciplined soldier," said Greyslaer, mentally. Amused, provoked, and, at the same time touched by the petulant freedom and stanch fidelity of his follower, he silently abandoned the altercation, and pocketing the muster-roll with an emphatic "umph!" that said everything to Balt, once more pursued his with the doughty hunter.

"How do you know, Balt," said he, after they had walked on for some time in silence, moving through the forest as nearly as possible in a parallel line with the main body of De Roos's band, from which two corresponding flankers had been thrown out upon the opposite side, "how do you know that Valtmeyer has taken up arms with the Tories under Bradshawe?"

"How do I know? why I had it from Red Wolfert himself only the day before yesterday, when I left you to go and look after farmer Stickney's tall sons. Two likely fellows they be, too, those boys, Syl and Marius Stickney, though Bradshawe has got 'em clean safe into his following by this time."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say that Valtmeyer beat me at 'lectioneering, that's all. I could only promise the boys liberty and equality of human rights if they'd turn out with our people, as they promised they would at the last training; but Wolfert promised he'd burn down their barn if they did, and he carried the day arter all."

"The pitiful scoundrels!" exclaimed the young officer indignantly.

"Yes, capting, seeing as how they promised, they ought to have come, if it was to a den of rattlesnakes. But the barn is full of grain, and the old man had his say, for Wolfert threatened to return a couple of horses on his hands that he had just bought with some broad pieces for Bradshawe's use."

"Do you think that Valtmeyer would really have burned the barn?"

"Sartin! and mayhap the housen too. He hates a white man like pisin, and has jined Bradshawe jist to work out his grudge agin his own kind and color. He burn a farmer's barn? I'd like to see the day of the week when Red Wolfert Valtmeyer wouldn't like a pretence for doing of that."

"And does Valtmeyer think that these two Stickneys will keep their faith more truly with his people than they have with ours?" said Greyslaer, not incuriously.

"Sarting they will," replied Balt, shaking his head. "I never knew a Connecticut chap yet but what stuck to his bargain when it was once made clean out and out; the snarl of the thing is to find out what they consider a raal bargain complete. I rayther mistrust it's only when they put their names right down in black and white upon paper. Wolfert, I know, made them do this, he seemed so tarnal sure of his men for ever and ave. But here we are at Diamond's run, and the squire had better order a halt, as we must be within half a mile of the Fish-House clearing."

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

To be continued

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 5

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

(*Fourth Paper*)

MEANWHILE, a similar move was being made in the Department of the Gulf. Brigadier-General Phelps, in command at Carrollton, La., on June 16, 1862, wrote to Butler advocating the enlistment of the negroes who were flocking into his camp,⁶⁰ and later, when Butler did not reply, made requisition for arms, clothing, etc., for "three regiments of Africans which I propose to raise for the defence of the Point." Butler then replied, advising him not to use "contrabands" except as laborers. He thought they were better fitted for such work and understood besides that the President alone had power to employ them as soldiers. Phelps, in anger, immediately wrote, July 31, tendering his resignation: "I am not willing to become the mere slave-driver you propose, having no qualifications that way." Butler courteously refused to accept the resignation and forwarded it to the Secretary of War, by whom it was ultimately accepted.⁶¹ The attempt has been made to show up General Phelps as a martyr in this affair. But General Butler certainly acted according to his best discretion, believing that it would be better to do the other way.

A letter from General Sherman, read in the Senate on July 9, still further shows the change in sentiment that was gradually taking place—"The time has come when, in my judgment, the military authorities should be compelled to use all the physical force of this country to put down the Rebellion." This was read in the course of the debate on the bill to reform the militia, which had been hotly debated for about a week

⁶⁰ For this correspondence see Williams, II. 285-6, and War of the Rebellion Record, I. 15:534 ff.

⁶¹ Wilson, 193.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say that Valtmeyer beat me at 'lectioneering, that's all. I could only promise the boys liberty and equality of human rights if they'd turn out with our people, as they promised they would at the last training; but Wolfert promised he'd burn down their barn if they did, and he carried the day arter all."

"The pitiful scoundrels!" exclaimed the young officer indignantly.

"Yes, captng, seeing as how they promised, they ought to have come, if it was to a den of rattlesnakes. But the barn is full of grain, and the old man had his say, for Wolfert threatened to return a couple of horses on his hands that he had just bought with some broad pieces for Bradshawe's use."

"Do you think that Valtmeyer would really have burned the barn?"

"*Sartin!* and mayhap the housen too. He hates a white man like pisin, and has jined Bradshawe jist to work out his grudge agin his own kind and color. *He* burn a farmer's barn? I'd like to see the day of the week when Red Wolfert Valtmeyer wouldn't like a pretence for doing of that."

"And does Valtmeyer think that these two Stickneys will keep their faith more truly with his people than they have with ours?" said Grey-slaer, not incuriously.

"Sartng they will," replied Balt, shaking his head. "I never knew a Connecticut chap yet but what stuck to his bargain when it was once made clean out and out; the snarl of the thing is to find out what they consider a raal bargain complete. I rayther mistrust it's only when they put their names right down in black and white upon paper. Wolfert, I know, made them do this, he seemed so tarnal sure of his men for ever and aye. But here we are at Damond's run, and the squire had better order a halt, as we must be within half a mile of the Fish-House clearing."

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(*To be continued*)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 5

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

(*Fourth Paper*)

MEANWHILE, a similar move was being made in the Department of the Gulf. Brigadier-General Phelps, in command at Carrollton, La., on June 16, 1862, wrote to Butler advocating the enlistment of the negroes who were flocking into his camp,⁶⁰ and later, when Butler did not reply, made requisition for arms, clothing, etc., for "three regiments of Africans which I propose to raise for the defence of the Point." Butler then replied, advising him not to use "contrabands" except as laborers. He thought they were better fitted for such work and understood besides that the President alone had power to employ them as soldiers. Phelps, in anger, immediately wrote, July 31, tendering his resignation: "I am not willing to become the mere slave-driver you propose, having no qualifications that way." Butler courteously refused to accept the resignation and forwarded it to the Secretary of War, by whom it was ultimately accepted.⁶¹ The attempt has been made to show up General Phelps as a martyr in this affair. But General Butler certainly acted according to his best discretion, believing that it would be better to do the other way.

A letter from General Sherman, read in the Senate on July 9, still further shows the change in sentiment that was gradually taking place—"The time has come when, in my judgment, the military authorities should be compelled to use all the physical force of this country to put down the Rebellion." This was read in the course of the debate on the bill to reform the militia, which had been hotly debated for about a week

⁶⁰ For this correspondence see Williams, II. 285-6, and War of the Rebellion Record, L 15:534 ff.

⁶¹ Wilson, 193.

in the Senate. The arguments used were various. For example, Senator Wilkinson demanded that we put the negroes in the ranks as Washington did; Senator Davis of Kentucky opposed him, saying that when Washington made use of them they were necessary, now they were not. The bill finally was passed by the Senate July 15, passed the House the next day, and was signed by the President on the 17th. By it the President received authority to enroll colored persons in the army with others who might be called out. Many had interpreted the enrollment act of 1861 as conferring the power to enlist negroes, but it was so doubtful that this act may fairly be considered the first real step in legislation toward allowing the negroes to serve in our army. The President did not immediately take advantage of this power, and on August 5 he was declared to be flatly opposed to it as long as there were enough volunteers or militia to maintain the government.⁶²

But the feeling kept spreading. On August 4 Governor Sprague of Rhode Island called on the negro citizens of the state to enlist in a regiment "which he proposes, at the proper time, to lead to the field in person."⁶³ On August 25, Secretary Stanton inaugurated the series of orders in regard to enlistments by authorizing General Rufus Saxton, successor to General Hunter, "in view of the small force under your command, and the inability of the government at the present time to increase it," to raise and equip "such number of volunteers of African descent as you may deem expedient, not exceeding five thousand."⁶⁴ One of the contributors to the Confederate Military History calls this a "mortifying concession that the Union Armies were unable to end the war, and that the Southern slaves must now save the Union,"⁶⁵ This, I believe, is stating it too strongly, but it is certainly true that the main reason for the developing sentiment in favor of arming the negro was a feeling that the war was dragging on at a useless expense of money and blood, and should be brought to as speedy a close as possible. General Sherman had advocated the use by the military authorities of all the physical force in the country, and they now began to use the negro as part of this physical force.

Saxton at once set to work to recruit these negro regiments. The

⁶² Quoted from the N. Y. *Herald*, Williams, II. 283.

⁶³ Williams' *Rebellion*, 98.

⁶⁴ Quoted—Williams II. 283-4.

⁶⁵ Confederate Mil. Hist. I. 486.

one company from Hunter's original regiment which had not been disbanded and had been garrisoning St. Simon's Island, was enlisted as Company A of the 1st South Carolina Regiment.⁶⁶ The first technical date of enlistment is given as October 19, and the first regiment was mustered in on November 15,⁶⁷ though, as we have seen, part of it really dated back to the May before. After this first regiment was organized the work of organization went on rapidly, and regular recruiting stations were later established. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was mustered in on November 10 as colonel of the 1st South Carolina, has given us a very interesting account of the work of organization and recruiting.⁶⁸

But though this regiment deservedly gets credit for being the first organized by the North, there were others which were enlisted before it. On August 4, 1862, Captain J. M. Williams of the 5th Kansas Cavalry was appointed by Governor Lane recruiting officer to organize a negro regiment in Northern Kansas.⁶⁹ The first enlistment dates from August 6,⁷⁰ and in sixty-five days he had obtained five hundred recruits.⁷¹ They were not mustered in, however, till January 13, 1863,⁷² so the regiment was not the first formed in the North.

But both the South Carolina and the Kansas regiments were preceded by some of the Louisiana regiments. The South Carolina regiment was first in its inception, the Kansas regiment in its enlistment, the 1st, 2d, and 3d Louisiana regiments in their muster. Reference has already been made to the "Native Guards" organized among the free negroes of New Orleans early in 1861. When the Confederates evacuated the city these remained behind. As Colonel Stafford of the 1st Louisiana put it: "They were expected to defend the city, but I presume General Lovell was wise enough not to put much faith in their willingness. If he was, he was badly deceived! They came *en masse* to us and wanted to fight on our side, and I don't clearly see how we could refuse them."⁷³ Consequently, on August 22, Butler issued an order permitting the Native Guards, having kept their organization and desiring to enlist in the United States service, to do so.⁷⁴ He had advocated this action in a letter

⁶⁶ Higginson, 275.

⁶⁸ Higginson.

⁷² Higginson, 277.

⁶⁹ Wilson, 226.

⁷³ Fitts, 252.

⁷⁰ Higginson, 277.

⁶⁷ *Ibid.* 277.

⁷¹ Wilson, 226.

⁷⁴ War of the Reb. Rec. I. 15:556-7.

to Stanton on August 14,⁷⁵ and a few days after he had issued his order he wrote to Halleck expressing the hope that the President would approve his action.⁷⁶ This looks like a sudden reversal of the opinion expressed to Phelps in July, but it must be remembered that these were not fugitive slaves but free negroes. He also was now much surer of his ground than before.

In a letter dated "September —" he wrote Stanton that he would in ten days have a thousand of the Native Guards, "the darkest of whom will be about the complexion of the late Mr. Webster."⁷⁷ Three regiments were finally formed, two of them having almost all black officers,⁷⁸ not, however, so much from a sense of confidence in them as because these regiments had formerly been organized with their own officers and it was not thought best to change. On November 2, 1862, the Native Guards, now known as the 1st, 2d, and 3d Louisiana, were sent to Brigadier-General Weitzel to be used in guarding the road.⁷⁹ He reported that this action had caused insurrections, but an answer sent him by Butler's Assistant Adjutant-General declared he had not shown that these logically resulted from it.⁸⁰ This seems to have been the first service of negro troops in the Department of the Gulf, but they later took part in almost all the engagements in that department, which contained a greater proportion than any of the others.⁸¹

When Lincoln was discussing with Daniel Ullmann the advisability of issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, the latter had strenuously urged the advisability of arming the blacks, as a sure means of crushing the rebellion and slavery, of showing the slave that he was to be freed, and of lessening the burden on the rest of the country. To Lincoln's question if he would be willing to command negro troops, he had replied that he would if so ordered.⁸² Paragraph eight of the great Proclamation of January 1, 1863, provided for the use of negroes in fatigue duty, but did not mention their use as soldiers. But the President's attitude had changed since August, and on January 13 a commission was made out authorizing Ullmann to raise, in the Department of the Gulf, four

⁷⁵ War of the Reb. Records, I. 15:548.

⁷⁷ *Ibid.* I. 15:559.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.* I. 15:164.

⁷⁸ Williams, II. 287.

⁸¹ Wilson, 207.

⁷⁶ *Ibid.* I. 15:555-6.

⁷⁹ War of the Reb. Rec. I. 15:162.

⁸² Ullmann, 1-2.

regiments of infantry, and a battalion of six companies of mounted scouts, and to officer these troops from any officers in the army whom he might select.⁸³ This was the first recruiting officer sent out from headquarters.

The day before General Ullmann's commission was issued, a bill which the House had passed, authorizing the raising of 150,000 soldiers of African descent, was killed in the Senate on the grounds that authority had been given under the act of July 17, 1862. That public opinion was undergoing a very rapid change is shown by a cautious editorial in the *New York Times* of February 16, 1863, which said: ⁸⁴ "The very best thing that can be done under existing circumstances, in our judgment, is to possess our souls in patience while the experiment is being tried. The problem will probably solve itself much more speedily than heated discussions or sharp criminations can solve it." Opposition and indifference had given way to cautious interest and even to enthusiasm. For example, in a review of the book by Livermore to which I have so extensively referred in the first part of this essay, Henry Carey Baird advocated the application to the Civil War of the opinions of Washington and Jackson. He suggested the enlistment of 700,000 negroes whom he thought would be acclimated and familiar with the country and could therefore strike the Rebels a vital blow.⁸⁵

But we have digressed from Ullmann's efforts. His recruiting resulted in the enlistment of the 1st, 3d, 4th, and 5th U. S. Volunteers, which later became the 78th, 80th, 81st, and 82nd U. S. Colored Infantry,⁸⁶ and which, under the officers he selected, reached a high state of discipline. He himself has told us of the difficulties with which he met in this recruiting—the public temper,—which was rapidly changing, however; opposition, to some extent in places of authority, but chiefly among the white officers of the army; attempts among the blacks to prevent their enlistment.⁸⁷

On January 26, about two weeks after Ullmann's commission was issued, Secretary Stanton issued to Governor Andrew of Massachusetts an order authorizing him to include in the volunteer companies of artillery

⁸³ *Ibid.* 2.

⁸⁴ Quoted—Williams, II. 301.

⁸⁵ Baird.

⁸⁶ Ullmann, 5-6.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.* 3-4.

and infantry which he was to raise, "persons of African descent, organized into separate corps."⁸⁸ The governor at once appointed recruiting officers, and the work began at Boston, February 16. In five days, twenty-five men had been secured and by the end of March the Boston recruits had been formed into a company.⁸⁹ In February quite a number were recruited in and about Philadelphia and went to form most of Company B.⁹⁰ In fact, a glance at the rosters of this regiment, the 54th Massachusetts, and of its sister regiment, the 55th, will show that the great majority of the recruits came from outside the state, mostly from the west. Governor Tod of Ohio even requested Governor Andrew to put the Ohio negroes as far as possible, in separate companies.⁹¹ A compilation of birth places given in the roster of the 55th gives Ohio 222, Pennsylvania 139, Massachusetts 22.⁹² Systematic efforts at enlistment were made through a committee appointed by Governor Andrew, and George L. Shearn, later recruiting officer for the government, was appointed agent. He established his headquarters at Buffalo, with a string of stations from Boston to St. Louis,⁹³ so it was no wonder that the recruits came from widely scattered places. The success which attended the recruiting of the 54th was the cause of the immediate determination to raise another regiment. On May 12, 1863, recruiting began for the 55th,⁹⁴ just before the 54th sailed South. On July 21 the 55th also left for the South.⁹⁵

These form the main part of the colored soldiers credited to Massachusetts. The 54th had, during the war, 140 commissioned officers, 191 non-commissioned officers, and 1243 privates—total, 1574;⁹⁶ and the 55th was slightly smaller. It is interesting to note the fact that these regiments, unlike most of the Southern regiments, were composed almost wholly of free negroes, and had many mulattoes. The 55th contained only 247 who had been slaves; 550 were pure blacks, 430 of mixed blood.⁹⁷

While all these enlistments were going on, actions in Congress were still more clearly than ever pointing out the change in sentiment.

⁸⁸ Williams, II. 289.⁸⁹ Emilio, 8.⁹⁰ *Ibid.* 9-10.⁹¹ Hickok, 71.⁹² Fox, 112.⁹³ Emilio, 18.⁹⁴ Fox, 1.⁹⁵ Emilio, 30.⁹⁶ Mass. Record, II. 866.⁹⁷ Fox, 110.

Whereas a year before, such action might very possibly have been taken, on January 28, 1863, the House killed by a vote of 128 to 8 an amendment to the appropriation bill which would have prohibited the payment of any of the sums thereby appropriated, in equipping or maintaining colored troops.⁹⁸ The conscription bill of March 3 made no distinction of color, though in the long debate on the measure, an attempt was made in the House to insert the word "white." Outside of Congress, the discussion took not merely a neutral, but a positive turn. On April 6, 1863, W. J. Heacock of Fulton and Hamilton Counties spoke in the New York Assembly "In favor of a Vigorous Prosecution of the War." After speaking of the Emancipation Proclamation as one means for this, he said: "A second means for a vigorous prosecution of the war is found in the use of the million slaves (made freemen by the Proclamation) as soldiers, as fast as they come within our jurisdiction; also the colored men of the country who are free-born."⁹⁹ He gave three reasons: They ought to help free themselves; they would, from their acclimation and their knowledge of the country, put us on a greater equality with the Rebels on their own ground; their previous training would make them good soldiers. This is merely on example; similar reasoning, which would have been denounced at the beginning of the war, was used all over the country.

In March, Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas had been sent to the Mississippi Valley to supervise the raising of colored soldiers,¹⁰⁰ and the work went rapidly onward, there being no longer any doubt as to the authority to enlist negroes. On May 1, Major General Banks, commanding the Department of the Gulf, issued an order directing the enlistment of eighteen regiments—infantry, artillery and cavalry—in three divisions of three brigades each with engineers and hospitals for each brigade, to be called "the Corps d'Afrique." Appropriate uniforms, and pay to correspond to their services were to be awarded later. Regiments were to be limited to five hundred men, in order to secure the greatest efficiency, and, as he later wrote to President Lincoln, that they might act as skeleton regiments to be increased if necessary.¹⁰¹ In this

⁹⁸ Williams, II. 288.

⁹⁹ Heacock, 6.

¹⁰⁰ Williams, II. 289.

¹⁰¹ War of the Rebellion Record, I. 26, pt. 2:689. The order is printed in full in Banks, 34.

order he declared that the corps was "not established on any dogma of equality or other theory, but as a practical and sensible matter of business. The government makes use of horses, mules, uneducated and educated white men, in the defense of its institutions. Why should not the negro contribute whatever is in his power for the cause in which he is as deeply interested as other men?" The failures of the past, which he ascribed to the inefficiency and disputes of the officers placed in command, he proposed to obviate by selecting only the best men for officers.

By August 15 Banks had in his Department about 10,000 negro soldiers.¹⁰² He wrote to Mr. Lincoln on the 17th¹⁰³ stating that he had purposely avoided the publication of information, but that he had, nearly full, twenty-one regiments, including five of General Ullmann's brigade. Two of these were engineers and he was organizing batteries of artillery and companies of cavalry. Three regiments were to have one thousand each, the others five hundred. He complained that he needed a large number of good officers; the disorganization of the three regiments that he had found there when he took command had been because of inefficient officers. In later orders Banks provided for the details of the organization of these troops, and on October 26 he was able to write Stanton that the number was increasing, and he hoped to add 5000 or 10,000 in a month or six weeks.¹⁰⁴

I have gone into this in considerable detail for several reasons: *First*, the recruiting of the colored troops in the Department of the Gulf, and especially under Banks, was the most extensive of any and attracted wide attention. The *Moniteur Universel* of France on June 8 republished Banks' first order with an extended and favorable comment.¹⁰⁵ The distinctive name given by Banks was later given up, but the influence of his action remained. *Second*, it marked the climax of the movement for negro enlistments. From this time on recruiting stations were established in many places and the numbers rapidly increased. In the Fall, orders were issued for recruiting in Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, and Delaware. These provided for compensation to loyal slave-owners whose slaves enlisted, which had not been granted before. The act of

¹⁰² *Ibid.* 772.

¹⁰⁴ War of the Rebellion Record, I. 26 pt. 2:776-7.

¹⁰³ *Ibid.* 688-9.

¹⁰⁵ Quoted, Banks, 35.

February 24, 1864, put this into the form of enactment by providing for the enlistment of able-bodied colored males, the bounties and a compensation of not over \$300 to be paid to any loyal slave-owner whose slave enlisted, the slave then to be free. These recruits were to be credited to the state quotas, but were to be formed into United States regiments or companies. Thus ends the important legislation on the subject; the battle had been fought through and at length the enlistment of negroes in our armies was fully sanctioned by law and public opinion. It is unnecessary to give further details of the enlistments. I have given merely an outline to show the development of a sentiment in favor of negro enlistments, and many facts could have been given in regard to enlistments in other parts of the country. I have intentionally omitted these and selected only those that show the general course of events.¹⁰⁶

RIDGWAY, PA.

PAUL T. ARNOLD.

¹⁰⁶ For others, *Cf.* for example (selected at random): Alabama, Fleming, 87-8; 208 Maryland, Rickard, 14-16. Arkansas and Missouri, War of the Reb. Record, 122, pt. 2:440-1. Rhode Island—Addeman, 1. New York—Williams, II. 291-3. Williams' Rebellion, 116-119. Iowa—Wilson, 220-1. Connecticut—Williams' Rebellion, 135. Ohio—Hickok, 70-2, 107. Philadelphia Supervisory Committee, 1-7.

(To be Continued)



A MASSACHUSETTS TOWN IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS

(*Third Paper*)

THE LATER WARS AND THE MUSTER ROLLS—CONCLUDED

“A Muster Roll of Lieut. David Black’s Company of Blandford that went from the South Regiment of the County of Hampshire Under S^t Blacks Com^d and For the Relief of The Garrison &c of Fort W^m Henry in the Alarm Aug^t: 1757.

MEN'S NAMES	QUALITY	NO. MILES THEY WENT FROM HOME	NO. OF DAYS OF SERVICE	AT WHAT PER DAY	TOTAL WAGES
David Black	Lieut	130	18 1/3	3/9	3— 8— 9
John Willsons	Ser.	do	do	2/10	2—11—11
Robert Blair	do.	do	do	do	2—11—11
David M ^c Conothee	Corpor ^l	do	do	2/9	2—10— 5
Sam ^l Boies	Private	do	do	do	2— 8—10
David Bois	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
John Knox	do	do	13	do	1—14— 8
John M ^c Kinstry	do	do	do	do	1—14— 8
James Moor	do	do	do	do	1—14— 8
James Lohead	do	130	18 1/3	do	2— 8—10
William Carnahan	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
John Beard	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
James Ferguson	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
John Ferguson	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
John Sinnet	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
James Willson	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
John Gibbs	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
Matthew Blair	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
Jacob Blair	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
William Steward	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10
Solomon Brown	do	do	do	do	2— 8—10

60—10— 8

Ex S. Y.

There was a column between "Quality" and "No. of Miles," etc., headed, "Masters, &c.," under which no entries are made. There is another column, "Received of y^e Tavernor," under which is written, "Nothing" for the whole list of men; and still another, "Remains Due to Each Man" wherein is written, for all in the list, "The Whole Wages." Under all is the signature:

" A True Roll
OK David Black."

The back of the document contains the following:

" N B. The Day of Reparation is aded to the other Days of Service & Carried out in the Sum Total

Hampshire Ss Decr 30—1758 Than Lieut David Black appear^d Before me And Made Solemn Oath That the within is a Trew Roll according to the best of his Knowledge.

before Me David Mosley Justice Paies

" Muster Roll of Lieu^t
David Blacks
Company in y^e Alarm
Aus^d 1757
Ex^d S. Y. £50—10—8
Committed Jn^y 27: 1759
Reps^d Aug Com^{tee} & II
W^b Advised Jan^y 30. 1759 "

Later in the year David Black was at the head of a company of 46 men under Col. Worthington.

Vol. 97, page 17 has:

" A Return of the Bayonet men

" Belonging to Blandford under Command of Lieut David Black in a Regiment Whereof John Worthington Esq^r is Co^l."

" Agreeable to an act of the Great and General Court of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay Entitled an Act for Regulating thee Militia

we Proceeded to Draft one half * of the Effective men Belonging to S^d Company to the Number of Twenty three and have fix^d their Guns with Bayonetts according to the directions Given in S^d Act.

“ Names of the Men

“ Joseph Freeland	Jn ^o Carnahan
Glass Cochran	William Lohead
William Carnahan	Jn ^o Sinnet
Jn ^o Hamilton	Matthew Blair Ju ^r
Jn ^o Baird	John Ferguson
Sam ^l Ferguson	Isaac Blair
James Ferguson	Jn ^o Gibbs
Jn ^o Crooks	Ephraim Gibbs
James Sinnet	Samuel Boies
William Brown Jr	David M ^c Conoughey
Jn ^o Boies	Israel Gibbs
	Solomon Stewart

“ the Number of Men is twenty three

Each Man and Bayonet the amounts at 7/pence

is£8—1—0”

“ David Black

Hampshire Ss December 30—1758

Then Lieut David Black the
subscriber to the following amount
appeared and Made oath to the
truth of the Same—Before
me David Moseley Justice

Paies.”

Through all these years new requisitions and drafts of troops had been made, and public fasts in Massachusetts were a frequent ordinance. The town of Blandford had profoundly felt the terrific drain upon its men. The little municipality was so depleted and depressed that in 1758 an agitation arose over the question whether to petition the legis-

* The muster roll of Lieut. Black's entire company is not extant.

lature for exemption from further enlistments for the war. It is fine evidence of the spirit of the people that "it passed in the Negative." But four days later—March 28—another meeting reversed the vote, and "chos Ensign William Knox to go to Col Worthington to make Applycation to Him to be Esced¹ in sending men into the War." They did well to choose one who had already served, and to present their application through so trusted a leader in both peace and war. Mr. Keep informs us² that "In 1768 the court gave the town five pounds for the benefit of schools, and several times excused them from sending their equal proportions of men, as soldiers into the service." That this want of men was sorely felt is further attested by the fact that the church eldership had been so depleted by death, and new material was so hard to find, that Mr. Morton was repeatedly charged with governing the church autocratically, a charge, however, from which he was abundantly absolved by council on account of the prevailing conditions.

The foregoing muster rolls and miscellaneous returns do not exhaust the lists of men who went to these wars. There is another undated return,³ the receipt of which is dated April, 1759, and is as follows:

"Return of the Men inlisted or impressed for his Majesty's Service within the Province of Massachusetts Bay in the Regiment whereof is Colonel, to be put under the immediate Command of his Excellency Jeffry Amherst, Esq. . . . for the Invasion of Canada

	INLISTED	IMPRESSED	NAMES OF THE FATHERS OF SONS UNDER AGE AND MASTERS OF SERVANTS
James Beard	April 2	Blandford	
Jacob Blair	6	"	
John Sinnet	6	"	Robert Sinnett
John Gilmore	do	"	
David Scott	do	"	John Scott
John Campbell	do	"	
Thomas Happer	do	No. 4	
Solomon Brown	April 11	Blandford	

Matthew Blair, of Blandford, private, is furthermore listed⁴ as

¹ Excused.

² Historical Sermon, p. 7.

³ Vol. 97, p. 236.

⁴ Vol. 96, p. 444.

having entered his Majesty's service April 14—year not given, but return endorsed, 1758—under Capt. Jonathan Ball, in Col. William William's regiment, for the reduction of Canada. The return bears date of Jan. 27, 1759. Out of the hodge-podge of provincial military records, the names of at least fifty to sixty Blandford men have been identified as having taken part in the French and Indian wars of the eighteenth century. But the condition of the lists¹ indicates many unknown dead. The population of Blandford in those days was about three hundred. If there were sixty families, there was a man out, first or last, from every family. If there were seventy-five families, probably a full enumeration would hold a like proportion true. It would look as though, at one time and another, about every able-bodied man in the town was in the war. No wonder that out of their poverty and stress they at last, and reluctantly, asked to be excused.

It is of incidental interest to learn that of the proprietors of the town, Francis Brinley and John Foye were officers in the wars, the former being a colonel. Heath obtained a like title, doubtless in similar service.

Montcalm had failed to follow up the advantage he won at Fort William Henry, and in the summer of 1758 Wolfe captured Louisburg, where Massachusetts had 2500 men. In 1759 the conflict on the Plains of Abraham and the taking of Quebec ended the war. Massachusetts had 300 men in the army before Quebec, and several hundred in the co-operating fleet, a large number beside having been with Amherst, whose forces were ranged along Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence River.

BLANDFORD, MASS.

SUMNER G. WOOD.

¹ A card index has been completed from the various muster rolls and other returns. In many hundreds of instances, the residence is not indicated. Very many names also are duplicated, and in looking over these names the seeker has often no way of ascertaining the identity of the man he is after. There is no index of places at all, and even the index of names is not at the disposal of the visitor, except as an attendant hands out to him the card pertaining to the particular name desired. These are rather discouraging conditions. The State of Massachusetts has published full lists of soldiers and sailors of the Revolution, but the French and Indian war soldier has not yet attained to such distinction.

(To be continued)

THE HUMORS OF GENEALOGY

AN enthusiast with a little and latent vein of humor desires to present a brief for that most harmless of enthusiasts—the genealogist.

Permit me to commence with a definition of exclusion. A genealogist is not a man, or woman, constructing a pedigree of his or her own real (or fancied) ancestors for the purpose of joining a patriotic society.

These who on great and glorious ancestry enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge,

as old Hudibras tells us. Still less is the genealogist to be confounded with those parasites of the art, so well satirized by the same author as those who

Can make a gentleman scarce a year old
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space.

And this regardless of Lowell's truism that "it takes three generations to make a gentleman." These are the false heralds who will:

For a piece of coin
Twist any name into the line.

I plead not for those who construct pedigrees of John Smith from Charlemagne, or try to dim Washington's virtues and victories by pretending that he was lineally descended from the heathen deity, Woden.

For the intellects which can compile as credible genealogies deduced from Brian Boru, Hogyn Mogyn of the Hundred Beeves, and the Ahkoond of Swat, the true genealogist has the same contempt as Lord Chief Justice Campbell had for the herald whom he addressed: "You foolish man, you do not understand your own foolish business."

—Read before the New York Public Library Staff, by the late Stuart C. Wade.

Belonging to no Order of the Crown, thinking considerably less of a Baron of Runnymede than of a sturdy farmer, and venturing to discount some of the social functions of the patriotic societies as savoring slightly of snobbishness and as such un-American, I ask a verdict for the disinterested labor of those who preserve local and family records by printing, and this without hope of reward or profit. Did anyone ever hear of that very black swan—a book of pedigrees that made a profit?

Let heraldry plead for herself. It is out of place in our republican institutions: is generally pirated from a British ambassador's carriage, and even in Europe has been the peculiar stamping-ground of the charlatan. But there is some little humor attached to heraldry. In looking over an old work once, of the date of 1572, I found an heraldic description of a rare and almost extinct animal. In the quaint old diction of those days and the queerer words of the herald, it thus described a man's arms:

“Sable, a Musion Passaaunt, gardaunt or, oppressed with a troillis gules of eight parts, cloué d'argent.” I looked for a definition of the animal and found, in the same book, this description: “The field is of the sapphire, in the chief pearle * * * a Musion. * * * This beaste is called a Musion, for that he is slye and wittie. And seeth so sharply that he overcometh darkness of the night by the shining light of his eyne. In shape of bodie he is like unto a leopard, and hath a great mouthe. He doth delighte that he enjoyeth his liberty, and in his youth is swift, pliante and merrie. He maketh a rufull noyse and a gastful when he proffereth to fight with another. He is a crewel beaste when he is wild, and falleth on his own feet from most high places and is not hurt therewith. When he hath fair skin he is, as it were, proud thereof and then goeth fast about to be seen. He is enimie to myse and rattes.”

I need hardly say that in plain English the description of this wonderful beast is one black Romeo Cat in full song sitting at an impassable grating, with Miss Juliet Cat on the other side of the grating: Pyramus and Thisbe in soft black fur.

Heraldry had an interest for the fair sex at one time, for we read that it was customary for ladies who intended to marry to leave one-half

of the shield blank for the arms of their intended husband. These shields, in the polite language of heraldry, were termed "Arms of Expectation."

Much fun has been made of the art, and the old Hanse towns were the first to attack its fallacies by instituting mock tournaments, wherein the knights wore tubs and kitchen pans and every shaft was leveled at heraldry.

One humorous instance of arms designed by Hogarth, as a satire on quack doctors, must suffice. He says:

"The Company of Undertakers beareth, sable, a phisic bottle proper, between twelve quackheads of the second and twelve cane-heads or, consultant. On a chief, nebuly, ermine one complete doctor, issuant, checky, sustaining in his right hand a guinea of the second. On the dexter and sinister sides, two demi-doctors issuant of the second and two cane-heads issuant of the third, the first having one eye couchant towards the dexter side of the Escutcheon, the second faced per pale, proper, and gules guardant. Motto: 'Et Plurima mortis imago.' ('The general image of death.')

In that curious old poem, "The Tournament of Tottenham," which is preserved in the Percy Reliques, the plebeians who fight for Tyb, the Reeve's daughter, proclaim their coats of arms. One rustic bears:

A riddle and a rake
Powdered with a burning drake
And three cantells of a cake
In each corner.

But to return to genealogy, or, rather, the humors of it. A few years at the art will soon convince one of the truth of poor Tom Gay's epitaph in Westminster Abbey:

Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

And not the least jest of life's calendar is the craving for distinction, genealogical and heraldic, to be found in small minds. Well said that worthy old Quaker, William Penn: "That nothing in all men's folly

has less show of reason to palliate it." And he went on to tell his children: "That to be descended of wealth and brains fills no man's head with brains or heart with truth. These qualities come from higher cause."

The first essential of true genealogy is to treat geese as geese; it is idle to call them swans. George Washington is greater to all of us as George Washington than as the fabled descendant of the heathen Woden. All the Harrisons are not sprung from the regicide Major-General Thomas Harrison (who, incidentally, left no children him surviving). My own tribe, and I speak for a few, do not acknowledge Wada Yoshinori, the legendary Japanese archer of the twelfth century, as the lineal ancestor of the American or English house. But to consider the true humors of genealogy one must consider that fair creature, the "Joiner."

Let us imagine we are suddenly transported to the genealogical department of the Podunk Public Library. Alarums and Excursions. The heralds sound a parley, and enter Mrs. Gorgius Midas Alden Miles Standish Van Roosevelt De Peyster Washington Smythe-Smith. The lady has a mission to join the *Mayflower* Society. She has authentic family and oral tradition that her lineal ancestor, John Smith, who was the nine hundred and ninety-ninth stowaway on that historic and most elastic craft. Like the unfortunate dog, whose pedigree I now produce and show to you, she is precluded from joining the society by the fact that her ancestor's name was not on the passenger list and that he did not sign The Compact. The dog is in the same boat. She goes away to collect data for joining the Stepdaughters of the Rebellion, or the Cousins German of the Whiskey Insurrection.

Enter another. This one desires to be confronted immediately with the muster rolls and personal descriptions of every private in the twelve regiments of patriotic Irishmen who rushed from Ballyflanagan to the aid of George Washington directly after the battle of Lexington, and by their own exertions forced Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown. Apart from the historical inaccuracy of her proposition, the trouble in her particular case is that the real or mythical ancestor was named Finlay, which is about as Irish as Ah Sin, the Chinaman, is German.

Another delights, for a whole day, in copying the catalogue of eminent Tories of her name to be found in Lorenzo Sabine's *Loyalists*, and goes away with the material to join a patriotic or revolutionary society. A fourth loudly proclaims the utter valuelessness of Davis' "Landmarks of Plymouth" (an excellent book), because it does not devote twenty pages to her mythical ancestor. One minds the poet Waller's lines:

Fairest piece of well formed earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth.

The antics of these ladies in the field of genealogy remind the dabbler in the art—if he may be so rude as to draw the simile—of that kind, motherly old elephant, who essayed to act as foster mother for a setting hen—the eggs claimed it was not a solid success.

There is a serious side to the question, when one sees men and women, who care nothing for rare books, except for the chance of extracting self-glorification thereout, lifting up rarities of heavy weight by six leaves, and occasionally using priceless publications as footstools. As for the value of their efforts, when completed, is one too cruel to suggest that it is about equal in benefit for humanity to that famous effort made in Dickens' days by the Borrioboolaga Benevolent Brotherhood, to bedrape benighted colored brethren in bright red flannel underwear? Mrs. Jellyby is now "a joiner."

One phrase more of humor before one turns again, and finally, to the serious side. Genealogy shall take you, if properly pursued, into the midst of the most delightful meditations among the tombs—I don't mean that gloomy building in Centre Street, New York. You shall find, as near as Staten Island, a monument to the memory of Captain Anthony Rodericks, a native of Portugal and the Island of St. Michael, who departed this life September 21st, 1811, aged *sixteen years*. The joke is in the verse beneath, unless Captain Rodericks was more precocious than the first Plantagenet. The lines run:

Weep not for me, my wife and children dear,
My soul rests above all care.

Spread over Staten Island you shall find the Staten Islanders' opinion of physicians. In all kinds of shapes appear the lines:

Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain.

Until you come to believe that the early Staten Islanders must have held an opinion of doctors of medicine very similar to that possessed by the caustic Voltaire, who defined a doctor of medicine as "a man pouring drugs, of which he knew little, into a body, of which he knew much less."

If your searches take you abroad you may find the interesting inscription put up by the sorrowing widower, stating that his wife had left seven children and a holy example, and modestly saying nothing as to himself, which modesty forthwith resulted in the village wits naming him the "Holy Example."

In our own land there is a tinge of tragedy to be gathered from those simple gravestones in the little one-company military posts in Arizona. They nearly all bear the legend: "Killed by Apaches." A thousand Iliads could be written of the field of Gettysburg. The Homer of those Regular heroes of Santiago de Cuba is yet to be born.

A final epitaph and I leave epitaphs: The jailer, and one of the judges of the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, wrote this eulogistic description of himself for his own tomb:

You that have place and charge from prince's trust,
Which honours may make thankful, not unjust,
Draw near and set your conscience and your care
By this true watch of state whose minutes were
Religious thoughts; whose howers heaven's sacred food,
Whose hand still pointed to the kingdom's good
And sovereigns safety, whom ambition's key
Never wound up to guiltiness, bribe or fee,
Zeale only and a conscience clear and even
Raised him on earth and wound him up to heaven!

Portraits of ancestors, a branch or field of genealogy, sometimes furnish a little humor. There is a famous story of a London city merchant who called in Wardour street, London (that great factory for bogus pedigrees and fictitious portraits), and ordered an entire set of ancestors painted. He must have been a relative of the gentleman who, at a Fine Arts Society dinner, stated that he had always taken an interest in

the fine arts and hoped that his ancestors would after him. There remains the satisfaction that these are the kind of pigeons who get plucked by the pedigree manufacturer. Who has not read a dozen Harrison pedigrees all traced back to the Regicide; and Thomas Hooker pedigrees pretending that our divine was related to the judicious English bishop? It would seem that similiarity of name was all that was necessary to prove a relationship to some minds. What a field the John Smith genealogist must have, as his ancestors at the date of A. D. 1066 number 268,435,456.

It may be the picture of the enthusiast, but let an enthusiast sketch for you an outline of what true genealogy will do: Like Hebrew and Japanese, it reads backward; as in Hebrew, much depends on the insignificant "yod" and the as humble "tittle." The well at the bottom of which genealogical truth rests is artesian. There is no royal road to original investigation.

But it shall people for you the arid plains of history with living presence; puppets, if you please to call them, in the centuries you survey. It is the algebra by which you can solve the most difficult problems. Look at the Bancroft collection in the Lenox Library to see the use that patient historian made of genealogy. You shall see the inner life of the man; the true reasons for his actions and writings. Often his footprints on the sands of time may require the eye of an Indian tracker to trace them. There shall be a maximum of labor and a minimum of profit and both shall be yours.

Then and then only shall you make a satisfactory study of mankind. The mighty question of heredity looms up, the equally vast factor of environment shall give you boundless fields for speculation and for research. But genealogy shall show you living pictures of the Revolution, as if these bold farmers stood again on that rude bridge. You shall trace back and find the sturdy sires of Revolutionary sons themselves going with Pepperrell to Louisburg; with Schuyler to old Oswego, and, perchance, dying as prisoners of war in the heart of sunny France. The steps of the great emigration of 1630 you can trace, and, maybe, investigate the log book of the little *Mayflower* in your endeavor to trace the nine hundred

and ninety-ninth stowaway of that craft with the small passenger list, but infinite carrying capacity.

The search may take you to the historic places of England and Continental Europe, where there are records long antedating the earliest American records. If not on the roll of Battle Abbey—which is said to have been edited and added to by monkish genealogists working for “joiners” until it is more than dubious—there are muster rolls in existence that tell of Flodden, of Agincourt and of many another historic field.

But to tell of the pleasures of genealogy is to unfold the pleasures of literature itself. At last after twenty-five years of the most fascinating labor you can do, as scores have done, and as, speaking as a gleaner after time, I sincerely trust hundreds will do, bring the manuscript result of your labor as an entered apprentice and place it at the feet of our past-master in literature and general book lore, as your contribution to the usefulness and completeness of a great library, adding, if you please, as a colophon, those lines of the wise old poet:

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
A son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

Sentence the “joiner,” if you please, “to be hanged, drawn and quartered,” but if you must render a verdict against the genealogist, I trust that at least you will find “extenuating circumstances.”

STUART C. WADE.

THE OLD CROWN POINT ROAD

ITS PLACE IN HISTORY

THE celebration of the Ter-centenary of Lake Champlain, and the recent plan to restore old Fort Ticonderoga to look exactly as it did in the early morning of May 10th, 1775, when Ethan Alien demanded its surrender, naturally leads the thoughtful admirer of those fearless men and their daring deeds to a further retrospect of the early conditions in that part of our country.

The settlement of the valley of the Connecticut in Vermont and New Hampshire was delayed by the hostilities of the Indians, encouraged and employed by the French in Canada, and this warfare dragged wearily along for nearly seven years.

There were three routes by which the Indians and French approached the frontier in their expeditions against the New England settlements. One, by the Sorel and Lake Champlain, crossed Vermont through the valley of the Winooski and White Rivers; one by Lake George and the Upper Hudson, and one down Lake Champlain, up Otter Creek and over the Green Mountains to Black River, which it followed until it joined the Connecticut River near Charlestown, N. H. This last trail, known as the Indian Route, was the one most used and favored by the Indians. It is well described in the famous early diary of James Coss (or Cross) made in April and May, 1730. Major Hawkes, as he passed over this route in 1747, on his way from Deerfield to Quebec to accomplish an exchange of prisoners, recognized it as the easiest and most direct means of communication between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain.

The Connecticut River was not only a great highway for the Indians while on their murderous raids, but also furnished them an important part of their living. Their canoes skimmed its smooth bosom, which they called Quon-nee-quok (long river) and the rippling surface of Kas-kact-cha-wak or Black River. The Great Falls, now Bellows Falls, was considered the best fishing ground in all New England. Shad

and salmon ran up the river in countless numbers, and the blossoming of the shad tree was the signal for the gathering of the Indians for many miles around the Falls for fishing.

The Abeniqui, later known as the St. Francis Indians, frequently returned for fishing years after civilization had displaced them. One aged chief came back about 1856 to die near the "Great Falls." He had fought with the English in different wars, and had been to England three times. He wore a large silver medal presented to him by King George III for his services.

During the almost constant wars with the French and Indians from 1735 to 1760 it was a matter of the first importance to keep open direct communication between Eastern Massachusetts and the frontiers toward Canada, for at that time Massachusetts manned and supplied all the forts as far north as Fort No. 4 (now Charlestown, N. H.).

In order to transport munitions of war and troops through the wilderness, wagon roads became a necessity. The pioneers who left their snug houses in the flourishing little towns they had helped to build in the new colonies, to follow an Indian trail or blazed trees to the frontier, there to encounter wild beasts and wilder enemies, must have had something more than the love of adventure to sustain them. They had first to build a fort or block-house as a place of refuge, then a few log cabins for their families, and as soon as possible a road must be made back to the nearest town, each new town paying for the making. In this way the first highways were made piecemeal, extending from the newest town back to the last one.

The old First or Military Road was from Boston to Concord, to Groton, and then Lunenburg and Townsend in northern Massachusetts. Keene was the first settlement above Townsend, others being filled in afterwards.

The highway between these towns was authorized by a vote of the Proprietors of Keene at a public meeting held May 20th, 1737, about eight days after the arrival of the families of the first settlers. At that meeting it was

"Voted that there be the sum of twenty-seven pounds payed out of the proprietors' treasury to Capt. Sammuel Sadys for Searching and Laying out a road from this Township down to the town of Townsend, Imployed by the said proprietors so to do."

This was the initial movement for this section of the great thoroughfare from Townsend to Keene. On November 19, 1740, the route was more definitely accepted, and the Keene end at least was to be two rods wide.

The exact date of the highway from Keene to Charlestown cannot be ascertained. In 1754 there was a meeting at which it was voted to build a road "up the river." This was the Ashuelot River. The same year authority was given for a road leading from this road to Walpole, although there was some path through this region before, remains of which are still to be seen. The road substantially as it now is from Keene to Walpole, via "Christian Hollow" as it is called, was laid out in 1754 and was part of the old Revolutionary route.

Mrs. James Johnson in her early history of Charlestown says:

"At the age of 14 I made a visit from Leominster to Charlestown to visit my parents in 1744, through a long wilderness from Lunenburg to Lower Ashuelot (now Swansey). We travelled two days. A solitary house was all the mark of civilization that occurred on the journey. Guided by marked trees we travelled cautiously through the gloomy forests from Ashuelot to Charlestown. A few solitary inhabitants who appeared the representatives of wretchedness were scattered on the way."

Charlestown was the most northerly settlement on the Connecticut River and the surrounding country was terribly wild. It was called No. Four as it was the fourth township on the Connecticut River above Massachusetts.

The first settlers in No. Four were three Farnsworth brothers, relatives of Mrs. Johnson, who came in 1740. Their most accessible neighbors were the settlers in Northfield, Mass., forty-five miles below, on the old Deerfield road. A few inhabitants were at Keene, but there was

no way of reaching them except by Fort Dummer. Another route was from Fitchburg to Winchendon, then to Fitzwilliam, from there to Fort Dummer, through Bellows Falls to Charlestown. On the north there was no settlement this side of the borders of Canada. No. Four was, therefore, the most exposed to the enemy in case of a French and Indian war. In 1774 it was deemed wise to build a fort to protect the inhabitants in time of need. It was voted that the sum of three hundred pounds Old Tenor (the first paper money issued by the Colonial Government) be assessed on the proprietors for building the same. Colonel John Stoddard, of Northampton, for many years the principal military engineer on the Connecticut River frontier, directed the building. Dr. Crosby in his "Annals of Charlestown" says: "It covered three-fourths of an acre, the walls were made of large square timbers laid horizontally, one above another, and locked together at the angles in the manner of a log cabin." Within the enclosure were buildings called province houses. The same year a saw-mill was erected, and the inhabitants celebrated the event by holding a dance on the new boards. The Indians were numerous, and partook too frequently from a cask of rum, which so raised their spirits that they indulged in yells and feats of distortion, which, Mrs. Johnson says, "added to the deep and gloomy forests on every side, the long distance from friends, and the absence of laws to protect, made the stoutest hearts tremble for the future."

Here it was that Captain Phineas Stevens with thirty men so gallantly defended the fort for several days against the French General Debeline and his horde of five hundred French and Indians. After the battle Stevens sent a messenger to Boston with the tidings. Governor Charles Knowles happened then to be at Boston and rewarded Stevens with a handsome sword; in gratitude for which the place was afterwards called Charlestown.

It was here August 30th, 1754, midway between daybreak and sunrise, that Lieutenant Johnson, wife and four small children, with other prisoners (all so well known to history) were captured and forced to march over the Indian Road, up Black River, to the Otter Creek, then to Lake Champlain and Canada. Captain Straw (the father of Mrs. Moses Chase) with a party pursued the Indians across the Con-

necticut and had a fight with them near the General Lewis Morris place in Springfield, but did not succeed in releasing the captives. Mrs. Johnson's father begged the force at the fort to abandon the attempts to rescue the captives, as the Indians made it an invariable practice to kill their prisoners when attacked.

Mrs. Johnson writes:

"We were hurried forward through thorny thickets in a most unmerciful manner. Scantly clothed and without much covering for the feet, we were forced to march seven miles to the river, where rafts were made upon which we crossed, marching about eight miles further before we stopped for the night."

In the morning they were aroused before sunrise, given a little water-gruel, and the weary march continued. On the journey a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, whom they named Captive.¹ After this Mrs. Johnson was carried on a litter part of the way, then her husband supported her the last part of the distance, she walking. They were twenty days in reaching St. Francis, Canada, where they remained as captives three years, and their sufferings were beyond description. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this Indian raid was commemorated in 1904 by the erection of a suitable monument to mark the site of the old fort built in 1744.

Two years after this raid, March 4, 1756, the Governor of Massachusetts requested the Assembly to appoint fourteen men to measure the distance between No. Four on Connecticut River and Crown Point on Lake Champlain, and to gain what knowledge they could of the country. This route was surveyed.

After the capture of Louisburg in 1758 Pitt directed that, while the attack on Quebec was making by Wolfe's force, an attempt should be made to penetrate into Canada by way of Ticonderoga and Crown Point which were then in the hands of the French. Gen. Jeffrey Amherst was made commander-in-chief of the force assigned to this duty. The purpose was that the two armies might unite in the heart of the Colony, or at least a powerful diversion might be effected in behalf of

¹ A monument was afterwards erected to mark this spot.

Wolfe. Amherst was ordered to make an eruption into Canada with all vigor and despatch. On the 23rd of July he reached the head of Lake George and found that Bourlamaque, the French commander, had retired down Lake Champlain, leaving four hundred men to defend Ticonderoga and Crown Point. On Amherst's approach Ticonderoga was evacuated and blown up. Crown Point was also abandoned and Amherst took possession of it, but he at once forgot his orders to assist Wolfe. Parkman in "Montcalm and Wolfe" says:

"He now set about repairing the damaged works and making ready to advance on Crown Point, when on the first of August his scouts told him that the enemy had abandoned this place also, and retreated northward down the lake. Well pleased, he took possession of the deserted fort, and, in the animation of success, thought for a moment of keeping the promise he had given to Pitt 'to make an irruption into Canada with the utmost vigor and despatch.' Wolfe, his brother-in-arms and his friend, was battling with the impossible under the rocks of Quebec, and every motive, public and private, impelled Amherst to push to his relief, not counting costs, or balancing risks too nicely. He was ready enough to spur on others, for he wrote to Gage: 'We must all be alert and active day and night; if we all do our parts the French must fall,' but, far from doing his, he set the army building a new fort at Crown Point, telling them that it would 'give plenty, peace and quiet to His Majesty's subjects for ages to come.' Then he began three additional forts, as outworks to the first, sent two parties to explore the sources of the Hudson; one party to explore Otter Creek; another to explore South Bay, which was already well known; another to make a road across what is now the State of Vermont, from Crown Point to Charlestown, or 'Number Four' on the Connecticut; and another to widen and improve the old French road between Crown Point and Ticonderoga. His industry was untiring; a great deal of useful work was done; but the essential task of making a diversion to aid the army of Wolfe was needlessly postponed."

SPRINGFIELD, VT.

MARY E. BAKER.

(To be continued)

THE ANCESTRY OF THE OHIOAN

AT a recent notable assembly in one of Ohio's universities, a revered bishop paid tribute to the greatness of the state, which he ascribed to its New England origin. This he did without qualification, as a compliment, in a confidence as naïve and undoubting as emphatic. No axiom could be carved in harder outline. He evidently believed that the Northwest Territory was people from Connecticut's "Western Reserve;" or if there were among its settlers a few stragglers from less favored regions, they were obscure, insignificant, and soon dominated by the persuasive Yankee notions.

It was not a strange speech. Indeed, its tone was familiar to those who have long been accustomed to hear and read assertions from our Down-East brethren—persistent as the "flood of years from an exhaustless urn"—to the effect that everything good and great in our civilization is, like the "pants" advertised by an enterprising Boston firm, stamped "Plymouth Rock."

None will question the potency of Puritan ideas, or the vigor and moral value of the Pilgrims. The contribution by New England of genius, of virtue, to the growth of the Republic in letters, state-craft, commerce, invention, reform, religion, is a fact so far beyond dispute that her sons supererogate in constant affirmation. We all cheerfully admit that our Yankee brother has enriched the national life with every good element—except modesty. Yet he had no option on all the virtues and valors. It would be well to consider a few things, such as the first settlement was in Virginia; the first legislative assembly of white men on this continent was at Jamestown 1619; the first ordinance of religious liberty was in Maryland; the first Declaration of Independence was made in Mecklenburg, in North Carolina; the first tea thrown overboard

—A portion of an address quoted from the *Ohio Historical and Archaeological Quarterly*, delivered in Zanesville by Dr. Courtenay, who for many years has been an enthusiastic student of Ohio history, upon which subject he has delivered many addresses. He wrote for and read at the Ohio Centennial Celebration the poem entitled "The Ohio Century."

was from the *Peggy Stewart*, in Annapolis harbor; the first steamboat floated on the Potomac; the first railroad was at Baltimore. Of course, this only means that each section may play an Oliver to the other's Roland.

In the case of Ohio, one may enter a bill of exceptions, to wit, that the marvelous development of this most typical of American states is due, not alone, nor even chiefly, to its New England blood, but to that mingling of vital currents which has made strong the heart of the Commonwealth.

This will be obvious by a slight scrutiny of the colonization of the Territory. The whole Western country passed by cession of conquest to Great Britain in 1763, and thence to the United States in 1783. But while the paper title was thus wrested from the French by the English, and in turn by the Americans from the British, the original occupants, the Indians, who were not party to these compacts, held the land by the "nine points of law" until dispossessed by the steady pressure of the frontiersmen from beyond the Alleghenies. The final writ of ejectment was served by a posse under General Anthony Wayne, consisting of two thousand United States regulars, and fifteen hundred Kentucky mounted volunteers, at the battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, when the savages suffered a defeat from which they never rallied. Thus the new Canaan had long allured the tribes of our Israel; eager with desires awakened by those spies, the hunters and traders, who brought back reports of an "exceeding good land;" yet they were withheld their forty years from entering and possessing it by fear of the "sons of Anak." When, however, "the sword of the Lord and of" (Wayne) hewed the way, population poured into the land like a flood, gathering to and radiating from five centers of settlement on the Ohio, the Lake, or the border of Pennsylvania, whence the natives were already expelled.

These five nerve centers of the nascent state were in the order of time as follows:

1. The "Ohio Company," formed in Connecticut, purchased 1,500,000 acres, and in April, 1788, settled their colony about the

mouth of the Muskingum, with Fort Harmar, now Marietta, as their citadel. It was a notable society. Many of its people were Revolutionary officers, and the most possessed intelligence and education. They and their descendants have cut a broad, deep mark in the history of the state.

2. The "Symmes Purchase" of 311,622 acres was negotiated by a New Jersey company of twenty-four gentlemen, headed by Judge John Cleve Symmes, a member of Congress from that state. In November, 1788, the first settlement was made by a party of twenty at a spot within the present limits of Cincinnati. This was a brood of the "blue hen's chickens;" but a considerable contingent from Kentucky soon moved into the region. Thus the basis was formally New Jersian, with its mixture of Scotch-Irish and Hollanders, but actually there was a vast majority of Virginians.

3. The "Virginia Military District" consisted of 3,000,000 acres, ranging north from the Ohio, between the Scioto and Miami Rivers, and was reserved by the Old Dominion to satisfy the land warrants issued to its soldiers of the Revolution. Its first settlements were at Manchester in 1791, and at Chillicothe in 1796, which latter became not only the center of this projection of Virginia into Ohio, but to a good degree of the political and social life of the whole Territory in the earlier years. It was the seat of the first legislatures, and of the capital until 1813. In this region the first tide of population was partly Marylandic, but mostly Virginian, in two streams; that of the hardy backwoodsmen who had earlier crossed the Alleghenies from the valleys of the Upper Potomac and Shenandoah, and built their cabins on the Cheat and Monongahela as far as Redstone, which was the head of navigation to the "Western waters," and that of the settlers who had already entered Kentucky by way of the southern passes through the Blue Ridge. They were of the usual pioneer type, but with them came families of substance and cultivation, who moved direct from the Old Dominion, who brought with them their colonial furniture, silver teapots, silks and laces with a touch of old world dignity and courtesy. Such were the Tiffins, Worthingtons and Massies. They were largely influenced by

conscience against slavery, for the Jeffersonian idea of its evil was then prevalent in the South. Tiffin freed his slaves, valued at \$5,000 (a full half of his wealth), and brought them into that Northwest Territory, which was "consecrated to freedom."

4. The "Western Reserve" was a strip of land equal to 1,800,000 acres, extending from the border of Pennsylvania along Lake Erie. Its colonists were mainly from Connecticut, which state had reserved this tract in making over to the General Government its rights and claims in the Western country. The first settlement was made at Cleveland in 1796. Its foundations were hewn from the granitic rock of New England Calvinism.

5. The "Seven Ranges" consisted of a tract extending from the Pennsylvania line between the Ohio Company on the south and the Western Reserve on the north. Its lands were the first ever sold by the United States out of the public domain, and the purchasers were a few native-born Quakers, some Germans of the stock which has produced the variety known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," and many Scotch-Irish, which body nearly pre-empted and still largely controls South-western Pennsylvania.

No mention need be made of two curious and tragic attempts at settlement; that of the French colony at the site of Gallipolis, because it was insignificant and evanescent; and that of the Moravian missionaries, because there were few white families, and all were swept from the face of the earth in a massacre, not by red men but white, and not by British or French, be it said to our shame, but Americans.

Now these five centers of life were long isolated by vast forests before the era of roads, and engrossed by the severe labor of subduing the wilderness, with little need or chance for travel, or any form of commercial and literary intercourse. They differed widely in custom, training, prevailing idea, and religious cultus. And it was long before fusion began. Ultimately all were subdued to a predominant type, but there are still marked characteristics in the various sections, and in the domesticities than the publicities.

some
type, with
traceable rather

Despite, however, minor differences, the state has attained social solidarity, and uniformity of educational system, of legal procedure, of political aspiration, through the weaving process of ceaseless interchange of business, literary and religious interests. This has tended to the obliteration of individuality in the sections, but marks of the original variation nevertheless distinguish each; for example, Southern Ohio from Northern, as clearly as the New England of to-day from those commonwealths known—in a phase now happily historic only—as the “Border States.”

It is the mingling of these diverse elements into a new compound which has enriched Ohio. And it is to be noted that here first occurred the blend of native bloods, which has since continued on so vast a scale throughout the West. Up to the close of the eighteenth century the colonies on the Atlantic coast were separate. Their people mingled little. They were as diverse as the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. But from them all poured streams of people into that fair land which lies between the Lake and the “beautiful river”—the gateway of the West—and the children of Puritan and Cavalier, Hollander and Huguenot, Teuton and Scotch-Irish, married and begot a new race. Moreover, just as the early emigrants from Europe were a picked people, so their descendants who crossed the Alleghanies were especially brave, hardy, and enterprising. The seed-plot was fertile, and the shoots choice, which by cross-fertilization have produced the Ohio stock.

No one section can claim a monopoly, or even a controlling interest, in Ohio's greatness. This is the more apparent when we examine the scroll of her famous men. It will be found that they have arisen with an astonishing impartiality from all quarters and conditions. Thus of the thirty-three governors, up to 1890, twelve came from the South, twelve from New England, three from Pennsylvania and six were born in Ohio of Scotch-Irish, Welsh, or Irish ancestry.

Again, consider the following list of fifty-two other distinguished children of the state, viz: Tiffin, Worthington, Symmes, Corwin, Ewing, Lytle, Piatt, the Cary sisters, Coates Kinney, Howells, White-law Reid, S. S. Cox, Powers and Ward, the sculptors; the Coxes, Tour-

conscience against slavery, for the Jeffersonian idea of its evil was then prevalent in the South. Tiffin freed his slaves, valued at \$5,000 (a full half of his wealth), and brought them into that Northwest Territory, which was "consecrated to freedom."

4. The "Western Reserve" was a strip of land equal to 1,800,000 acres, extending from the border of Pennsylvania along Lake Erie. Its colonists were mainly from Connecticut, which state had reserved this tract in making over to the General Government its rights and claims in the Western country. The first settlement was made at Cleveland in 1796. Its foundations were hewn from the granitic rock of New England Calvinism.

5. The "Seven Ranges" consisted of a tract extending from the Pennsylvania line between the Ohio Company on the south and the Western Reserve on the north. Its lands were the first ever sold by the United States out of the public domain, and the purchasers were a few native-born Quakers, some Germans of the stock which has produced the variety known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," and many Scotch-Irish, which body nearly pre-empted and still largely controls South-western Pennsylvania.

No mention need be made of two curious and tragic attempts at settlement; that of the French colony at the site of Gallipolis, because it was insignificant and evanescent; and that of the Moravian missionaries, because there were few white families, and all were swept from the face of the earth in a massacre, not by red men but white, and not by British or French, be it said to our shame, but Americans.

Now these five centers of life were long isolated by vast forests before the era of roads, and engrossed by the severe labor of subduing the wilderness, with little need or chance for travel, or any form of commercial and literary intercourse. They differed widely in custom, training, prevailing idea, and religious cultus. And it was long before social fusion began. Ultimately all were subdued to a predominant type, while there are still marked characteristics in the various sections, traceable rather in the domesticities than the publicities.

Despite, however, minor differences, the state has attained social solidarity, and uniformity of educational system, of legal procedure, of political aspiration, through the weaving process of ceaseless interchange of business, literary and religious interests. This has tended to the obliteration of individuality in the sections, but marks of the original variation nevertheless distinguish each; for example, Southern Ohio from Northern, as clearly as the New England of to-day from those commonwealths known—in a phase now happily historic only—as the “Border States.”

It is the mingling of these diverse elements into a new compound which has enriched Ohio. And it is to be noted that here first occurred the blend of native bloods, which has since continued on so vast a scale throughout the West. Up to the close of the eighteenth century the colonies on the Atlantic coast were separate. Their people mingled little. They were as diverse as the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. But from them all poured streams of people into that fair land which lies between the Lake and the “beautiful river”—the gateway of the West—and the children of Puritan and Cavalier, Hollander and Huguenot, Teuton and Scotch-Irish, married and begot a new race. Moreover, just as the early emigrants from Europe were a picked people, so their descendants who crossed the Alleghanies were especially brave, hardy, and enterprising. The seed-plot was fertile, and the shoots choice, which by cross-fertilization have produced the Ohio stock.

No one section can claim a monopoly, or even a controlling interest, in Ohio's greatness. This is the more apparent when we examine the scroll of her famous men. It will be found that they have arisen with an astonishing impartiality from all quarters and conditions. Thus of the thirty-three governors, up to 1890, twelve came from the South, twelve from New England, three from Pennsylvania and six were born in Ohio of Scotch-Irish, Welsh, or Irish ancestry.

Again, consider the following list of fifty-two other distinguished children of the state, viz: Tiffin, Worthington, Symmes, Corwin, Ewing, Lytle, Piatt, the Cary sisters, Coates Kinney, Howells, White-law Reid, S. S. Cox, Powers and Ward, the sculptors; the Coxes, Tour-

gee, George Kennan, McGahan, Giddings, Wade, Chase, Stanton, Waite, Ormsby, Mitchel, Edison, Brush, the Shermans, the Ammens, Rosecrans, Sheridan, McDowell, Custer, McPherson, the Presidents Harrison, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, and the Churchmen Durbin, Simpson, Foster, Harris, Merrill, Walden, Joyce, McCabe, Cranstons, Thoburn. Of these the tally runs, New England eleven, Virginia and Kentucky eleven, Scotch-Irish eight, Dutch two, New Jersey three, New York two, Irish three, French one, Canadian one, and unknown ten. If to these we add the fifteen "fighting McCooks," then the tale of this strenuous Scotch-Irish race must be advanced to twenty-three in the foremost rank, from which have sprung most of the war leaders.

Further, it can not be established that any section produced the great men of any particular profession or pursuit. In fact, this survey disproves Howells's generalization that "the South gave Ohio perhaps her foremost place in war and politics; but her enlightenment in other things was from the North." Moreover, in the two things whereof this claim has been urged—viz., the contest against slavery and for equal rights for all races, and the effort to establish public schools—it will be found from an examination of the records of the legislature that the pioneers of civilization were from all quarters. Indeed, it is more than probable, though not capable of demonstration in the absence of complete biographies, that Ohio's greatest men, the finest products of her powers, came from mingled strains.

Rawlinson has said, "It is admitted by ethnologists that the mixed races are superior to the pure ones." It is true, with the qualification that the law acts within the limits of a similar origin, as in the case of the Greeks, the Romans, the British, and above all, the Americans. Thus Tennyson sings, "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and he might have added, if the exigencies of verse had permitted: Celt and Gaul, Huguenot, and Palatine.

And one our own poets recited, on the Nation's century, these elements of our new type: Scottish thrift, Irish humor, German steadfastness, French vivacity, Scandinavian patience and English moral worth; declaring of the genius of America:

"In his form and features still
 The unblenching Puritan will,
 Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
 The Quaker truth and sweetness,
 And the strength of the danger-girdled race
 Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.

• • • • •
 And broad-based under all
 Is England's oaken-hearted mood,
 So rich is fortitude."

This lyric of our race is true in its highest terms of the Ohioan, the first product of the new type, whose vital currents have been mixed and enriched of so many noble elements.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, who has achieved more fame and success as an author than a Presidential candidate, having written admirably on Napoleon and on Jefferson, says in the preface to his life of the latter: "Southern men of the old *régime* were not given to the writing of books, and when the man of New England strode forward, pen in hand, and nominated himself custodian of our national archives and began to compile the record, nobody seriously contested the office. Thus it happened inevitably that New England got handsome treatment in our national histories. She deserved good treatment. Her record is one of glory. No patriotic American would detract from her merit, but her history is not the history of the whole Union." And it may be added, her point of view is not the only vision for estimate.

ZANESVILLE, O.

A. M. COURTENAY.

SOME NOTES ON THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN SCIENCE

THREE centuries and more have passed since the establishment of the first settlement in America. With justice it may be said, that during that period, the people of the New World have made for themselves a name equal in many instances to that of their respective mother countries; and to-day the American man of science, whatever be his calling, is looked upon with reverence which is due him and respect born of untiring industry and extraordinary success. Nor may it be said that, as a class, they have not earned all for which they are given credit; though the beginnings may have been under auspices of other lands and through the beneficence of farsighted and gifted helpers, It is but natural that the earliest achievements should have been fostered by aliens and materialized by cultured immigrants, whether the latter came from inclination or by command.

Thomas Harriot, the first Englishman of learning who crossed the Atlantic, is seldom looked upon in the light of science. But recently has his name been permanently brought before the public, save through the time-worn pages of Hakluyt or Purchas; yet he was foremost among the scholars of his time—the Huxley or Spencer of his day—of rude culture, a skilled astronomer, profound mathematician, author of a standard treatise on algebra, and withal, botanist, zoölogist and anthropologist. In obedience to the summons of Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he had at one time been mathematical instructor, he accompanied him on his famous voyage of colonization, 1584. The reports relating to America, when published by this man, were of profound interest, though in other fields he has since been found to be greatly over-rated; Hallam, for example, ascribing to Harriot a considerable list of discoveries in pure mathematics which have since been reclaimed for Cardan and Vieta.

In the natural sequence of events the historian is placed first in a series of epochs, after which may follow in divisions, as appropriate, the

naturalists, treating of the flora—as the botanists, Bartram and Barton,—and the fauna, as Wilson and Audubon; the geologists—Silliman, for example; the mineralogists, as Dana; and the explorers, naming Long, Pike, or Lewis and Clark. Some of them were scarcely to be classed, in the beginning, as Americans, yet became thoroughly inured to the manners, customs and methods of this country and are to be looked upon as Americans by adoption.

Michaux the elder, for example, a Frenchman, was born near Versailles and was a pupil of Jussieu. Sent, in 1785, by his government to collect useful trees and shrubs for naturalization in France, he remained eleven years in the regions of America, then accessible as far west as the Mississippi, sending home enormous numbers of living specimens. On returning, he published, in 1801, his treatise on American oaks, *Histoire des Chênes de l'Amerique Septentrionale*, with thirty plates, and prepared materials for his posthumous *Flora Boreali-Americanus*.

Though Harriot may be looked upon as the first who described the natural characteristics of North America, it would not appear proper to ignore the fact that the Spaniards or Frenchmen were among the first group of scientists on the Western Continent. Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes must, with truth, be called the first historian of the New World. Of noble birth, he began life as a page in the palace of Ferdinand and Isabella; saw Columbus on his second return from America in 1496; and came, in 1514, to Santo Domingo as inspector of gold-smelting, being subsequently Governor of that island and royal historiographer of the Indies. To Charles V. he submitted his *Sumario de la Natural Historia de las Indias* in 1525, and it was printed two years later at Toledo. During 1535 he began the publication of his *Historia Natural y General de las Indias*,—a task, by the by, completed but thirty odd years since by the Spanish Royal Academy of History.

Las Casas decried the value of Oviedo's books, but whatever may have been his method of discussing history and politics, his descriptions seem to have been both accurate and minute, particularly from the standpoint of natural history.

Following closely in the footsteps of the above, and second in order

of time to publish a volume dealing with American natural history, was Jean de Lery, a Calvinistic minister and member of the Huguenot colony founded by the Chevalier de Villegagnon in 1555, on a small island in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, which still bears his name. Though de Lery remained in Brazil less than five years he eventually published, in Rouen, a work entitled *Voyage en Amerique, avec la description des Animaux et Plantes de ce Pays*.

Passing over Joseph d'Acosta, perhaps the most learned of the early writers on America, and Francisco Hernandez, physician and man of science sent to Mexico by Philip II. of Spain, we come upon a personage who must by no means be overlooked—Garcilasso de la Vega. Born in Peru in 1539, his father the Spanish Governor of Cuzco, and his mother a princess of the Inca blood, this man boasted of a lineage traced through the ancient Peruvian monarchs to Manco Capac and the Sun. His *Royal Commentaries of Peru* presents a wonderful contribution to the history of pre-Columbian America, and has been said, upon authority, to have been first written in the Peruvian language. The fauna catalogued by him includes nearly fifty species; the flora, including tobacco, is discussed at length.

However, there cannot be ascribed to Garcilasso the only position held by aboriginal Americans who have written concerning their history. Among others of less note during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were Taddeo de Niza and Gabriel d'Ayala; the three named Ixtlilxochitl and some ten or twelve more. One of the earliest astronomers was Gongora, of the University of Mexico, author of the Mexican Cyclo-graphy printed more than two centuries since—a work of no little importance. Herrera and De Solis flourished at this period, and it is merely a matter of time when the treasures which these men garnered shall be given to the public and their values fully realized. Already there is a movement among our leading specialists headed by Bandelier, Lummis, Winship and others of our present day scientists and experts, and this material will soon be made accessible and in the hands of those who realize its worth.

Glancing onward once more to a later period, that which was marked by the coming of the adventurers to Jamestown in 1606, we find

Captain John Smith as an important figure in the annals of his time. Though unversed in mathematics and astronomy, the man was no mean observer; nor was he less enterprising as an explorer. His additions to geography were important, and his descriptions of the animals and plants of Virginia and New England form an excellent supplement to those of his predecessor, Harriot. Smith's first published work on Virginia appeared in 1612 and his *General History* in 1624. During the interim, Ralphe Hamor, the young secretary of the Colony, issued his *True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia*, which was published in London in 1615. While by no means a naturalist or man of science, his work is often referred to by zoölogical bibliographers, since he mentioned by name more than sixty of the native animals.

In the year 1620 was founded the Plymouth Colony. Among its members were those who recorded their impressions of the birds, beasts and plants found; and descriptions were sent from time to time to kinsfolk across the ocean. The *Journal* of Bradford and Winslow, printed in 1622, may be mentioned among the first. It was of value, but enumerated little which had not already been given by Smith.

The first formal treatises upon the natural history of this section were given to the world by William Wood and Thomas Morton. As a naturalist, Morton seems to have been the more accurate and by far the better educated and keener observer of the two: Wood labored with the more minute details and was most conscientious. The volumes by both of these men are deserving of praise, and the portions of each which relate to the natives are careful records of critical observation.

Ethnological work was indulged in also during this period. John Eliot, a graduate of Jesus College, Cambridge, came to Massachusetts in 1631. His work was among the Algonquin tribe, for whom he translated the Bible. Various books prepared by Eliot for the purpose of teaching are, even at this date, valuable to the student of linguistics. It is only to be regretted that some of these are not more accessible, though reprints of *The Indian Logick Primer* and *Bay Psalm Book* have recently appeared under the able direction of Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library. John Winthrop and his son, John Winthrop, F. R. S.,

as well as the Rev. John Clayton and Thomas Glover, were also early contributors to our knowledge of the natural history of early America.

In John Josselyn's remarkable volume entitled *New England's Rarities Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants of that Country*, we have without doubt the fullest as well as the most oft-quoted book of this class. His language is quaint; and the man, while clever, is said to have been very superficial and a ready compiler. Tuckerman has suggested that during the construction of his work he used Gerard's Herbal, though with such skill as to give him a certain standing among botanists of his day. Nevertheless, as literature the volume has worth; and from a pecuniary point of view, at the present time, an original copy is of great value.

Going further south once more we come upon Lawson, the able author of a *History of Carolina* and *A New Voyage to Carolina*. His list of the plants and animals is very full as regards the region, and his observations accurate. Edward Bohun and Job Lord were interested in the natural history of this section at about the same time (1700), as also was William Vernon in Maryland. In writing of these men we are brought to a date more closely allied to the present period and, if possible, of deeper interest.

WILLIAM HARVEY MINER.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

(To be continued)

OLD FORT MASSAC, ILLINOIS

THERE is nothing new to be said about old Fort Massac—already we are familiar with the twice told tale of how tradition still marks this old site as a temporary fort used by DeSoto's men to protect themselves from the Indians as early as 1542.

Fort Massac was one of a chain of forts beginning with Fort Niagara which were intended by the French to confine the English colonies to the strip along the Atlantic coast. During the short period when Spain owned the French claims to the North Western Territory it was said that the fort was occupied by Spanish soldiers. It has been successively in the hands of the Spanish, French, Indians, English and Americans. Here Juchreau traded and Father Mermet preached in 1701 to 1705 and here Juchreau died in 1704; here the French established a fort, and a mission (L'Assumption) August 15th, 1702, "the French genius for the selection of forts," says Governor Reynolds, "being eminently sustained in the choice of Fort Massac." Here Aubry, the French commander, stayed his retreat, halted and landed his troops after the evacuation of Fort Duquesne in 1758 and the withdrawal of the lilies of France from Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Fort Niagara, Quebec, and indeed the whole of Canada. Here that great soldier decided to make a stand against the English. The stand was final and from that day, when by order of their superiors, the French garrison at Massac retired to Fort Chartres, no French garrison has trod this classic shore. One hundred men were left to garrison the fort; with the rest and most of his cannon Aubry retired to Fort Chartres, as commanded. Massac was the last fort erected by the French on the Ohio River and was occupied by a French garrison until the country was surrendered to the English by the Treaty of Paris, February 10th, 1763. The French garrison was directed to give up the fort by a special order of April 21, 1764, but

—Read at the Executive Mansion, Springfield, Illinois, at D. A. R. Chapter meeting.

they continued to hold it for another year. Here trod that gallant officer, St. Ange de Belle Rive, whose name is still cherished in Illinois. Around this old fort, Tecumseh hunted buffalo and here the brave Lieutenant Pike commanded.

In 1705, the establishment was broken up, the Indians quarreling among themselves, and on September 12, 1712, Louis XIV granted to Anthony Crozat the monopoly of trade of Louisiana. Lamothe Cadillac was appointed Governor of Louisiana and ordered to establish trading posts or settlements on the Wabash and Ohio, and the Illinois.

During the year 1758, this fort was reconstructed or rebuilt by the French.

In June, 1759, M. de Macarty, commandant at Fort Chartres, placed a party of Chaouanon Indians near Fort Massac, with provisions, "They were more useful and less dangerous there," he said.

Early in 1760, the Governor of Canada ordered that Fort Massac be rebuilt and strongly fortified.

April 12, 1760, M. de Macarty, in referring to the operations of the English at Pittsburg, states that he has "caused Fort Massac to be terraced, fraized and fortified, piece upon piece, with a strong ditch."

England does not appear to have made any attempt to repair and occupy the fort then given up by the French, though urged to do so by her military agents in the West. Had they held and garrisoned Fort Massac, no doubt Clark's expedition to capture the great Northwest might easily have been nipped in the bud.

The occupancy of the country by the British lasted thirteen years. Nothing of note appears to be recorded during this interval. As before stated, the British made no use of the post, and this disregard of the advice of her military agents no doubt, cost the British government dear. As it was, Clark's approach and occupancy of Illinois Territory was comparatively easy.

Fort Massac was not occupied by troops again until the trouble began with Spain and France in 1794, when it was rebuilt and occupied under the special orders of President Washington.

March 31, 1794, he ordered General Wayne, who had military jurisdiction over the region, to send a detachment to Fort Massac "to erect a strong redoubt and blockhouse, with some suitable cannon from Fort Washington (Cincinnati), for the purpose of stopping by force, if peaceable means should fail, any body of armed men who should proceed down the Ohio, and threaten hostilities with Spain."

Wayne accordingly sent a detachment from his already depleted Legion, under command of Major Thomas Doyle, to serve as a garrison at Fort Massac. This was its first occupancy by the military forces of the United States.

Fort Massac, thus rebuilt and garrisoned, remained a post of considerable importance and remained such until after the collapse of Burr's conspiracy.

The troubles with the foreign powers, particularly France, continuing September 4, 1799, General James Wilkinson submitted to General Hamilton a project for the defense of the western frontier contiguous to the territories of Spain and Great Britain; this was to include the change of station of some companies of artillery then at Fort Massac, its strength, however, to remain the same number of men—one hundred—consisting of artillery and infantry; this was approved by Hamilton and Washington, but the unexpected accommodation of our differences with France and the sudden reduction of our army rendered the proposed changes unnecessary.

Wayne and Wilkinson, when commanders-in-chief of the army, occupied the fort and for periods of time made it their headquarters.

Among the provisions of a treaty of peace, concluded at Vincennes, in the then Indian territory, August 13, 1803, between Governor William Henry Harrison, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and the head chiefs and warriors of the Kaskaskia Indians, was one that part of the annuity to be paid to the Indians might be paid at Fort Massac.

So late as 1812 this fort was repaired and used for defensive purposes during the war with Great Britain. It was furnished with a new stockade, and occupied by the Illinois mounted rangers, who were en-

trusted with the defense of the border against the incursions of hostile Indians, or British soldiers.

During the summer of 1812, Colonel E. P. Gaines recruited a regiment in Tennessee. During the following winter it was stationed at Fort Massac, where it was drilled and received military instruction.

History relates many instances in the American settlement of Illinois in which the fort figured up to 1794, and it now remains, though mutilated and in ruins, the noblest and most beautiful landmark of the early pioneer history of the West.

It is satisfactory once in a lifetime to enjoy the fruition of hope and expectation fulfilled. We scarcely recognized a few days ago the site that had been abandoned almost a hundred years, in the smooth turf, the cleared forest, walks, driveways and stately environment surrounding the beautiful monument, that stands sentinel over earthworks that still retain outlines that marked them, in those early days, when Spanish, French, Indian or British fought for their possession. The spot where the emulation of three different nations, the valor of Clark, the commandership of Washington, and the solicitude of the young republic, were all centered and where a foundation stone was laid in empire building which will never be removed. I wish that all of you could have visited this splendid and sunny spot:—to stand, while wild grass grows, and water runs, and generations remember river and sky and forest, a panorama that can never be surpassed. I wish I could give you some idea of our sensation as we gazed upon that scene, which had once been the theater of fierce warfare now serene in a stately beauty all its own.

But to realize all this and to realize that this transformation is the work of the Illinois D. A. R., one must see it. So, might a fallen star rise from the mire and dust of its surroundings and shine again in its native sky. So have we, the Illinois D. A. R., exhumed and restored the lamp set in the wilderness long ago by our great and steadfast forefathers and their wives. No wonder they called it "La Belle Rivière"—those early explorers. As I floated down the river in a tiny launch a few weeks ago, my own blood tingled with the wine of adventure, and some touch seemed present of the spirit that animated LaSalle,

Joliet, Marquette, Hennepin, Aubry, St. Ange de Belle Rive and the heroic priests who sacrificed life in the wilderness.

In recalling the impressive ceremonies at the dedication of the George Rogers Clark monument at Fort Massac a few days ago, we realize that it is not only fitting, but of the highest practical importance, that the memory of the men who, during the course of our development as a nation, fought its battles, won its victories and made its laws, should be treasured as a priceless heritage, and that the record of their lives and influence should be perpetuated in lettered bronze, if we would, in the words of the old Athenians, "Transmit our fatherland, not only not less, but greater and better, than it was transmitted to us."

But the inner meaning, the spiritual significance of that ceremony will have escaped us, if in contemplating it, we do not come to realize, as has been well said, that, "The true value of any memorial lies in the educational service its renders the people among whom it is preserved. The monuments of a nation are an epitome of its history, whose real worth is not in their architectural beauty but in the scenes and incidents which they commemorate, and the qualities of character, for which those in whose honor they were reared, were most distinguished."

The strength of our civilization, the measure of our heroism, lies largely in our estimate and emulation of the heroic souls, who through fire and sword and blood, the anguish of defeat, the ecstasy of despair or victory, wrought out with some unconscious instinct of genius, the elemental principles of American civilization,—a civilization which we proudly proclaim to the world,—as the loftiest product of the twentieth century.

Unless, indeed, we are willing to transmit to posterity material possessions only, unilluminated by divine ideals, it is in the spirit, that lay behind the doing of the matchless deeds of the men in whose honor we have reared that glorious shaft, as a feeble token of our admiration and love, that we must find inspiration and purpose, to maintain unsullied, and in a condition of growing usefulness and power, our splendid free American institutions.

In rescuing, together with the state, old Fort Massac from oblivion and in rearing there a noble shaft in memory of George Rogers Clark and his comrades in arms, we have done that which was beautiful, that which was strong, and that which is to be enduring, for it is good.

JULIA G. SCOTT.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.



MINOR TOPICS

THE WIDE AWAKES OF 1860

THE suggestion was made about the time of the Lincoln Centenary that the survivors of the "Wide Awakes" of 1860 be recognized and have a reunion at that time. Then it was asked, How many of them are still alive? Though the reunion did not take place, I would say I am one of the "spared monuments"—a genuine Wide Awake of the campaign of 1860. At that time I was a young man living in Keene, N. H., and when the call went forth for the Lincoln men to form a company of Wide Awakes I responded,—was one of the "charter members," so to speak. I then lacked several months of being old enough to vote, and some of the leaders objected to anyone becoming a Wide Awake who was not a voter. However it was decided that a few of us,—men grown,—might join, though not voters.

To digress a little in regard to the age of voters. A friend of mine would become 21 years of age the day after the election. The question as to his right to vote was much discussed, many claiming that he should be allowed to do so. But as he lived in a small town, where everybody knew everybody's age, and also in a Democratic stronghold, the Selectmen refused to put his name on the list and so he lost his vote. I have often wondered whether this would have happened if the Selectmen of the town had been strongly Republican.

The uniform of the Wide Awakes consisted of a cap and a large cape of enameled cloth, I have still in my possession two pieces of the cape, for I afterward cut it up to make covers for my college textbooks. My company's capes were black, and as I remembered it, perfectly plain; but some companies had the words "Wide Awakes" printed or stamped on their capes. The torch was a small tin fount with a burner and wick

for kerosene, fastened to the end of a stick about the size and length of a broom handle. Toward the end of the campaign a few companies came out with a swing torch. This, of course, admitted of a larger oil pot and wick, giving a larger flame. Once organized we did a great deal of drilling and marching. If any outlying town or village had a procession or flag-raising we were expected to turn out, and we often marched several miles doing so. We also went by rail to towns at some distance having mass-meetings and torch-light processions.

At that time the towns of Claremont and Keene, N. H., were strong rivals. The census of 1860 gave them very nearly the same population. At the State election in March a friendly contest was entered into by the Republicans of the two towns, and it was agreed that the town casting the smaller number of votes for the Republican ticket should present to the other a silk banner. The town of Claremont won by a few votes. Accordingly the Keene company went up there in September and presented them with a large, handsome silk banner. What has become of it? The Democrats were greatly horrified that the Republicans should so gamble for votes! They thought it was very demoralizing and unconstitutional.

Keene like all other centers must have its great mass-meeting and torch-light procession. It was held after the October elections, for in those days the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and some others held their State elections in October. The returns from these were awaited with breathless anxiety in the campaign of 1860, for as they went then, it was pretty sure the presidential would go a month later. All these great States swung over in to the Republican column in these elections, and so then we felt almost sure of Lincoln's election. The governor chosen in Pennsylvania bore the name of Curtin, and I distinctly recall one transparency, carried in our procession that night, having for its motto "The Curtin is rising,"—surely very pat. It was at this mass-meeting that we had the pleasure of hearing Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, one of the "giants in those days." He could give us the time between two trains—much less than an hour. This was lengthened by the railway authorities holding his train about fifteen minutes. When he came upon the platform a young man was holding forth in a grandilo-

quent oration, and he did not have the good sense to give way, although he must have known the circumstances. At once cries came from all parts of the crowd for "Wilson!" "Wilson!" but still the young man kept on. Finally Senator Wilson spoke to the crowd and requested them to be silent, for he would not speak till the other had finished. After some little time the "swell head" stopped, and then Senator Wilson for a half hour, in eloquent, burning words, presented the great issues of the hour. I think I never saw a madder crowd than that was when it saw itself cheated out of those precious minutes.

One incident of Wilson's speech comes back forcibly and distinctly to my mind even after all these years. It was a common remark at that time among all classes that even if Lincoln should be elected he would never take his seat, for with party passions running so high, he would certainly be murdered before the time came for his inauguration. Wilson referred to this feeling and then said it reminded him of an incident that took place in the revolution of 1688 in England. James II had thrown into prison five bishops who were opposed to him and their execution was momentarily expected. This aroused the people of western England to fever heat and a song was taken up and sung by the masses, the refrain of which was this:

And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die,
Then twenty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why.

He paraphrased it thus:

And shall Abe Lincoln die, and shall Abe Lincoln die,
Then a half-million Wide Awakes will know the reason why.

A mighty shout went up from the vast crowd. How little we know of what the future has in store for us! Ere the burning issues of that day were settled 2,000,000 of Wide Awakes went marching over the southland in the Northern armies alone.

Some historians have made the assertion that it was the Wide Awakes that elected Lincoln, and I think they are not far from the truth. The movement seemed to be a spontaneous outburst of the people from

one end of the North to the other. Every town, village and city had its company of Wide Awakes,—marching, drilling,—marching. They were made up of men who knew the issues at stake. They marched with firm step and determined look; there was no hilarity, no buncombe; they realized that whatever way the election resulted it was freighted with momentous consequences to all future generations. Alas! in a few months the boys were “really” marching over the hills and valleys of the South. They had “real” guns in their hands which became “real” torches of fire. So true is it that “coming events cast their shadows before them.”

B. F. THOMPSON.

Republican, Springfield, Mass.

HONOR PAID TO L'ENFANT

Unusual honors were paid April 28 to the memory of Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the French engineer, who, under the authority of George Washington, laid out the city of Washington. His body, which was disinterred from its resting place on the Digges farm, in Maryland, near Washington, where he was buried in 1825, was taken to the Capitol under military escort. In the rotunda, where the body lay in state, ceremonies were held, at which Vice-President Sherman and Ambassador Jusserand of France paid tribute to the noted Frenchman.

The body was then taken to the Arlington National Cemetery under a military and civic escort, and religious services were held there. Besides the regular troops in the procession, were various patriotic organizations as well as civic associations of Washington. The Rev. William T. Russell, rector of St. Patrick's Church of this city, which Major L'Enfant attended, officiated at the services at the cemetery.

Long before the hour set for the beginning of the ceremony at the Capitol a notable assemblage had gathered in the great rotunda, where the distinguished engineer's body lay on a catafalque. President Taft and Vice-President Sherman were among the early arrivals. The Presi-

dent was there as a spectator, but Mr. Sherman was one of the speakers of the day.

Saying that no people have granted fuller or more generous reward for valorous service than those of the United States, Mr. Sherman praised the deeds of Major L'Enfant, who, he said, served America with distinguished bravery in arms, and with rare ability and masterful genius in civil life.

"The young lieutenant engineer came to America in 1777," said Mr. Sherman, "and his proffered services were accepted by Washington. At the battle of Savannah the young officer's bravery in action was conspicuously displayed in aid of the patriot cause. Here he was wounded and captured. Later he was paroled and thereafter exchanged, from which time he continued in our military service."

The Vice-President asserted that there was no reason to doubt that L'Enfant's mind evolved the general plan of the present city of Washington, and he spoke of his genius as exceptional.

"If to L'Enfant was not granted at once complete recognition of his imagination and genius," he said, "the American people can plead that time alone could demonstrate the magnificent accuracy of his beautiful design, for he gazed into the future as far as human eye could see and saw the beauty of the spot and all the grandeur that would be. And now that the real value of his labors has been shown, we, representing the people of the United States, gladly make such reparation as lies in our power, and to his memory we pay deep homage."

Ambassador Jusserand called attention to the primitive condition of the land upon which the future capital of the nation was to be erected, and to the great transformation which had taken place in a little more than a century, and said that "the will of Congress, the choice made by the great man whose name the city was to bear, the talents of a French officer, the one whose memory was being commemorated to-day, had caused the change."

Washington, he said, quickly made up his mind as to the location of the Federal city, but the question arose as to what sort of a city

would it be—a residential one for statesmen, legislators, and judges; a commercial one, with the splendid possibilities afforded by the Potomac River, or a mixture of both? Would it be planned in view of the present or the future, and of what sort of future?

L'Enfant, he said, had been selected by Washington because during thirteen years of association he had many occasions to appreciate his quality of character and his abilities. The French officer, however, he said, although gifted, plucky, and energetic, was difficult to handle.

He had foreseen present greatness in all its aspects, "even the last acquired one, the one of which the American nation is so justly proud, her navy." The ambassador said that the plan fitted so well future times and so badly present ones that for many years criticisms were ceaseless, and that, as late as 1851, Jean Jacques Ampère heard jokes "on that strange city, made up of houses without streets and streets without houses."

The intuition L'Enfant had of the future of his adopted country was nothing very extraordinary, the ambassador continued. "All French people had the same. From the first, France thought that the United States would be and should be a great nation. The first diplomat ever sent here came from France."—*Evening Post*, New York.

DAYS OF THE FOREFATHERS

Thomas Piper was born in Stratham, N. H., about 1730, and died in Wolfeboro in 1791. He was directly descended from Nathaniel Piper who came from Dartmouth, England, to Ipswich, Mass., in 1653. Thomas was the great-grandson of the immigrant. He married Abigail Evans, daughter of David and Abigail Evans, of Concord, N. H. Tradition has it that the maiden name of the senior Abigail was Bruce; and that she was kin to the royal family of Scotland.

It seems that the Evans family was quite numerous in the early history of New Hampshire. Dover records of that period contain the

names of some forty persons bearing that surname, there spelled "Euenes." "William Evins" appears in 1652, among the early settlers of Portsmouth, N. H.

In Dover, especially, this family suffered severely at the hands of the savages. In September, 1725, the Indians killed Benjamin and William Evans, and knocked down and scalped John Evans who feigned death, but afterward recovered, and survived for fifty years. We are told that an Evans was chained by the Indians to Major Waldron's barn, and was burned together with the building.

In those troublous times, the population of Concord was apportioned among the different garrisons in the town. David Evans and family were assigned to the garrison at the house of Timothy Walker, Jr.

Thomas Piper served with the troops raised in 1755 for the expedition against Crown Point.

Sergeant David Evans, presumably a brother-in-law of Thomas Piper, served in the same regiment (Col. Joseph Blanchard's). Evans was also a member of "Rogers' Rangers," and a participant in the terrible fight at St. Francis. It is a matter of interest to note that Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was once a member of the "Rangers;" and that Rev. Daniel Emerson of Hollis, N. H., was for a time the chaplain. The tribe of St. Francis Indians, having their headquarters in the village of that name, were among the most savage and merciless of the enemies of the New England colonists. There is abundant evidence that they were instigated to deeds of barbarity and ferocity by the French ecclesiastics of Canada. In their demoniac fury they spared neither age nor sex, often employing the most horrible and fiendish tortures. But the day of retribution, swift and signal, came at last. On October 3, 1759, Rogers' Rangers, numbering 142 men, swooped down upon this nest of devils, and practically exterminated them.

In this den of blood, the Rangers found about six hundred scalps of men, women, and children, taken from victims in the various settlements of New England.

Thomas Piper served valiantly in the old French and Indian war

of 1755 to 1763. According to the historian Belknap, the New Hampshire troops acquitted themselves with great bravery, fortitude, and fidelity during the long and arduous campaign. They contributed largely to the defeat of the French and Indians under Baron Dieskau, in September, 1755. So valuable and soldierly were their services that they were almost constantly employed as scouts, till the close of the war.

These troops were raised for a specific purpose,—“for an expedition against Crown Point, in April, 1755,—for which the Legislature appropriated thirty thousand pounds.”

After the close of his military career, Thomas returned to Stratham, where he married, and, somewhat later, removed to Pembroke, N. H., and thence in 1768 to Wolfeboro, which was thereafter his residence. He was an influential and respected citizen, interested in public affairs, and held several town offices. He was the first miller in the town, and had a gristmill at what was afterwards known as “Mill Village.” Such was the value of their services to the public that millers were exempted from military duty during the Revolution.

Thomas had six sons and two daughters. Of the sons, three, Thomas, Jr., David and John, were soldiers in the Revolution. John, familiarly known as “Adjutant John,” enlisted at the age of sixteen, and served through the war. After his return, he removed to Tuftonboro where he died in 1830. He was twice married, having by the first wife ten children, by the second, eleven,—thus making up the truly patriarchal number of twenty-one children! Of this number, nineteen married, and all but two were present at the funeral of their father.

When the war of 1812 opened, John, although over fifty years of age, felt his martial spirit aroused. He raised a company, of which he was appointed Adjutant,—hence his designation. But the war closed before he had a second opportunity for service in the field.

Timothy (ancestor of the writer) was the youngest son of Thomas and Abigail Piper. He was a very athletic man, and a famous hunter. It is reported that he could stand in a hogshead, and, without touching his hands to it, could jump squarely out of it. Many bears, at least one wolf, several of the moose tribe, and large numbers of other wild ani-

mals attested his skill as a hunter. He had an enormous gun, which I well remember, known as "the old buccaneer." It was, of course, a flint-lock, and had a barrel some six feet long. Whence its name, or what was its previous history, it is now too late to ascertain. With that gun he performed some remarkable feats in bear-shooting—tales of which I, in my childhood, listened to with interest and pleasure.

Timothy married Hannah, daughter of Joshua Neal, a soldier of the Revolution. This couple had thirteen children, six sons and seven daughters. I recollect hearing Mrs. Piper speak of seeing Washington, at a certain time. She was then about eight years old, and was living in Portsmouth, N. H. Washington visited that section, in October, 1789.

Joshua N., a son of Timothy and Hannah, was even a more famous hunter than his father. On account of the large number of bears—some eighty—which he had killed, he was familiarly known as "Bear Piper." During many years he lived in Albany, N. H., near the eastern base of Mt. Chocorua. He surveyed and cut the first trail to the summit of that mountain, and acted as guide to very many persons who wished to make the ascent. In the earlier time, before the mountain had been devastated and denuded by fire, hurricane, and wood-choppers, the outlook from the summit was very different from what it now is.

An interesting account of one such ascent appears in the *Youth's Companion*, of June 21, 1906. The incident is laughable, but might easily have taken a tragic turn. Besides the guide, other persons who figured in the transaction were the poet Whittier, Lucy Larcom, and a daughter of War Governor Goodwin, with others. "All's well that ends well." This incident ended well, but might have ended far otherwise.

J. W. HAYLEY.

CENTRE TUFTONBORO, N. H.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF THEODORE SEDGWICK TO TRUMAN WHEELER

(Theodore Sedgwick was one of the noted men of his day, and father of Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick, the author. He took part in the Canada Expedition of 1776, and was aide to General Thomas.)

Chamblee, (P. Q.) 26th May, 1776.

DEAR TRUMAN: All the News of small Pox, Flights Retreats, Regulars, Indians & Canadians you no doubt will have augmented in a most terrible manner. We here on the spot who have the greatest Opportunity of knowing the Truth, cannot in many instances be able to discover Truth from falsehood. but I am sure that that Pestilence, Famine & sword was Job's wife here and to give the advice she gave her honest old man she would not receive the same reply he gave her—don't you think it very lucky in becoming a member of the Army at the time I did? Indeed I usually time matters so. Who wouldn't be a soldier? with all the present disadvantages I prefer my situation to that of being surrounded by a Berkshire Mobb.

As to news you know Genl. thomas & more than one half the Army are sick with the small Pox and the Genl. I believe is not dangerous but he is exceeding full. you have heard of the damage done by a party of the 8th Regiment together with some vagabond Canadians and Indians. this party have met with a defeat from Arnold who was detached that way at the head of about 1,000, the particulars of the last Action are not yet come to hand previous to this they had killed and taken about 500 of our Men, according to the report of Col. Patterson who commanded at Montreal and came here himself to bring the News—if you don't write me fully and largely by every opportunity I will never pay you what I owe you. Kiss your wife for me and give my love to Her. God bless you Amen & Amen isn't this as good as a long flourish to conclude with?

THEODORE SEDGWICK.

Capn Truman Wheeler, Merchant, Great Barrington.

LETTER FROM LYDIA MARIA CHILD ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

(Had the gifted author lived to see the twentieth century, she would doubtless have been a "suffragette.")

Although unsigned, this characteristic note (evidently the draft of a letter), is written on the back of an envelope addressed to her.

I am willing to do my share towards supporting schools, repairing roads, etc. Therefore, I pay my taxes; but I pay them with a protest. "Taxation without representation is tyranny"; and women are not represented in Town, County, or State. They are allowed no share in choosing the government, therefore they are not bound to pay its expense.



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER X (*Concluded*)

IN the moment that Balt spoke, a faint signal from the extreme right, which was repeated by De Roos from the center, reached the ears of Greyslaer; and the flankers at once closing in, the whole party united upon the banks of the rivulet, at a point where it first commenced its descent from the upland. Taking his orders now from De Roos, for Greyslaer was only acting as a volunteer upon the expedition, Balt ascended a tall hemlock to reconnoitre the point to which they were approaching, and where it was presumed that Brant lay with his followers.

“How many fires do they count?” cried De Roos from the root of the tree.

“Fires? Devil the one!” muttered the scout, in a tone of sullen surprise and chagrin. “A fool’s errand we’ve come upon. They’ve shut themselves up in a block-house and stockade upon the banks of the river, and our night’s bizness is done for.”

“Can we not decoy them from their defences?” asked Greyslaer, anxiously; “it would be madness to assault their palisades without artillery, and it would be folly to wait until cannon can be transported through woods like these we have traversed to-night.”

“Easy enough to get some of the critters out, and pepper ’em for the fun of it,” said Balt; “but that wouldn’t help us in retaking Miss Alida. By the eternal thunder! but there’s some of the varmint now pushing off in a canoe to gig trout or examine a fishweir, I don’t know which; but I see by the light of the pine knots in the bow that they push along mighty slow, as if looking for something at the bottom of the stream. I have it, I have it, capting; I have it, squire;” and, as if some rare device had struck him on the instant, Balt straightway descended the tree. “We can captivate those chaps complete, I tell ye, if they only move a little further down stream, where yon woody mound shoulders the current. I know the ground here all to pieces. Those maples,

whose round tops are just now slicked up by the moon, cover a thick undergrowth that will conceal us in creeping along the shore, and we can cut off the Injuns from the fort as soon as they turn the pint."

"Ay, but how do you know they will turn the point?" said Greyslaer, who, standing upon a rock round which the runnel gurgled, looked down the defile through which it traveled to the river, and caught a glimpse of the moonlit landscape below.

"Leave that to me, if chance don't fix it," replied the woodsman; "and now, Squire Dirk, as you command here to-night, jist let old Balt order the position of all of us before we move farther."

"If you know the ground, as you say you do, Balt you are the proper person to guide us in our operations. I give you full power to act, if you will only secure me a chance of trying my jäger upon the miscreants."

"Well, well, that shall be cared for, only don't be too headysome, or you'll spile all. I want to take the Redskins alive, and get some tidings about Miss Alida; and, if one be a chief, we may exchange him. We must divide into three parties to make sure of our object; I want five of our stoutest men to creep with me to the water's side, to the bend south of the mound, where we must secure the canoe-men, if anywhere. You, squire, must throw yourself, with the strength of the party, to the north side, so as to cut off the Injuns from the fort with your rifles if they escape from our hands and attempt to return to it. Capting, I'm sorry I cannot give you more lively work at the outset; but, if the thing comes to a fight, you will have a sodger's share of it where I'm going to place you. We must trust to your spunk and headwork in getting us out of the scrape if my plan fails; and you must take a position, with half a dozen men, where you can see what's going on, and bring us off safely if the worst come to the worst; and if the fire of Squire Dirk's party draws a sally from the fort, we shall see hot work, I tell ye. There's a ledge of bald rock to the left yonder, that puts out from the ridge we are on, about a hundred yards from this. That cliff commands the whole valley below, and there is a deer runway leading up from the water-side to its base. That way lies our retreat. A half hour hence the moon will touch the cliff, whose edge is still in deep shadow from

the hemlock thicket that covers it; so you must gain it at once, and lie there close as a hunted opossum to a gray log. If we are pursued, you capting, know as well as I do what follows; we'll——"

"You will lure the chase to the base of the rock, make a *détour* to my rear, and leave me to deal with the rascals in front. Exactly, Balt; I comprehend your plan completely; and its details are worthy of a veteran partisan."

"I don't know what sort of a chap that may be; but if it mean an old bushfighter, there's no man in all Tryon county, not even Red Wolfert himself, but must knock under to old Balt in expayrience." And, with this harmless ebullition of vanity on the part of the woodsman, the council of war was broken up. The party was divided agreeably to his suggestions, and the three bands immediately afterward separated, and sped with silent haste to their different destinations. Greyslaer, having but a short distance to move with his handful of followers, soon gained the position indicated by Balt; and throwing himself upon the ground, with his feet hanging over the rocky ledge, he cast a thoughtful eye over the sleeping landscape below.

The moon was in her last quarter, but the atmosphere was so clear that her waning beams lighted up the scene with a splendor that is rarely witnessed in other climes. The Sacondaga, which near this region at the present day, winds through green meadows grazed by a thousand cattle, was, at the time of which we write, thickly wooded along its banks. The luxuriant foliage of primeval forests impended in billowy masses over the devious water, which only showed to view in shining intervals, like the broken links of a silver chain. A few cleared acres only, around the Indian stockade, let the moonlight down more broadly upon the stream, where the burned and blackened stumps stood grimly marshalled along the water's edge, like the dwarfish opponents of the girdled trees, whose tall, stark stems, and jagged and verdureless array, bounded the opposite sides of the clearing. The stockade itself lay a deformed and shapeless mass of logs in the midst of this desolate area; and the eyes of Greyslaer, as he watched the twinkling lights which ever and anon revealed the floating canoe upon the river, reverted continually to this sullen den in which he thought Alida was immured. He imagined to himself

the lady of his love as looking out with the cheerless spirit of a captive upon the few dreary acres of the Indian clearing, which could alone meet her eye from her forest-walled prison-yard; he thought of her love of nature and exquisite taste in rural refinement, as seeking vainly for solace in that circumscribed, uncouth, and mutilated landscape; and then he thought—so idly does the mind wander in such a mood—he thought, reverting to the white man's "improvements," characterized by similar features to those of the scene before him, he thought whether utility could not in any way work out her ends, by some less unsightly and devastating process than the ordinary one of clearing a new country!

"And must the prodigal soul of man, too," said he, mentally "must the primal freshness of all things earthly be thus wastefully converted to their final ends? Must the soil of virgin nature be thus encumbered with the wreck of its beauty, thus enriched with its own blasted luxuriance, turning again to earth, ere it gather strength to bear things that are truly precious? Must the wild heart of youth, redolent of hope and high affections, moving with each generous impulse like this plummy forest to the breeze, must it also give up its first noble, natural growth of feelings, and become barren and desolate, like yon blackened clearing, before, like that, it can bear fruits fit for the best purposes of social being? . . . The wild Indian, too! Is he subject to the same mysterious law, or has Nature a different dispensation for her own immediate children? Doth *age* alone ripen his mind, and by gradual and kindly means steal from him the pledges of life's morning promise, and lead him to an inviting grave with youth, all glorious, eternal youth, still glowing beyond its portals? or doth he too, like us, grow old before his time, with faculties quickened by suffering and matured by pain? Doth he bewildered by conflicting passions like ours, and misled by stumbling reason, chase the phantom Hope where'er she leads? or doth rather a narrow but subtle instinct deter him from the vain pursuit, or guide him with unerring finger to fruition?"

"But what boots this vain dreaming?" cried he, interrupting himself impatiently, as a cloud, at that moment obscuring the moon, snatched the scene which had awakened these reflections from his view. "What matters it that our scheme of existence should be as vain and uncertain

as the landscape that but now glimmered below me, when death, like yon cloud, may come to any moment and obscure it for ever!"

As the last thought passed through the mind of Greyslaer, and even before language could have given it shape and utterance, it seemed as if the chilling image of death had but presented itself as the precursor of the reality. A sharp, stunning blow, that came with such force, glancing along his ribs, as to turn his body completely round, drew a sudden exclamation of pain and surprise from him. "Hah! God of Heaven, what's that!" he cried, clapping his hand to the wound as he rolled over upon the rock, struggling to gain his feet. But the effort was vain. He became dizzy on the moment. He tried to shout to his comrades, but the voice seemed drowned in other sounds. A fearful yell, that rung confusedly in his ears, like the spirit call from another world, swallowed up the feeble cry. But still he seemed not dead, for a strange sensation, like that of falling into a fathomless depth, yet called out the exercise of volition. His hands groped about as if clutching at something to hold on by, and then he lay in utter unconsciousness, with the cold moonlight streaming on his motionless form.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)



THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. X

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 6

JOHN BROWN'S RAID FIFTY YEARS AGO

IT was late on the night of the 16th of October, 1859, just fifty years ago to-day, that John Brown and his twenty-one devoted followers swept down from their eyrie in the Maryland hills in the famous raid upon Harper's Ferry. Brown's first point, the seizure of the United States armory, arsenal, and rifle works, was quickly gained. Next in his plan stood the acquisition of important hostages from among the prominent slaveholders. To effect this he hastened a detachment under his lieutenant, Aaron D. Stevens, into the adjoining country to the estate of Colonel Lewis Washington, great-grandnephew of the first President, the prestige of whose name attracted the attention of John Brown, the liberator. Colonel Washington, taken from his bed, was placed in his own carriage, while such of his slaves as could be found were loaded into his four-horse farm wagon, and the expedition faced about to return. On the road, however, they turned aside at the estate of Mr. John Allstadt, another well-to-do land-owner, to add him and his slaves to the spoils of war. Not only Mr. Allstadt, but also his son, John Thomas, a lad of some eighteen years, thus shared Colonel Washington's fate, and with him was swept into the vortex of the storm. The following narrative of the younger Allstadt, recently given to a representative of the *Evening Post*, is of special value because so far as can now be ascertained in Harper's Ferry, Mr. Allstadt is the sole survivor of the men John Brown kept prisoners until his own capture. Mr. Allstadt still owns his father's farm near Harper's Ferry, and is well known in the county. This is the first time he has told his story for publication.

"I had gone," says Mr. Allstadt, "to the 'Protracted Meeting' that night, and had been at home and abed not more than an hour when the raiders reached our house. This, I think, was between one and two

o'clock. I slept upstairs, my father and mother below. The crash of the fence rail, with which they rammed the door, awoke me with a jump. My sister, Ludie Allstadt, and my cousin, Miss Hannah Hall, both of whom also slept above, sprang to their windows, and, leaning out shrieked 'Murder!' in their mystification and alarm.

'Take your heads in, or I'll blow your brains out!' shouted a colored man beneath, leveling his gun at them as he spoke. I—I was a lad of eighteen at the time—having hustled on my clothes, seized my old country gun and ran for the stairs. Cousin Hannah, following close, clinging to me, stooped and peered under my arm down the stairway.

'The men all have guns. Leave yours behind or they will surely kill you!' she begged. So I dropped the gun and ran on down, unarmed. My mother lay in her bed. The room was full of strange armed men. 'What are you all going to do?' I asked.

'To carry you and your father to Harper's Ferry. John Brown has taken possession of the Government Works.'

'Taken possession of the Government Works! *That* isn't much!' said I. 'Why, there's only one watchman there.'

'You shut your d—d mouth or I'll blow your brains out!' exclaimed the leader—A. D. Stevens, as I afterward learned—and ordered a negro to keep me quiet by virtue of a revolver held at my breast. The negro, collaring me, obeyed.

Presently they led my father and me outdoors. There was Colonel Washington, sitting on his own team. They put us—my father and me—on the seat of Colonel Washington's four-horse wagon. In the body, behind us, six negroes of ours and Colonel Washington's quota stood close packed. And so we set out for Harper's Ferry, four miles or so away.

As we drove down into the village and inside the armory gates, there, in the flare of a flambeau, stood an old man. 'This,' said Stevens, by way of introduction, 'is John Brown.'

'*Ossawatomie* Brown of *Kansas*,' added the old man. Then he began handing out pikes—those famous long-shafted pikes that he'd brought from the north by hundreds—to our negroes, telling them to

guard us carefully, to prevent our escape. 'Keep these white men inside,' said he. There were no local negroes within our enclosure, by the way, save Colonel Washington's and ours.

It was just about dawn as we reached the armory, but not until considerably later were we taken under cover—not until several men had fallen on either side. In the interval we were permitted, with numerous other prisoners whom Brown had picked up, to walk east and west before the fire-engine-house, but not on its east side, which was toward the gates. This fire-engine-house was a small brick building belonging to the armory group, at the front end of the enclosure, close to its entrance. Brown and his white followers, now and always, were perfectly civil to us. And early in the morning he was so mindful of our needs as to send over to the Wager House for breakfast for the whole party. I remember that Colonel Washington and my father, remarking to each other that the food might be poisoned, refused to touch it. But I and some other hungry ones ate, and came to no harm.

Meantime the alarm had spread, and the citizens, by ones and twos and companies, armed with old squirrel guns, with plantation rifles, or armed not at all, had come hurrying in from all the farms and villages round about. Since the days of its first beginnings, you see, our region had lived in undisturbed quiet, peace, and good will, and the people were utterly unprepared for such a thing as this. It was therefore nine or ten o'clock in the morning before they opened a regular fire on the raiders, beginning at the rifle works on the Shenandoah, half a mile away. And the raiders, from the street-corners and from their various stations, kept up a steady fusillade. Prisoners brought into the yard conveyed to us the news of the killing of Hayward Shepherd, a good old free negro, of Mr. Boerley, a citizen of Harper's Ferry, and of Captain Turner, one of the principal gentlemen of the neighborhood. Hayward was killed near the railway bridge, at about half-past one in the morning. Boerley fell in the street perhaps five hours later. Captain Turner was sitting on his horse when shot, up on High Street. I was told that Dangerfield Newby and Shields Green, two of Brown's negroes, were out there firing when Turner fell, and that one or the other shot him. But that, of course, I did not see myself.

Later, these same two negroes went into the arsenal, across the road from the armory yard. When the fire of the citizens was directed upon that point they grew frightened; but they very much feared to cross the street. At last they broke and ran for it. One succeeded in making the armory enclosure. The other, Newby, was killed in the road. And that man it was who, at Stevens's command, had held the pistol to my breast.

At last, the fire having become very hot, Brown's men, who had been scattered about the streets, began to gather into the yard. Coppoc and one of Brown's sons came in among the number. And now, for protection from the thickening hail of bullets, we prisoners were herded into the watch-house. This was a room partitioned off from the engine-house, but without a connecting door, and occupying the western end of the engine-house building. The watch-house door faced north, to the Potomac. About it, and overhead, was much glass. Its one window looked west, toward the rear of the yard.

It was just after our confinement in the watch-house that Stevens fell, as he sallied forth on an errand for Brown. One of my father's colored boys who was with me, peering out, spied the men who were aiming at him. The boy called my attention. Glancing across at the Galt House [a tavern near by], I saw Captain George Chambers and Mr. Percival standing at an upper window, watching Stevens's progress until he should come within sure range. As the moment arrived they broke the glass, in order to fire true. Stevens fell. 'Stevens is shot!' cried one of Brown's men.

'I am sorry for *that*,' said Brown; 'is he dead?'

'No; he is moving.' Stevens pulled himself upon one knee. 'Look,' exclaimed our boy. 'Look, Marse Tom, they're going to fire again!' At the second volley Stevens dropped. He lay for perhaps half an hour there in the road. Then he was carried into the Wager House, close by.

Our open watch-house door commanded a view of the railroad trestle running along the Potomac. Mr. Fontaine Beckham [the kindly old Mayor of Charlestown] had walked back and forth upon the trestle

several times, but as he was unarmed no one fired at him. Now, however, he disappeared behind the water-tank, and then began peering around its corner, as it might be to take aim.

'If he keeps on peeping I'm going to shoot,' said Coppoc, from his seat in the doorway. I stood close beside him. Mr. Beckham peered again, and Coppoc fired, but missed.

'Don't fire, man, for God's sake! They'll shoot in here and kill us all,' shrieked the prisoners herded behind. Some were laughing; others were overwhelmed with fear.

But Coppoc was already firing again, this time aiming six inches or so within the corner post of the tank. He was calculating about the position of Beckham's heart, in that attitude, and also to avoid the corner-post. This shot killed Beckham instantly. Undoubtedly he would not have been fired upon, but for his suspicious appearance. Coppoc did no more shooting from the watch-house; in fact, no one remained in sight.

But Brown's son Oliver, sitting in the partly open engine-house door, spied a man peeping over the stone wall of the trestle in the act of sighting a gun. Young Brown instantly took aim; but even as he was firing, the other's shot struck him, inflicting a mortal wound that gave horrible pain.

A very few minutes after this Brown selected a number of us from among the prisoners in the watch-house and brought us over into the engine-house. And a mighty ticklish little trip we thought it, that little passage in the open between door and door. But, whatever his purpose in making the move, it is absolutely untrue that Brown at any time proposed to put us to the fore in case of attack. He now ordered one of my father's old negroes, Phil Lucker, to pick some openings, as portholes, in the engine-house walls. But no sooner was it done than the fact appeared that the marksmen outside only awaited the fall of the bricks to fire in. So the portholes, after all, were but little used. Our negroes kept perfectly quiet from first to last. Brown's man, Shields Green, was, however, very rough and insolent to us prisoners. His spirits, nevertheless, oozed away as events progressed. Toward the end

he shot no more at all, but dodged and hid about, and, at the finish, tried to pass himself off as a captured slave.

Almost immediately after we chosen prisoners were transferred from the watch-house, the Martinsburg company [chiefly Baltimore and Ohio Railway hands] kicked open the watch-house window and set those other prisoners free. 'Are any of Brown's men in here?' I heard them call. 'No, they are all in the other part,' the prisoners shouted back. Now, in taking us away, Brown took our guard with us, leaving not a man behind. The other prisoners, therefore, could have walked out or climbed out unaided, had they but known it. But they had no means of guessing what might be outside. As for the Martinsburg men, they avoided coming around in front or where there was any chance for the engine-house garrison to get a shot at them.

Shortly after this incident, it began grow dark—too dark for accurate shooting; but the citizens' fire continued heavy. Night fell. And then Brown shut fast the engine-house door. We had no light within. Everything grew still—except that people outside shouted and whooped all night long. . . . In the quiet of the small hours young Brown died. In the agony of his wound he had begged again and again to be shot, but his father had replied to him, steadily, 'Oh, you will get over it,' and, 'if you must die, die like a man!' As the hours passed, Brown talked from time to time with my father and with Colonel Washington, but I did not hear what was said. Young Brown lay quiet over in a corner. His father called to him, by-and-bye. No answer. 'I guess he is dead,' said Brown.

About midnight, Colonel Robert E. Lee arrived from Washington, with a command of United States Marines. At dawn, his aide (Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, later the famous Confederate general) came to our door with a demand for surrender. Behind him a storming party of marines (headed by Lieutenant Israel Green) stood ready. Brown refused point-blank to lay down his arms. The marines then attacked the door with sledge-hammers; then rammed it with a heavy ladder. At this moment most of us prisoners were crouching back in the far east corner. The single engine in the room was pushed up toward the front, not quite square before the door. It afforded us but little protection.

Brown himself stood just back of the engine. The door gave. Amid a volley from within, Lieutenant Green sprang through, the marines close upon his heels. The first marine dropped on the threshold, mortally wounded. I could not tell who shot him, but I did see that Coppoc fired. Green rushed upon Brown, who was lifting his gun to shoot. Green knocked the gun up, and it went off in the air. Instantly the officer slashed at Brown's head with his sword, and the same sweeping stroke that cut Brown's scalp, at the finish nicked my father's hat band. I well remember Green's apology to my father, as we got outside, and his request to be allowed to get my father a new hat. Brown fell as Green struck him, two of his men, J. G. Anderson and Dauphin Thompson, were impaled on the bayonets of the marines, one of whom was fatally wounded as he entered—and then the Harper's Ferry Raid was finished.

STURDY CHILDREN OF JOHN BROWN

In thinking of "Old" John Brown and his death upon the scaffold half a century ago this December 2d, it will come as a surprise to many, no doubt, to learn that five of the children of that Prophet of Wrath—five men and women full of life and vigor, full of intimate memories of the arbiter of their earlier destinies, survive him.

Of these five, the eldest is Jason, second of John Brown's twenty children. Born January 19, 1823, Mr. Jason Brown is now nearing the end of his eighty-seventh year, and surely no human being ever lived on whom age sat more lightly. Whether it be despite the rigors of his life, or, as he himself believes, because of them, this little delicate-featured bright-faced lean old man rejoices in a degree of endurance, elasticity, and strength above the average of any period. It was only a year ago last summer that, nonchalantly putting aside the bathing master who would have dissuaded one of his venerable appearance from risking the shock at all, he plunged into the cold waters of an Ohio lake, and for three long hours swam, dove, and performed all sorts of feats of natation, emerging at last only the livelier for the exercise.

Again, each spring, as the long, mild days begin, the passion for life in the open comes upon him, and, happy and care-free as a child, he

sets forth on a series of tramps which may mean some-and-thirty miles of footing between a dawn and dark, and which carry him hither and yon at tangents over the smiling Ohio country.

These uncharted rambles are the source of no small anxiety to Mr. Charles P. Brown, Jason's only child, on whose prosperous farm in a suburb of Akron, Ohio, he has his home. But the old man loves his independence; and it is characteristic not only that no arguments or pleas can deter him from facing the risks of a pilgrim life when the fever comes upon him, but also that, during the season in which he is content to remain at home and be cared for by his kindly, tactful son and daughter-in-law, he refuses to occupy a room in the cheerful farmhouse, preferring a little one-story cabin at some distance on the grounds. Here, he says, he can "work over small things" without fear of disturbance.

These "small things" are, beside his beloved flowers, plans and models, of parts or of whole of the dream of Jason's life. As a little lad he pondered "flying machines." As he grew, the thought grew with him. And wherever his wandering habits have led, whatever his occupation, the vision of the airship has lain in the heart thereof. Many an incredible tramp has he taken, on his own patient feet, to reach the scene of an ascension, thence to return to his plans and models with increased hope and earnestness.

A warm lover of nature and of all life, passionately sensitive to the appeal of the weaker things, Jason has a marvelous gift in gaining the confidence of animals, and has tamed some of the shyest of wild creatures, through that wistful tenderness that means understanding. The same quality has made him ever the ardent champion of weaker humanity, whether it were the abused Indian tribes with whom he fraternized in his youth, or the negroes, for whom his father died, or any solitary stray from health or fortune. The bloody scenes of Kansas, in secret murder or in open fight, made a terrible impression upon him.

John Brown, well aware of his son's aversion to the taking of life, did not even ask him to join the famous Pottawatomie raid, in May, 1856, and when the grim news thereof reached his ears, Jason, in an exaltation of horror and protest, went out and delivered himself to the United States troops. His consequent imprisonment, filled hourly with

suffering and with perils, would in any case have kept him from sharing his father's warfare of the next few weeks. On his release, he strayed about for a time, torn between, on the one hand, filial allegiance, and the natural desire to defend his faith and his friends, and, on the other, his innate aversion. When, once and once only, the first considerations won, and he entered the "Battle of Ossawatimie" by his father's side, he fought fiercely, and was of the last to leave the field. But a dozen times, both before and after, he displayed a courage as great, in confronting, alone and unarmed, proslavery men sworn to exterminate offenders of his stripe, and there declaring in the most uncompromising terms his Abolition principles.

One of his fancies has always been to brand himself coward. The truth is that there was never a cowardly atom in the man, and when, in the fateful year of '59, his father, then summoning all forces for the culminating effort, called him to join the raid upon Harper's Ferry, it was pure blood-sickness that inspired Jason's answer: "Father, I cannot go. I have seen too much. I have a horror of war."

Intensely poetic in his love of nature, the happiest years of Jason's life, no doubt, were those spent with his brother Owen, in a cabin on the mountains near Los Angeles. After Owen's death, the gentle old man found another lodge in the wilderness, on a glorious summit in the glorious Santa Clara region. Alone but for his beloved dog, living in more than Spartan austerity, he was here blissfully content, and it was not willingly that he gave way to the pleas of his son to leave that heavenly lookout and come within the reach of care and succor. But, wherever he is found, the sun shines on no one who more gives back its brightness in daily cheer and hope and joy and innocent friendliness.

Salmon Brown, John Brown's tenth child, and Jason's half-brother, is a comparatively young man, being but just seventy-three. Big, bluff, hearty, genial, ruddy-faced, and stalwart, like a type of a fine old Viking, he looks a good ten years less than his age, and would revel in perfect health but for a most unfortunate accident. Some years since he was thrown from the saddle, sustaining injuries that produced partial paralysis, so that now this naturally mercurial and vigorous man is cut off from active employment, while all motion causes him great labor. In

earlier years, Salmon Brown had a very considerable success as a sheep-rancher in northern California, but, after this prosperous period, bad seasons and sheep epidemics brought a crushing disaster, from which taken with his physical disability, Mr. Brown could not recover.

But surely no man ever endured a final rebuff of fortune with a pluckier front. With the wife of his youth, still youthful, comely, and as kindly as himself, he makes his home with his daughter Agnes, Mrs. Evans, in a suburb of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Evans, a young woman of marked intellectual ability, has her own way to make in the world. But her home is also the home of her sisters, each of whom works hard to contribute her share, and the atmosphere of love and loyalty, sunshine and open-hearted comradeship that overflows the whole brave little household is a beautiful thing to see.

Mr. Brown is much respected among the old settlers of Portland, who like to persuade him to tell at their reunions tales of the primitive days of Kansas and the West that stir their blood and their memories. His life, from boyhood up, has been filled with adventure. Like all Browns, he is gifted with a strong sense of humor and with great and fearless originality of thought and diction, and he is inspired with that rare genius—a knowledge and unflinching selection of the pertinent and of the true. From him, as from all his kin, you may look for the clean-cut fact in clean-cut words that describe it, though the heavens fall; and to him you must be drawn, by the power of hearty, sunny, honest humanity.

Of a temperament entirely different from his brother Jason's, Salmon Brown, then a powerful, high-spirited lad in his 'teens, who had long been chafing at the patient endurance of the Free State men, welcomed the chance to "let a little blood on the other side," when the gauntlet was down, in Kansas. From the day in May, 1856, when he dropped his spade in the field to march to the relief of threatened Lawrence, to the moment, that following summer, when a tearing rifle wound deprived him of the use of an arm, he fought, straight through, with gayety and with relish, keen in his joy in the game.

Mr. Brown's memory, like his elder brother's, is of extraordinary power. Both recall in detail the circumstances and sequence of the events of their long years—and a careful comparison of their statements with

authenticated facts only adds to the marvel of their accuracy. Both men, moreover, possess the rare faculty of knowing the boundaries of their recollections. With neither is there any speculative, half-way ground; they know, or, they have forgotten; and they rarely forget.

Up in the remotest hills of California, around the shoulder of Cape Mendocino, in a tiny cottage in an eyrie as inaccessible as it is superb, lives John Brown's daughter, Annie. His confidante, his "watch dog," it was often on her wit and unsleeping vigilance that his safety and that of his men depended. Of the little company that for so many weeks lay hidden in the farmhouse on the Maryland heights, awaiting the moment when they should strike their desperate blow for freedom—when they should, in striking at the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, dare the whole force of the United States, Annie Brown, now Annie Brown Adams, alone survives.

Her reminiscences of those thrilling days, of the little band who, for the most part, knowing that they should perish, gave all for the sake of conscience and of the oppressed, are of vital interest. A keen critic of human nature, Mrs. Adams's characterization of the young men who followed her father to their doom, are vivid as life. To hear her describe the days at Kennedy Farm, or those earlier years at North Elba, when "father's plan" was at once the dread secret and the main-spring of every act of that devoted, self-sacrificing family, is to see the scene before one's eyes. Like the other Browns, Mrs. Adams thinks so keenly that she is incapable of expressing herself in common place words; her talk, like theirs, has the clarity and the wit of a classic.

Mr. Adams, very considerably his wife's senior, and one son constitute the family in the little house in the forest. Mrs. Adams, single-handed, does all the simple household work, and, when it is done, will often mount a horse, and go off for a solitary ride in the glorious mountain air, through country so beautiful as fairly to seem unreal. The Browns were ever pioneers and lovers of Nature undisturbed, but this one has exceeded them all, and certainly has found at once the farthest and the finest refuge that the continent affords.

Down to the southward, in Santa Clara County, near San José, lives another daughter of the Liberator, Miss Sarah Brown. Her home is a

cozy little bungalow, buried in a prune-orchard, all her own. A fig tree grows by the corner of her porch, and from her windows you may look across to the great, ineffable mountains, pearly, opalescent, living green, or gray, swimming through their ceaseless changes, from beauty to beauty, hour by hour.

To those familiar with the portrait of John Brown in his younger years, Miss Brown's resemblance to her famous father is very striking. Her delicate but strongly marked aquiline features and the classic lines of her head seem but a feminine version of that strong prototype, and as she talks, expressions flit across her face that bring back with almost startling force expressions of John Brown's own that the sun chanced to perpetuate. Miss Brown is a lady of the old New England type, reserved and quiet-mannered, while full of kindness and force. She is fond of books and reading, and of the traditions of the old days, when, for a time, she lived in Concord and knew it at its best.

Newspaper accounts, apparently with a desire for the picturesque at whatever cost to verity, have from time to time grotesquely misrepresented her. This has been in part, perhaps, because of the feeling that John Brown's daughter must be in some way unusual; and in part because it once seemed strange that a woman living alone should attempt the care of a farm. But to superintend a small "prune ranch" is not a difficult matter, and for the labor therein Miss Brown has the hands of her protégés, the Japanese. For the last several years she has been devoting more and more time to gratuitous educational work among the Japanese of her neighborhood, until now it occupies all that she has to give. Many signs about the house and garden attest the gratitude of her pupils, and she feels much encouraged by the good results of her efforts.

Mrs. Ellen Fablinger, a third daughter of John Brown, also lives in the neighborhood.

It would not be proper, in any account of John Brown's surviving family, to omit mention of one who, though of no blood kin to him, yet was indeed his son by election and by faith—of whom John Brown himself said that he was to be preferred above a hundred ordinary men. This is Mr. Henry Thompson, husband of Brown's eldest daughter,

Ruth, now some years dead. Mr. Thompson also is a Californian by adoption, living in Pasadena, where his daughter, Miss Mary E. Thompson, makes him a comfortable, pleasant home. Now in his eighty-eighth year, Mr. Thompson suffers from something resembling paralysis and has little use of his limbs; but his mind and faculties remain as clear as ever, and his gentle, unaffected goodness, his patience under affliction, his consideration of others, and the sterling worth of his character, command the respect and regard of all who enter the pretty, flower-embowered house.

One more remains, who, though, like Mr. Thompson, not of the Browns by birth, yet won the title by devotion. Out on Lake Erie, on the Island of Put-in-Bay, lives Mrs. John Brown, Jr., widow of John Brown's eldest son. A slender, graceful, sweet-faced, delicate-mannered old lady, bearing herself with all the dainty reserve of one who has lived a life protected from every rigor or storm, it is difficult, in looking at her, to believe that this is really the woman who went through the killing hardships of the border wars in Kansas, in hunger, cold, and hourly fear; whose poor prairie home was destroyed by the enemy's raiders, while her husband, a maniac, in chains and torments, was driven by long foot-marches to a hard imprisonment. She, too, it was who, in later years, bore the terrible secret of the coming raid, playing nobly her woman's part of comforter and helper in the desperate times that followed.

Mrs. Brown and a son share their home with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Alexander, and a pleasanter home would be vainly sought. Full of flowers, sunshine, pet animals, peace, and contentment, it seems a safe haven indeed after a long and stormy voyage of life.

THE SCULPTOR'S VISIT TO JOHN BROWN

Edwin A. Brackett, who recently died at his home in Winchester, Mass., close upon his ninetieth year, ranked in his period of productivity, prior to the Civil War, among the best American sculptors of the time. His "Shipwrecked Mother and Child," suggested by the death of Mar-

garet Fuller Ossoli, although it jarred upon Boston's sense of the proprieties too much to find a public haven in that city, aroused the attention and applause of the critics, and for these reasons gains an added interest to-day. With other examples of Brackett's work, it may be seen in a Worcester, Mass., museum.

A man of initiative, high spirit, and adventurous daring, when the news of John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry thrilled through the land, Brackett flamed with sudden joy. Here, to his artist's vision, shone the chance of a lifetime—the chance to spend the strength of his chisel in preserving to the world the lineaments of a world-hero. But his narrow means forbade him the journey to that distant Virginia town where John Brown's prison lay. He turned, therefore, to the little group of militant Abolitionists known as the prisoner's friends; and it was Mrs. George Luther Stearns, wife of a Boston merchant who, in years past, had liberally opened his purse to Brown's calls for the Cause, who presently gave the needed means.

Frank P. Stearns, in his life of G. L. Stearns, his father, narrates that Charles Sumner, on seeing the completed marble bust, exclaimed to the sculptor: "You have made something more like Michael Angelo's Moses than any work the sun shines on"; and that Jarvis, the art critic, likened it to an ancient head of a Greek god. Its unveiling, in Mr. Stearns's house, on the evening of January 1, 1862, Emancipation Day, figured conspicuously in the celebrations of the party of distinguished Abolitionists gathered there. Wendell Phillips lifted the gold-starred veil that covered the marble, with words so graceful that they flowed like verse, while Emerson, Alcott, Mrs. Howe, and others, added their praises that the work of the "Abolitionists' Martyr" was that day complete. The bust has been several times reproduced in casts, but the original remains undisturbed in its first home—the Stearns house, in Tufts College, Medford, Mass.

The following narrative was given by Mr. Brackett, about a year before his death:

"On the morning of October 22, 1859, the Saturday following the Harper's Ferry raid, I dropped into Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's

office in Boston, and there, with Dr. Howe, found Wendell Phillips. The two were deep in consultation over the event of the hour, and both seemed nervous—decidedly more than a little nervous. I asked if any good portrait or bust of John Brown existed. They thought not.

'I will go to Charlestown and get the necessary sketches and measurements for a bust,' said I, 'if anyone will pay my expenses.'

Both men looked at me in dumb amazement, as though they thought me mad. Presently I left, having received no encouragement, and, perceiving the case, as far as they were concerned, to be hopeless. But a likelier source remained, where courage was wont to run hand in hand with sympathy. I scratched off a line to Mr. George Luther Stearns—'What do you think about taking a bust of Old Brown? Can anything be done about it?'

Next day, Sunday afternoon, Mr. Stearns drove out to my house in Winchester. 'Will you really go to Charlestown?' he asked me. 'If so, I can find the money for you. How much do you require?'

'I scarcely know.'

'Well, I am authorized by a lady,' Stearns went on, 'to give you this,' and he placed in my hand \$120 in gold coin.

I got off as quickly as possible. Reaching New York at night, next morning I set out again, and arrived in Harper's Ferry a little after dark. There I went to the hotel, an old-fashioned country tavern. I walked up to the register by the door, and signed myself, 'E. A. Brackett, Boston,' and at that time and place a man might quite as well have booked from Hell. Then I went in and sat myself down beside the wood fire in the parlor. People of all sorts and conditions came and inspected the register, then stood in the doorway and gazed at me. Some were gentle, some simple, many wore the gay uniform of one or another militia company gathered in from the country round, almost all bore arms, and to each and every man I was an object of infinite speculation. But I kept still and watched the fire burn.

At last a citizen six feet tall, weighing two hundred pounds or

garet
priet
and
to-
W

THE SOUTH FIFTY YEARS AGO

... in a brown-haired hat, well-dressed in country fashion, entered
and took a seat at my side. Prolonged silence. Then:
'You come from Boston, I hear?'

'Yes.'

'Any excitement in town?'

'None that I see. It seems to be all down this way.'

Silence.

'What do you think of slavery?' asked the Virginian, again.

'Well, sir,' said I, 'that is a large question, and calls for a long
answer, and I am tired and don't want to talk. But I'll tell you this:
I've traveled our West I've traveled through many slave States, but I
had to come back to Boston to hear slavery preached from the pulpit.'

Silence.

'I'll go to the hills yonder,' said the Virginian, 'and we are form-
ing little companies here and there, to defend ourselves from these
wretched negroes. My errand in this place is to get some United
States arms.'

'I'm glad to drill in public, out in your streets?'

'That's a good idea,' said I, cheerfully; 'the negro is an imitative
creature and he will learn from you to handle arms.'

... morning I drove over to Charlestown, the county seat, eight
miles from where John Brown lay in jail. As I alighted at the Carter
place, to my infinite surprise the first face I saw was familiar.
... our eyes met. The young fellow took a step toward
me, and, 'God's sake,' he whispered, 'don't call me by name—don't
call me by name.' It was House of the New York Tribune. Under cover
of my name, as opportunity offered, with those long, pictur-
esque, and singularly ironical letters so bitterly resented in the South.

As yet he was personally unsuspected, but the hunt was keen, and, glad though he was to see a friend, House was on tenterhooks in this moment of recognition. So we made a feint of scraping acquaintance, for future use.

From the North I had brought with me letters of introduction to United States Senator Mason, who was attending the trial, and to Mr. Andrew Hunter, the prosecuting attorney. Both received me after the manner of Southern country gentlemen, with all civility. They often walked with me in public, in the days that followed, thereby, no doubt, contributing much to the general forbearance with which I was treated in that community where excitement was so intense and where every Northerner lay naturally under suspicion as an enemy.

Yet, despite their courtesy, my two friends continued, from day to day, on one plea or another, to put me off from my purpose until I felt that they intended to defeat it; and that not by a direct denial, but by procrastination. Nor was this course without its reason. Once, when I urged upon them that to refuse an artist permission to model whom he pleased, were it the worst rascal in history, was a thing unknown, one of the two rejoined:

'Are there perhaps some people in your home who do not like you, Mr. Brackett?'

'Why, yes,' said I, 'I should think myself a pretty poor sort of a man if there were not.'

Then he handed me a letter, written by a Democratic office-holder in my town of Winchester, which read, in effect: 'Look out for Brackett. He is an Abolitionist and a spy.'

The scenes in the streets, at this time while the trials progressed, were indescribably crowded, excited, confused. During the early morning hours a constant stream of old wagons meandered in from all distances and directions through the countryside. As each arrived the driver would tie his horse to the fence with a bit of rope or 'tow-strong,' adding his outfit to the long row of ramshackle vehicles and harnesses rigged together with odds and ends of parti-colored this or that. Then the new arrival would proceed to the hotel bar, drink down a glass of raw

more, in a broad-brimmed hat, well-dressed in country fashion, entered and took a seat at my side. Prolonged silence. Then:

'You come from Boston, I hear?'

'Yes.'

'Any excitement up there?'

'None that I saw. It seems to be all down this way.'

Silence.

'What do you think of slavery?' asked the Virginian, again.

'Well, sir,' said I, 'that is a large question, and calls for a long answer, and I am tired and don't want to talk. But I'll tell you this: I've traveled out West, I've traveled through many slave States, but I had to come back to Boston to hear slavery preached from the pulpit.'

Silence. Pause.

'I live up in the hills yonder,' said the Virginian, 'and we are forming little companies, here and there, to defend ourselves from these attacks on our borders. My errand in this place is to get some United States arms for our use.'

'Are you going to drill in public, out in your streets?'

'Why, yes.'

'That's a good idea,' said I, cheerfully; 'the negro is an imitative creature. He will learn from you to handle arms.'

Next morning I drove over to Charlestown, the county seat, eight miles away, where John Brown lay in jail. As I alighted at the Carter House door, to my infinite surprise the first face I saw was familiar. In the same instant our eyes met. The young fellow took a step toward me. 'For God's sake,' he whispered, 'don't call me by name—don't give me away!' It was House of the New York *Tribune*. Under cover of bona-fide credentials from a Boston pro-slavery paper, House was supplying the *Tribune*, as opportunity offered, with those long, picturesque, and stinging ironical letters so bitterly resented in the South.

As yet he was personally unsuspected, but the hunt was keen, and, glad though he was to see a friend, House was on tenterhooks in this moment of recognition. So we made a feint of scraping acquaintance, for future use.

From the North I had brought with me letters of introduction to United States Senator Mason, who was attending the trial, and to Mr. Andrew Hunter, the prosecuting attorney. Both received me after the manner of Southern country gentlemen, with all civility. They often walked with me in public, in the days that followed, thereby, no doubt, contributing much to the general forbearance with which I was treated in that community where excitement was so intense and where every Northerner lay naturally under suspicion as an enemy.

Yet, despite their courtesy, my two friends continued, from day to day, on one plea or another, to put me off from my purpose until I felt that they intended to defeat it; and that not by a direct denial, but by procrastination. Nor was this course without its reason. Once, when I urged upon them that to refuse an artist permission to model whom he pleased, were it the worst rascal in history, was a thing unknown, one of the two rejoined:

'Are there perhaps some people in your home who do not like you, Mr. Brackett?'

'Why, yes,' said I, 'I should think myself a pretty poor sort of a man if there were not.'

Then he handed me a letter, written by a Democratic office-holder in my town of Winchester, which read, in effect: 'Look out for Brackett. He is an Abolitionist and a spy.'

The scenes in the streets, at this time while the trials progressed, were indescribably crowded, excited, confused. During the early morning hours a constant stream of old wagons meandered in from all distances and directions through the countryside. As each arrived the driver would tie his horse to the fence with a bit of rope or 'tow-strong,' adding his outfit to the long row of ramshackle vehicles and harnesses rigged together with odds and ends of parti-colored this or that. Then the new arrival would proceed to the hotel bar, drink down a glass of raw

whiskey, rub his forearm across his mouth, and amble over to the courthouse. In the afternoon the stream ebbed.

'Comin' in to-morrow?' one retreating figure would ask of another. 'No—reckon I won't come in again till the hangin'.'

The hotel man sided with nobody. He kept his hotel.

I soon found that I could not take a step unwatched. But I had known Southerners before, and I knew that frankness was my best passport. I practiced it and it saved me. I announced my purpose plainly. I made no secret of my views, when asked, yet took care to define that it was business, pure and simple, not my views, that brought me. The hotelkeeper once said to me: 'Mr. Brackett, you do not know our people, you should not speak so boldly. You will be mobbed before you leave, if you keep on.' But the hotelkeeper reckoned wrong.

One night, in the barroom, when, as usual, twelve or fifteen men lay around on the benches drunk, a tipsy oaf staggered my way with a great assumption of formidability, stammering, 'Do you s-she m-me? A-ah-m-a Bor-rer Ruffian, thazh what *ah* am!'

'Don't doubt it,' said I, pointing to the benches, 'and are those your men?'

Again, the chief officer of the Harper's Ferry Arsenal, Mr. Barbour, was very friendly to Brown's counsel, Mr. Griswold, but not at all warm to me. One day when we three were together, Mr. Barbour said to Mr. Griswold: 'Would you like to go over to the arsenal, sir? I'll show you the place where they got their brains knocked out. Would you like to go, Mr. Brackett?'

'Surely,' said I. 'Any evidence of brains, hereabouts, would be a God-send to me.' But never through honest and good-natured hostilities like these would one incur the resentment of the liberal Virginians.

At last, in despair of effecting my mission through diplomacy, I began to think of means more dark. But Captain Avis, Brown's kind, but invulnerable, jailer, stood in my way. To attempt anything with his knowledge and without express official permission would be worse

than useless. The assistant jailer, however, presented a different front. According to a story told me later, this man had known Brown in Kansas; but whatever the cause, he was willing to connive in my scheme to the extent of his power. Nevertheless he was greatly perturbed by the fear of discovery, and made me promise never to tell the tale, should anything be effected through his agency, during his lifetime.

Finally the opportunity arrived. The trial of Shields Green, one of Brown's negro raiders, came on, and Captain Avis was obliged to conduct the prisoners from the jail to the courthouse. In anticipation of this movement, I had prepared a conventional drawing of a head. Taking the drawing and my measuring instruments and accompanied by Mr. Griswold I went to Brown's cell. Mr. Griswold entered and explained to Brown my purpose.

Brown, who had no personal vanity, who felt that his work was done, and that his personality would soon cease to be of any moment whatever, was not interested. But when Griswold said, 'It is at the desire of your Boston friends that Mr. Brackett comes,' the old man at once acquiesced.

Now came our consideration of the underjailer's fears. For his sake I must be able to swear, if questioned, that I had never entered his prisoner's cell. So I stood on the threshold, sketch in hand, almost near enough to Brown to touch him, while Griswold, with my instruments and by my minute directions, made each measurement. These I noted down in their several places on my sketch, photographing the subject on my brain the while.

The bust, as you see it, is a little poetized. A man who paints a picture of a great man and puts no greatness into it, saying that he sees none, errs both in perception and in art. In this case the idealization is elusive—not to be located in any one feature. But it exists, and purposely, the more truthfully to express the character of the subject. Yet John Brown was not himself a great man, but rather a forerunner of great things. He was a blind instrument, blindly cutting the way to the death of thousands and the birth of a new age.

Meantime, during all these days, young House had been busily

writing his reports, full of malice and laughter, for the *Tribune*. Still masked by his Democratic credentials, he associated freely with the Charlestownians and gleaned what news he wished without let or hindrance. But, as the irritation aroused by his letters grew, so sharpened the search for the author. Therefore, it became increasingly necessary to observe all strategy in conveying the manuscripts to their destination. As I was packing my bag to leave, House appeared at my chamber door with a grave request to be allowed to make my toilet. Producing his copy, written on dozens of sheets of thin foolscap, he wound it around and around my calves and thighs, finally gingerly helping me into my trousers. In that costume I reached New York, went at once to the *Tribune* office, and to Horace Greeley in person.

When Mr. Greeley heard that I came from Charlestown he was, of course, much interested, and wished to settle down for a talk.

'With much pleasure,' said I; 'but I am pretty heavily clad. Will you excuse me if I undress a little in your office?'

Scarcely concealing his surprise, Mr. Greeley consented. I took off my trousers forthwith, and sheet by sheet disrobed myself of a whole week's correspondence.

Greeley laughed aloud.

A LIEUTENANT OF JOHN BROWN

With John Brown, the fiftieth anniversary of whose execution comes on December 2, it may be truthfully said that all the world is familiar. How about his associates, the twenty-one men who went to Virginia with him to die, if necessary, for the liberty of the slave? When his famous raid on Harper's Ferry was nearing its finale, John Brown's eldest son once said: "If the plan so ends, John Brown in all after years will be the only man who died at Harper's Ferry." The event has proved the wisdom of the augur. Yet for some of that little band who followed him to Virginia it would not be hard to prove a merit as rare as his own. With the strong magnetism so conspicuous in his character, the old leader could dominate the judgments of the lesser natures among

his men and bring them to his own belief. But some there were, as Aaron Dwight Stevens, John Henry Kagi, Charles Plummer Tidd, Jeremiah Anderson, and his own sons Owen and Oliver, who were blinded to the madness of the raid neither by visions nor by a superimposed will, but who entered upon it with a full comprehension of its caliber, knowing themselves about to die, yet going willingly to death, from pure loyalty to the cause of freedom. Life lay before them, and life was dear. Most of them had sweethearts, few of them were wed, not one professed any orthodox creed or was sustained by religious fervors. They were simple, honest, vigorous, hot-blooded, generous-hearted, practical young fellows, who thrilled with the love and unsatisfied hunger of life, yet went forth open-eyed and steady-pulsed, to die, to wipe out a sin they hated.

Among these sympathetic figures, Aaron Dwight Stevens stands out with special clearness, and the charm that was felt by all who met him, whether in boyhood days in the little Connecticut town of his birth, or as a soldier on the Kansas plains in the border wars, or in the pleasant Ohio villages where John Brown quartered his men in the last weeks of waiting, or, wounded and a prisoner, in the Virginia jail—that charm asserts itself through every record and through all the years, making Stevens's name a spell for comely memories.

Though half a century has passed since that October morning when the quiet village of Harper's Ferry awoke to find itself infested by a body of armed strangers who, from their entrenchment in the government arsenal, sent volley after volley into the streets, many a citizen yet remains on the spot who witnessed the scenes of that day. These men speak of John Brown with far less bitterness than one could expect, considering the significance, to them, of John Brown's deed. Then, turning from his name, one and all will add, "But old Brown had a lieutenant, Stevens—*there was a man!*"

And they will recall how, when the citizens and militia had gathered in arms and the fight was the thickest, Stevens, magnificent in his bravery, calm and cool, walked out alone, a target for bullets, and stood unsupported, deliberately firing on a point whence came a dangerous fusillade. They recall, too, how, toward noontime, John Brown sent

him forth from the protection of the arsenal walls, under a flag of truce, to bear a message to the people; and how, regardless of the flag he bore, he was shot, and, as he fell, shot again and yet again from an upper window commanding the ground.

Carried, after a time, into an adjoining inn for succor, he lay, horribly wounded, surrounded by an angry crowd. It was here that the Baltimore reporter found him, who wrote, as did, in effect, all other writers who saw him in that hour: "I heard it said that there was some one upstairs belonging to Brown's band who had been shot, so . . . I stepped up there, and saw lying on a bed a wounded man . . . the finest specimen of physical manhood I have ever seen in my life. It was Stevens . . . a very remarkable man anywhere. . . . His eyes were open and took in everything, but he was horribly shot. . . . Suddenly a young man entered, . . . drew a pistol, and fired it right into the prisoner's face, shouting: 'My father has been wounded, and I am going to kill you.'

I looked at Stevens as the pistol snapped. He never winked. With a calm blue eye, he looked his assassin in the face, uttering not one word. I cried out: 'Men, are you going to see that man murdered?' We jumped for the young fellow, who was going to fire again. He was pulled off, and one of the crowd [Captain Sinn of Frederick, Md.] said to him:

'If that man could stand on his feet and there was a room full of such as you, he could clean you all out in a second.'

During the whole occurrence, Stevens was the least interested person in the matter."

Later, they carried him out from the Wager House and laid him by his wounded leader's side, in the little paymaster's office in the armory yard. Here Governor Wise, and Colonel Robert E. Lee, Senator Mason, and Congressman Vallandigham, and the roomful more of prominent men gathered about the two prisoners for the dispassionate, courteous give-and-take of one of the most wonderful interviews in the world's history. And here it was Stevens, who, listening for the most part in silence to his captain's words, his head and breast torn and

weighted still by five great bullets, yet so controlled his mind as to scan the exchange of thought for exact truth, and once and again to caution his leader to qualify his statements.

Later still, in the Charlestown courtroom, or in the long days in jail, his bearing was so fine, his character of manly bravery, honesty, selflessness, and great-heartedness so transparent that none who saw him could withhold admiration and respect. "If old John Brown had not been such a remarkable man," wrote a Southern reporter, after the event, "that fellow Stevens would have attracted the admiration of the whole country. He was a great man." "It is impossible," said the Charlestown *Free Press*, on the day of his execution, "to look upon Stevens's manly form and his eye flashing with intellectual fire and not feel something of sorrow at his untimely fate."

Until John Brown's execution, on December 2, the two shared the same large cell. It was here that he saw the valiant Quaker lady, Mrs. Marcus Spring, who came from her New Jersey home to visit men who had "done something where the rest of us have only talked."

Like all the rest, Mrs. Spring acknowledged the spell of Stevens's handsome face, his noble nature, and his uncomplaining bravery, not only in the prospect of his fate, but in the present heroic endurance of five wounds, any one of which would have finished an ordinary man; and from that hour she became his most active friend. Books she sent him, and, unschooled as he was, his choice was serious and good. Letters she wrote him, breathing courage and comradeship; and he replied with letters full of character, fine feeling, and thoughtfulness. Help she gave him, to the extent of her power, both in financing his counsel, and in working for his pardon, through the efforts of friends. All went for naught. Nothing could save the forfeit life; but that her generous sympathy did much to cheer the months of waiting, Stevens's letters more than prove.

Meantime, his cell became the rendezvous of the young men of the vicinage. The charm of his magnetic personality, his splendid soldierly bearing and beauty, his glorious singing voice, with which he beguiled the hours; his friendly, thoughtful talk, free from all resentment or

malice, never weary of defending the cause for which he was to die, yet defending it with gentleness and courtesy and reason, his cheerful spirits and his intelligent mind, all made him a center of strong attraction, and of so compelling a sympathy that these very enemies made friends desired to petition the Executive for a pardon.

Many petitions for Stevens's pardon did, in fact, reach the Governor, but of these the most notable, in a sense, was laid at his feet by a young girl to whom the condemned man had given the full gift of his great heart. To go into the history and nature of their relations is scarcely possible here, yet a more chivalrous and fragrant story—one more to the honor of one side and of the other, was never told in the eloquence of faded ink on yellowing paper.

Jennie Dunbar, beautiful with a beauty of rare and delicate type—with great eyes full of pathos, with exquisite contours, with a glory of dark hair, possessed Stevens's own gift of music, their first bond. Yet, during their friendship in the little Ohio town of Cherry Valley, during the spring of '59, it was her open intelligence and the fine, clean lines of her character that won the soldier's heart. She stood alone in the world, without kin or defender. "I have seen a great many women," Stevens told her, "but you are the truest to yourself that ever I saw. . . . I do not know how any man could help loving you for that."

Stevens's doom, though sure enough from the first, was long delayed on actual pronouncement. When at last it came, in a sentence rendered, and on the refusal of the Virginia Legislature to grant any amelioration thereof, the Ohio friends resolved on one last attempt. Jennie Dunbar, who still lives and resides now in Chicago, should go herself to Richmond and beg the Virginia Governor for a pardon. She went, alone, and alone made her plea. The Governor could not be moved. His refusal was absolute and banished the last hope.

With a heart dead within her, Jennie Dunbar turned her face toward the little town in the Virginia hills where her lover lay. By traveling post haste, she could reach him the evening before the noon appointed for his death. Mrs. Pearce, his sister, was already with him, strong in comfort and in nerve, but the comfort that Jennie carried only she could

give. Her own story, as she has told it in these later years, is full of the repression that comes from living pain.

"Mrs. Pearce and I went to the cell. As we entered, Mr. Stevens rose from the side of the bed where he had been sitting and came forward as well as he could for the chain around his ankles. He did not speak, and I could not have done so had I tried. Mrs. Pearce, who had been with her brother several days already and who had become composed . . . soon commenced a conversation with us. . . . Mr. Stevens said that he was sorry I had gone to the Governor, adding, 'I know very well what to expect of the slave-power, and I wish you had come directly here, for the time I have to stay with you is so short' . . . During all the evening he was himself entirely; the near approach of death seemed not to be in his thoughts. He talked and laughed as I have heard him many a time under vastly different circumstances. He sang with his sister several songs, and one song alone. . . .

In the morning the prisoners met us in the passageway . . . through which we passed to the cell. Breakfast for us all was on the table. The prisoners were without chains, . . . and being without chains, he walked naturally. I never saw him look so well. He seemed fitter to live than even before, and it made the thought that he must soon die very hard. . . . Tears forced themselves to my eyes. But it was his great care that I should show no weakness. Leaning toward me he whispered: 'You must not give way here. Wait till you are with Mrs. Spring. You can weep upon her bosom.' I calmed myself as well as I could, and he talked on just as he would have done a year before. . . .

I cannot put into words the wonder and admiration I felt as I watched and listened to that man who had but a few more hours to live, entertaining his visitors and inspiring the finest courage in those who had come to succor and uphold. And I considered, too, that his was not the fortitude of a man who had lived his life and had been cloyed to indifference. He was robust and forceful. . . . He had clean hands and a pure heart, and was worthy of the fullness of life. And now he was to be hurled violently to death! It was indescribably horrible. But

when he kissed us good-bye he seemed like a god whom death could not touch. And his heroism robbed the prison of all its gloom and the gallows of its ignominy."

So unflinchingly did this true hero bear others' burdens to the very end, deceiving even the tender eyes of the woman whom he thus steeled himself to help through the final torture of parting. But the fallen curtain lifts again for a last telling glimpse, in these words, written by one who knew:

"When the time for parting came, as he held his beloved in his arms, after his farewell to his sister, the bitterness of death passed. Not for one moment did he show any weakness, but he said to Avis (his jailer), who had a carriage ready at the door: 'Get them away as soon as you can. I can't bear this much longer.' Avis hurried them out, and the door closed—but one who went back into the cell quickly on some unlooked-for errand witnessed a terrible thing—witnessed something of the mortal agony that only God was expected to see."

THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN

On Friday, the 2d of December, a few days more than half a century ago this noon, the State of Virginia hanged Old John Brown. During all his life the condemned had been a man of visions—one whose mind's eye saw in figures—one to whom omens and symbols made a strong appeal, even as to those ancient prophets whose every word was graven on his memory, and by whose mould his life was cast. And now, at his life's end, in his dying scene, it was as if the Great Designer had willed to grant him an acme of symbolism beyond all human conception, gathering in this last tableau such portentous shapes as should cast the very shadows of the dread world-tragedy so soon to come.

That John Brown, guilty of the crime of treason, hang by the neck until he be dead, was according to the absolute law of the land. That the thunder of Northern dirge-guns, the tolling of the Northern church-bells, the prayers of Northern communities, and the anathemas heaped upon Virginia by no small portion of the Northern press, at the moment of the

traitor's passing, should outrage every Southern heart, was as absolutely the law of human nature. That this sense of outrage and of wrath should fan the already smouldering fires of sectional antagonism till they leaped and curled around the very flag itself, was also basically inevitable.

And so it is that John Brown, whose desperate act had, like a touchstone, suddenly revealed the country to itself, as no longer a brotherhood, but as two hostile camps on the verge of war—so it is that John Brown, standing on his scaffold under the noble arch of Virginia's sky, looking with dying eyes upon Stonewall Jackson and upon Wilkes Booth, among the soldiery beneath, while Robert E. Lee commanded United States troops in Harper's Ferry, near by, makes a picture whose significance almost transcends the field of chance.

Murat Halstead, who witnessed the execution, has left a graphic description of its course. Some 1,500 militia had been gathered for the event into the quaint old county seat, Charlestown, hitherto an Auburn of peace and sunshine and remote placidity; and their presence, with the sinister excitement afloat, transformed the little village.

"On the morning of the execution," says Halstead, "the troops were early stirring. The murmur of the camps filled the air. There were no visitors trailing along the road to be witnesses of the solemn function. It was forbidden. The people far and near were ordered to be alert at home. Therefore, when the hollow square of military companies was formed around the scaffold, there was not even a fringe of civil spectators. . . . When he [Brown] stepped out of the prison there was not a group other than military in sight. . . . The street before the jail [was] filled with guns, soldiers, and horses, staff officers, and officials, and no one else during the morning. I had walked, before Brown came out, to the vicinity of the scaffold, while the militia companies were marching into the positions assigned to them.

The day was extremely beautiful and mild. The highly cultivated farms, the village, the broad landscape, browned by the frosts of November, framed by the ranges of the Blue Ridge—blue, indeed, a daintily defined wall of blue shade more delicate than the sky. . . . The clover on the stubble was green, and the ground warm and dry.

The procession from the jail to the scaffold was brilliant. The general commanding had a staff more resplendent than that of Field Marshal Moltke and King William when they rode together over the battlefields of France. Old John Brown was seated on his coffin on the bed of a wagon, of the fashion farmers call a wood-wagon, an open body and no cover. He wore a battered black slouch hat, the rim turned squarely up in front, giving it the aspect of a cocked hat. . . . He wore a baggy brown coat and trousers and red carpet slippers over blue yarn socks. As he stood upon the scaffold," continues Halstead, "the noose was dropped easily around his neck, and tightened so that it would not slip, but not so as to give physical discomfort. The face of the old man was toward the east, the morning light on it, and the figure perfectly in dress and pose and all appointments that of a typical Western farmer—a serious person upheld by an idea of duty—the expression of his features that of a queer mingling of the grim and, to use a rural word, the peart.

The white cap was pulled down [a Southern witness states that when the executioner lacked a pin with which to adjust the cap, Brown himself supplied one from the lapel of his coat], and still the troops were moving, falling into a hollow square—a formation that had not been rehearsed. This became tedious. . . . From the ascent of the scaffold to the fall of the trap, and the sharp jerk upon the white cord, the time was nearly eighteen minutes. This was not, though often [so] stated, with the purpose of torture, but [by] the delay of the military to get into assigned places.

Brown's hands gave the only sign of the emotion that possessed him. He was rubbing his thumbs hard but slowly on the inside of his forefingers, between the first and second joints, as one braces himself upon the arms of a dentist's chair. . . . There was deep stillness as the form of the victim plunged six feet and the rope twanged as its burden lengthened a little and shivered. The body began to whirl as the cord slackened and twisted, and the rapid movement caused the short skirts of the coat to flutter as if in the wind."

Rehearsing the scene about the scaffold, "I distinctly remember," says Halstead, ". . . the gaunt, severe figure of an officer whose command was a company of bright boys. It was the contrast between the

stern man and the gay youths that formed a picture for me, and I heard the word, as they passed—'Lexington Cadets.'"

"Stonewall" Jackson, then serving as professor in the Virginia Military Institute, and who, with his cadet howitzer battery, so impressed the journalist's mind, left a characteristic narrative in a letter written to his wife from the site of the event. This account forms an interesting comparison with Halstead's later-day story. It was as follows:

"December 2.

"John Brown was hung to-day at about 11:30 A. M. He behaved with unflinching firmness. The arrangements were well made and well executed, under the direction of Col. Smith [superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute]. The gibbet was erected in a large field, southeast of the town. Brown rode on the head of his coffin from his prison to the place of execution. The coffin was of black walnut, enclosed in a box of poplar of the same shape of the coffin.

He was dressed in a black frock coat, black pantaloons, black vest, black slouch hat, white socks, and slippers of predominating red. There was nothing around his neck but his shirt collar. The open wagon in which he rode was strongly guarded on all sides. Capt. Williams (formerly assistant professor at the institute) marched immediately in front of the wagon. The jailer, high sheriff, and several others rode on the same wagon with the prisoner. Brown had his arms tied behind him, and ascended the scaffold with apparent cheerfulness. After reaching the top of the platform, he shook hands with several who were standing around him. The sheriff placed the rope around his neck, then threw a white cap over his head, and asked him if he wished a signal when all should be ready.

He replied that it made no difference, providing he was not kept waiting too long. In this condition he stood for about ten minutes on the trap door, which was supported on one side by hinges, and on the other (the south side) by a rope. Col. Smith then announced to the sheriff 'All ready'—which apparently was not comprehended by him, and the Colonel had to repeat the order, when the rope was cut by a single blow, and Brown fell through about five inches, his knees falling

on a level with the position occupied by his feet before the rope was cut. With the fall his arms, below the elbows, flew up horizontally, his hands clinched, and his arms gradually fell, but by spasmodic motions.

There was very little motion of his person for several moments, and soon the wind blew his lifeless body to and fro. His face upon the scaffold was turned a little east of south, and in front of him were the cadets [infantry detail] commanded by Major Gilham. My command was still in front. . . all facing south. One howitzer I assigned to Mr. Trueheart on the left of the cadets, and with the other I remained on the right.

Other troops occupied different positions around the scaffold, and altogether it was an imposing but very solemn scene. I was much impressed with the thought that before me stood a man in the full vigor of health, who must in a few moments later enter eternity. I sent up the petition that he might be saved. Awful was the thought that he might in a few minutes receive the sentence, 'Depart, ye wicked, into everlasting fire.' I hope that he was prepared to die, but I am doubtful. He refused to have a minister with him. . . . We leave for home via Richmond to-morrow."

"This was the only expedition after our marriage," says Mrs. Jackson, "in which he accompanied the cadets, until he took them to Richmond at the opening of the war, in obedience to the call of the Governor."

Conspicuous among the hitherto unfamiliar names suddenly made household words throughout the land by the last events of the life of old John Brown was that of John Avis, his jailer. Brave, generous, just, and kind, Avis won the respect and gratitude of his prisoner, and of his prisoner's friends, and for decades afterward was continually asked to narrate his recollections of all concerning the affair. But, in acceding to these requests, it became his fate to see himself constantly misrepresented—to see his honest statements so garbled, in print, that they became a shame and vexation. To such lengths did this go that in his later years, Captain Avis would no longer grant an interview on any terms, and

even for his posthumous credit, he at length devised a measure of protection.

Going before a notary public, Captain Avis made affidavit on the points on which he had so frequently been falsely quoted. This affidavit he placed in the hands of the Rev. Abner Hopkins, a highly respected divine of Charlestown, West Virginia; and, in thus making Dr. Hopkins custodian of his honor, he exacted the promise that, under no circumstances would Dr. Hopkins ever permit the affidavit to be quoted in part; but that the document should be given in full or not at all. In this, its first appearance in print, it therefore appears entire.

"I, John Avis, a Justice of the Peace of the County of Jefferson, State of West Virginia, under oath, do solemnly declare that I was Deputy Sheriff and Jailer of Jefferson County, Virginia, in 1859, during the whole time that John Brown was in prison, and on trial for his conduct in what is known as the Harper's Ferry Raid; that I was with him daily during the whole period; that the personal relations between him and me were of the most pleasant character; that Sheriff James W. Campbell and I escorted him from his cell the morning of his execution, one on either side of him; that Sheriff Campbell and I rode with Captain Brown in a wagon from the jail door to the scaffold, one on either side; that I heard every word that Captain Brown spoke from the time he left the jail till his death; that Sheriff Campbell (now deceased), and I were the only persons with him on the scaffold.

I have this day read, in the early part of chapter eight of a book styled 'The Manliness of Christ,' by Thomas Hughes, Q. C., (New York; American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, 1880,) the following paragraph, to wit:

Now I freely admit that there is no recorded end of a life that I know of more entirely brave and manly than this one of Capt. John Brown, of which we know every minutest detail, as it happened in full glare of modern life not twenty years ago. About that I think there would scarcely be a disagreement anywhere. The very men who allowed him to lie in his bloody clothes till the day of his execution and then hanged him, recognize this. "You are a game man, Capt. Brown,"

the Southern sheriff said in the wagon. "Yes," he answered, "I was so brought up. It was one of my mother's lessons. From infancy I have not suffered from physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness," and then he kissed a negro child in its mother's arms, and walked cheerfully on to the scaffold, thankful that he was "allowed to die for a cause and not merely to pay the debt of nature as all must."

Respecting the statements contained in the above paragraph from the book above mentioned, I solemnly declare

(1.) That Capt. John Brown was *not* 'allowed to lie in his bloody clothes till the day of his execution,' but that he was furnished with a change of clothing as promptly as prisoners in such condition usually are; that he was allowed all the clothing he desired; and that his washing was done at his will without any cost to himself.

As an officer charged with his custody I saw that he was at all times and by all persons treated kindly, properly, and respectfully. I have no recollection that there was ever any attempt made to humiliate or maltreat him. Capt. Brown took many occasions to thank me for my kindness to him, and spoke of it to many persons, including his wife.

In further proof of the kindness he received at my hands, I will state that Capt. Brown in his last written will and testament bequeathed to me his Sharps rifle and a pistol. Furthermore, on the night before the execution, Capt. Brown and his wife, upon my invitation, took supper with me and my family at our table in our residence, which was a part of the jail building.

(2.) I have no recollection that the sheriff said to Capt. Brown, 'You are a game man,' and received the reply quoted in the above paragraph, or that any similar remarks were made by either of the parties. I am sure that neither these remarks nor any like them were made at the time. The only remarks made by Capt. Brown between his cell and the scaffold, were commonplace remarks about the beauty of the country and the weather.

(3.) The statement that he kissed a negro child in its mother's arms is wholly incorrect. Nothing of the sort could have occurred, for his

hands, as usual in such cases, were confined behind him before he left the jail; he was between Sheriff Campbell and me, and a guard of soldiers surrounded him and allowed no person to come between them and the prisoner, from the jail to the scaffold, except his escorts.

(4.) Respecting the statement that he 'walked cheerfully to the scaffold,' I will say that I did not think his bearing on the scaffold was conspicuous for its heroism, yet not cowardly.

(5.) Whether he was 'thankful that he was allowed to die for a cause and not merely to pay the debt of nature as all must,' or not, I cannot say what was in his heart; but if this clause means, as the quotation marks would indicate, that Capt. John Brown used any such language, or said anything on the subject, it is entirely incorrect. Capt. Brown said nothing like it. The only thing that he did say at or on the scaffold was to take leave of us and then just about the time the noose was adjusted, he said to me: 'Be quick.'

JOHN AVIS.

Charlestown, West Virginia, April 25, 1882."

To the paper is affixed the seal and certification of Cleon Moore, notary public of Jefferson County, West Virginia. It is now printed by the kind permission of the Rev. Dr. Abner Hopkins.

KATHERINE MAYO.

Evening Post, NEW YORK.

" HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON "

Fifty years ago the whole Nation was stirred over the execution of John Brown, December 2. The anniversary was celebrated in Boston by an all-day meeting in Faneuil Hall, where were present some who remembered the day fifty years ago, when the bells of the city were tolling and the excitement of impending conflict was felt in the streets. F. B. Sanborn and others made addresses. The Mayor ordered the flags on public buildings to be half-masted, and by recommendation of the School Committee memorial exercises were held in the public schools.

At the evening meeting Faneuil Hall was packed, even beyond the doors. Dr. Horace Bumstead, ex-president of Atlanta University, and formerly Major of the Forty-third U. S. Colored Troops, was one of the speakers.

The changes of half a century are illustrated by the holding of such a meeting, which is now only a passing incident, while if held in 1859, it would have been heralded through the whole country.

Congregationalist, BOSTON.



FULTON IN FRANCE DURING THE TERROR

A PART from his unsuccessful efforts to secure the adoption of his inventions by the French and English governments, little is known of Fulton's career in Europe. Yet, considering that the six years he spent there were among the most momentous in the world's history, he must have been the witness of some exciting events, and, perhaps, occasionally an actor in them. Of the familiar and intimate phases of his life we are told scarcely anything. But that he had a share in some rather dramatic adventures, which have escaped the researches of his biographers, is apparent from certain incidents related in the "Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Gontaut," an *émigrée* at the beginning of the Terror, and after the Restoration, governess of the grandchildren of Charles X.

Mademoiselle de Montaut, to give her her maiden name, after her escape to England, married the Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron. There was a large amount of money deposited to the credit of her family in the Bank of England, which they could not obtain, however, for want of certain papers in the possession of their friends at Paris. Her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and for him to venture into France meant death. So, some time after the fall of Robespierre, his young wife, in spite of the opposition of her family, determined to go in his stead. She assumed the name of Madame François, a Hamburg milliner visiting the French capital to purchase goods needed in her business, dressed up to the character, and took her passage for Calais.

Her first meeting with Fulton occurred on the little packet boat that was carrying them both to the shores of France.

"I knew nobody on board," she writes, "and was quite solitary. The only person who took any notice of me was an Englishman. When he learned that I spoke English and French, he begged me to be kind enough to act as his interpreter. He told me he was going to France himself on business of the most important nature. I promised to do what I could for him, and he expressed his gratitude."

The passenger she mistook for an Englishman was Fulton. Madame de Gontaut was arrested almost immediately after landing and brought before the Committee of Public Safety. She was in great danger, for her judges had serious doubts as to the validity of her passport. Fulton was present at the examination; he informed her of his name and of the object of his journey.

“He was specially recommended,” she tells us, to “M. Barthélemy, one of the directors of the French republic, and the mere mention of that name appeared to win him universal respect.”

She does not state whether it was through the intervention of Fulton that she was treated much more mildly than she had feared. She was allowed to live as a prisoner in a room in a hotel. The committee insisted, however, that her room should have a door with a peep-hole (*chambre-à-judas*), and an official of the committee was to be stationed before it night and day, until a thorough investigation of her antecedents was concluded.

During the whole of her perilous predicament the American inventor appears to have been her mainstay.

“M. Fulton,” she says, “had taken a real interest in me, and he had great influence because he was a foreigner who had letters of introduction to M. Barthélemy. Having discovered by some means or other that my position was growing more and more dangerous, and that I should in all probability be sent to Paris in custody and strictly guarded, he invented a hundred plans to secure my safety. After much cogitation he adopted the one that seemed to him, the simplest, the easiest, and he ran, with all speed, to communicate it to me. I must translate our conversation for you. He knocked at the door, and then, looking through the peep-hole, he saw that I was writing.

“ ‘Madame François,’ he whispered, ‘listen to me.’

“ ‘I am listening.’

“ ‘You are in a terribly bad scrape, and I am here to save you.’

“ ‘A thousand thanks, but have the goodness to explain yourself.’

“ ‘ You will surely be taken to Paris and imprisoned, and you know that, once imprisoned, there will be no hope; are you listening? Now, there is *nothing easier* than to save you from this calamity, nothing simpler! marry me; do marry me.’¹

“ ‘ I’m sure, I’m very much obliged to you. But, then, you see I am married already.’

“ Oh, what a pity! ’¹ We should soon be quite rich together. I am bringing the means of becoming wealthy with me to Paris. I have invented the steamboat. Everybody, the whole entire world, will soon be traveling on it. I have also invented a method by which entire fleets can be blown into the air; with my submarine boats the navies of a hostile power would soon disappear, nothing easier. And nothing easier, too, than to free you. You have only to say a yes, and I can demand your liberty. Then we get married and all your troubles are over.’

“ I thanked him with as much seriousness as I could assume,” Madame de Gontaut relates. “ This little plan evidently appeared to him ‘ so simple,’ and it really sprang from such goodness of heart and sincerity that, while I could hardly refrain from laughing, I felt that it was impossible for me not to experience a considerable degree of gratitude. I begged him never to think again of me in that way, assuring him that Providence and my innocence would certainly rescue me from my present unpleasant situation. And indeed M. Fulton was correct in his anticipations, for that same day they were confirmed. I was to be sent to Paris.”

After several months, during which her life was often endangered, Madame de Gontaut secured her precious papers. Times had changed; having assumed for the nonce her maiden name, she could even appear in society and meet her old-time friends. She encountered Fulton while strolling along the boulevards on the arm of her brother-in-law.

“ He saw me, and at once came up to us: ‘ Dear me! Dear me! Madame François!’ He took hold of both my hands, even of the one that rested on the arm of my brother-in-law, the Marquis de Gontaut-Biron, and, shaking them after the honest but somewhat rough American

¹ In English in the text.

fashion, exclaimed: 'Dear Madame François, how glad I am to see you!'

"My brother-in-law was rather taken aback at these singular manners, and said to him: 'Monsieur, the person to whom you have the honor of speaking is Mademoiselle de Montaut.'

"'No, no; she is Madame François; she's a married woman, she told me so herself at Calais. But what's that you're saying? Mademoiselle what? Mademoiselle de Montaut?'

"He took out his note-book, wrote down Mademoiselle de Montaut, and put it back in his pocket. After I had introduced him to my brother-in-law, who thought him very strange, if not mad, he left us."

But Madame de Gontaut and Fulton were to meet again, this time in London.

"And now," she writes, "I must speak of my friend Fulton for the last time. One evening, at the opera, I was in the Duke of Portland's box with Lady Mary Bentinck and several others, among them Lord Clarendon, Louis de La Tour du Pin, etc. Suddenly I discovered M. Fulton in the pit; I related a little of his history to my friends. The curiosity about him became general. At the same time his eyes met mine. My friends requested me to bow to him, so that he might come to our box; they were all anxious to make the acquaintance of a man who had already become famous. Thus encouraged, my American friend rose from his seat, advanced rapidly in our direction, and was in the box in a moment. Without the slightest embarrassment or self-consciousness he shook hands with me in his frank and friendly manner.

"'What a pleasure, Mlle. Montaut,' he said, 'to find you here again! I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you.'

"M. de la Tour du Pin said to him in his gentle and gracious fashion: 'Monsieur, you are doubtless mistaken; this lady is Mme. de Gontaut.'

"'Oh! dear me, this is really going to far! always changing her name! It's enough to drive one crazy! But as I see, gentlemen, that

you know the mystery, if it is as amusing as it would seem to be from yourself laughing, I should like to have my laugh also.'

"His kindly, simple manners made me take a great liking to him; I made him sit beside me, and said that now we were in a friendly country, I would explain the mystery of Calais, Paris, and London.

"'Now that I understand,' he answered, 'I can compliment your husband on the possession of a wife who was very near turning my head, once on a time, and sending me to the devil!'

"His reply amused us immensely, and everyone was pleased with him. I introduced him to Lord Clarendon, in hopes that this nobleman might be useful to him. M. Fulton was delighted with Lord Clarendon; they saw each other frequently, and, before his departure, M. Fulton visited and thanked me for having secured for him, through Lord Clarendon, recommendations to ministers and savants who would be able to comprehend him. It was to them he owed even the chance of being allowed to construct a steamboat at Paris in 1802. But not finding that the enthusiasm of the public was on a level with the immensity of his discoveries, he sailed for the United States, mortified by European coldness and lack of sympathy."

Mme. de Gontaut then proceeds to give a short but not always correct description of the achievements of Fulton, with which everyone is acquainted.

Evening Post, NEW YORK.

HUDSON AND FULTON.

(Poem by P. Brynberg Porter, M. D., read by the author at a joint meeting of the National Society Patriotic Women of America and the Daughters of the American Revolution, held in the Council Chamber, City Hall, New York, September 29, 1909, in connection with the Hudson-Fulton Celebration.)

Exegi Monumentum Aere Perennius.

WHAT destinies undreamt of overhung
The quest of gallant Hudson as he steered
His Half Moon up the stream, as yet unsung,
Where reach on reach of fairyland appeared.

The dreamy air was filled with golden haze,
Each side lay virgin forests, vast and dim,
And oft the simple natives, all amaze,
From flowery shores came forth to welcome him.

The spirit of the dauntless Genoese,
Of Cabot, Gomez, Frobisher, and Drake,
It was that bore him over unknown seas,
New paths of commerce in the West to make.

Three hundred years—and lo, again unfurled,
The Half Moon's flag floats o'er our storied stream,
While salvos from the fleets of all the world
Re-echo from the shores where millions teem.

From "Tears-of-Clouds," the crystal lake which sleeps*
'Mid Adirondack balsam-scented heights,
Down to the rugged Highlands' craggy steeps,
Where now once more flash forth the beacon lights.

Down to the memory-haunted Tappan Zee,
Where lies the genial wizard** of its shores,
Down to the fort-crowned straits where to the sea
The lordly stream its wealth of waters pours,

*The source of the Hudson.

** Washington Irving.

There rolls a thund'rous harmony of song,
A roar of guns, a shout of glad acclaim,
Which all the hills of Shatemuc * prolong,
In honor of the great discoverer's name.

And crowned with equal honors, too, is he,
Father of all the steam-craft of the earth,
Immortal Fulton—every furthest sea
Is debtor to the land which gave him birth.

Their deeds were hallowed victories of Peace,
And from the seeds they planted on this store
The harvest, ever richer, ne'er shall cease
Till Hudson's mighty hills shall be no more.

* An Indian name of the river. Cf. "The Hills of the Shatemuc" by Miss Susan Warner.



THE REVIVAL OF PAGEANTRY

THE academic suburb of Chicago known by the name of Evanston has not hitherto been thought of as a focus of romantic possibilities. But the Evanston of these latter days has taken on a riot of color and spectacular effect that has made its more staid inhabitants rub their eyes with wonder at this unprecedented blossoming of artistic fancy. To speak plainly, there has been revealed in those parts a pageant of the historical Northwest, judiciously mingled with devices for enticing shy coins from their hiding-places (in the sweet name of charity), and graciously countenanced and even abetted by the best suburban society. Already the modest town is being styled the American Bayreuth, and is bearing its new honors with the proud consciousness that they have been deserved.

In the matters of picturesque stage-setting and poetical effect, the pageant has been in the capable hands of Mr. Donald Robertson and Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens, whose quality in this sort was exhibited last spring when the Renaissance pageant was given at the Art Institute of Chicago. Such poetry as Mr. Stevens knows how to write for an affair like this, recited with Mr. Robertson's art goes far toward redeeming the inevitable amateurishness of such a performance. Nor is material lacking in the history of the great Northwest. We are the heirs of a romantic tradition which begins with the French seekers for the South Sea, goes on with the dissolving view of a French transformed into an English civilization, includes the heroic exploit of George Rogers Clark, and comes down to things as diversely interesting as the Blackhawk War and the Wigwam that made the fortunes of President Lincoln. A sequence that includes, besides Clark and Lincoln, such men as Marquette, La Salle, Tonty, and Pontiac, that makes us acquainted with explorers and saints, with the heroes of both military and civic life, is anything but poverty-stricken in its appeal to the imagination.

How admirably Mr. Stevens has put his material to poetic use may be illustrated by the following quotation:

“Peaceful the Black-Gown came, we welcomed him.
He taught his faith; we listened and we loved,
For he was patient, brave, and kind. He lives
In drowsy annals of our winter nights.
But those who followed in the Black-Gown’s trail
Brought harsher magic and a hopeless war.
Seeking the paths that we had never trod
They searched the blue horizons for some grim
And desolate issue to forbidden seas;
They spoke to us of mysteries, shoulder-wise
As they with tireless footsteps hastened on.

La Salle, and Tonty of the Iron Hand,
Great Captains in this idle paleface quest,
Came hither long ago, and claimed the ground
For some old king beyond the sunrise. These
Were strong-heart men, these finders of the way
Who hunted the great rivers to their ends,—
Stern foes, whom fear could never shake. Behold
Wan children of the sheltered lodges, these
Who faced the mystery with dauntless eyes
And trod our trails out with intrepid feet,
The Captains of the white man’s outer march.”

The Evanston pageant has been, of course, but a small affair in comparison with the recent doings on the Hudson River and Lake Champlain, or with last year’s superb commemoration of the founding of Quebec. But it has its place in the series of recent demonstrations that have sought to realize the past for a generation which seems suddenly to have been aroused to the consciousness that the American past is by no means contemptible from the romantic point of view. The annals of early America have seemed dull only because their possibilities were long unrealized; they have had to wait until our own time for the significant expression that gives color and vitality to the annals of any age. For the unfolding of their charms our chief debt is due to Parkman, who first brought us to understand how magnificent a drama had been enacted upon this new-

world stage. But many others have also helped to vivify our historical inheritance, until we have at last come to view it with new insight, and to know that the old world by no means has a monopoly of thrilling situations and romantic happenings.

The historical pageant has a highly important educational function, and we are glad that its possibilities have become so generally apparent. Modern education knows how important it is to quicken the understanding by bringing the eye to its aid. We sometimes go too far in this respect, no doubt, forgetting that vision is only an adjunct to intelligence, and by no means a substitute therefor. To many people the reading of newspapers has come to be a scanning of cuts and head-lines only, and to many children the pictures in their school-books prove so distracting that the text is slighted. Excessive attention to the pictorial aspect of an historical theme tends to produce flabbiness of mind, encouraging indolent receptivity at the expense of sharp intellectual reaction. But the picture or the spectacle, taken in its properly subordinated relation to the fact or the idea, may aid marvelously in bringing the latter home. The pageant, which is primarily a series of moving pictures, is calculated to stir the most lethargic mind to interest. The symbols of the printed page become matters of real human concern when thus informed with life. And when nature lends a hand, as in the case of the Hudson River and the Rock of Quebec, supplying the actual scenes where great deeds were once wrought, the spectacle of the pageant acquires an impressiveness of which the depth and the enduring character are not easily to be measured. It is well that men should from time to time be made to feel how firmly the present is linked with the past; forgetfulness of this fact constitutes perhaps the chief danger of our restless modern life.

By some omission, which I take to be merely accidental the article, *The Historical Pageant in America*, in *The Dial* for October 16, contains no reference to the pageant, arranged in Philadelphia a year ago in connection with the celebration of the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of that city. So far as I know, this continues to be as yet the only pageant of any size or importance ever given in this country. While it was not planned on the present very popular English pattern, as a play on the

green, like the beautiful pageant at Quebec in July, 1908, but rather followed the models of the Continental European pageants, which take the form of processions, it was accounted by the six hundred thousand or eight hundred thousand people who were able to view it to be quite as faithful and artistic a presentation of the history of a great community. It had the direction of excellent historians and artists who placed more than five thousand people in costume in a line which moved over a distance of five miles on Broad Street. The episodes chosen for representation began with the earliest settlements, carried the city through the Revolutionary War and the picturesque period following the war, through those twenty-five years when it was the capital of the United States, and ended with the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

The omission of Philadelphia from your list of historical pageants in this country is the more noticeable as you mention Lake Champlain and New York. There was no historical pageant at the Lake Champlain celebration, barring some Indian scenes which were largely fanciful. The city of Burlington, Vt., contemplated one, but was deterred by the expense. New York last month had the most abominable travesty upon the name of Historical Pageant that human ingenuity could invent. The New York *Evening Post* declared it to be tawdry, cheap, and entirely unworthy of the city; while no one who witnessed the exhibition has been able to speak of it with patience or toleration. I am sure that a journal like *The Dial* would not knowingly give its endorsement to pageantry which is arranged without regard to the principles of history or art. We have made a beginning in the right direction; and if our standards are not again lowered to the level of the carnival and the secret-society parade, this entertainment may become an educational influence of the greatest popular value.

ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER.

The Dial, CHICAGO.

THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

[The best description of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration we find in the *Outlook*, and give it to our readers slightly condensed.

While the show was not all that could be wished, we do not agree with either Mr. Oberholtzer or the *Evening Post* in decrying it.

A most singular and disappointing blunder, however of the Committee in charge of the Naval Parade was the failure to provide for any admission of the public after the celebration, to the *Half Moon* and *Clermont*. During the Columbus celebration the three Spanish caravels were visited by thousands, with great pleasure and interest, and a similar opportunity should have been offered on this occasion.—Ed.]

THE greatest number of human beings that ever got together on this hemisphere—indeed, the greatest number that ever got together on earth, so far as any records go, with the exception of the multitudes that gathered in London for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 and for King Edward's coronation in 1902—were assembled in New York for the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, which lasted from Saturday, the 25th of September, to and including Saturday, the 9th of October. While it is impossible to make anything like an accurate estimate where such immense numbers are involved, there were undoubtedly within the city's boundaries on the days of the great pageants something more than five and a half millions of people; and though an overwhelming proportion of the visitors were Americans, among them were delegates who had come from the ends of the earth to participate in the ceremonies that commemorated the discovery, three hundred years ago, of the Hudson River, and of the first journey of the first vessel to be navigated by steam—which event, occurring two hundred years later, yet by a fortuitous coincidence is identified with the history of that noble stream. As many as two millions of spectators, in ranks that in places were ten, twenty, and even thirty deep, three times during the first week of the celebration, lined the parade course, stretching nearly six miles from the Cathedral Parkway through Central Park West, Fifty-ninth Street, and Fifth

Avenue to Washington Square, without causing any perceptible diminution of local population in other parts of the city.

Not one of all the millions of people in New York saw the entire celebration, for besides the main events that occupied most of the official day and evening, there were minor features of almost as much interest that simultaneously demanded attention. The Marine Parade, with which the two weeks' celebration began on the first Saturday, the Historical Pageant on the following Tuesday, the Military Parade on Thursday, the Children's Festival on the second Saturday afternoon and the Carnival Parade at night, with the aeroplane flight of Wilbur Wright the next Monday, and the lighting of the beacon fires on the final Saturday night, were the principal public spectacles in New York City, but in addition to these there were banquets, receptions, balls, dedications of monuments and parks, music festivals and concerts, literary exercises, athletic and aquatic sports, minor parades and pageants in the various boroughs, besides open art galleries and museums, the opportunity of a lifetime in the permission extended by their officers to visit the warships of eight nations, and electrical and pyrotechnical displays after dark finer than have ever been seen before anywhere in the world.

New York at night was a spectacle that might forever deprive Paris of her boasted title, "*la ville lumière*"—the city of light. The electrical display flashing from the towering sky-scrapers at the southern extremity of Manhattan and clear across to Spuyten Duyvil and the Harlem, bathing the central thoroughfares of the city in a white flood, the borders of the island fringed with fire, and the outlines of the great bridges over the East River graceful lines of light, with the splendid effect of the individual illuminations, far surpassed the French capital's efforts during the Exposition of 1900, even without reference to the hitherto impossible searchlight exhibitions at One Hundred and Fifty-third Street and the glittering battleship fleet in the Hudson. Neither during the Diamond Jubilee nor on the occasion of Edward VII.'s coronation did the electrical display in London measure with that of Paris in 1900, which was exceeded by the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo in 1905; and these, successively exceeding each other, are thrown into the shade by New York in 1909. The Edison Company experts estimate that 600,000 electric

lamps, a total of approximately 5,000,000 candle-power, were used nightly during the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, aside from the search-lights aggregating two billion candle-power. Not the least interesting incident of the occasion is that Thomas A. Edison, the inventor of the electric light, was himself present in the flesh to witness the marvels that are the results of his genius. "If I hadn't invented the electric light, probably somebody else would have done so by this time," said Edison modestly; and this one of the wizard's inventions employs a billion dollars of capital and the services of 500,000 men to-day in the United States alone.

The entire metropolis was in gala attire during the celebration by day as well as night. Not only were all the fine residences in the fashionable part of town, the big business structures, and the municipal buildings handsomely decorated from top to bottom, but there was scarcely a tenement or a shop in the poorest quarters of the city that was without at least a couple of tiny flags intertwining the colors of the United States and Holland. Visitors here for the celebration did not get much unnecessary sleep. Until long after midnight the principal uptown thoroughfares night after night were crowded to the limit of their capacity, the throngs so dense that the police were compelled always to keep the people moving in the same direction to one side of the roadway. Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and the Riverside Drive were the most populous streets of all, but men, women, and children would wander from one brilliant scene to another about the city, loth to go indoors, realizing that the like of what they were witnessing might never be seen again.

The official visitors included Prince Kuni, representative and cousin of the Mikado of Japan; Grand Admiral von Koester, representative of the Kaiser; and Sir Edward Seymour, Great Britain's Admiral of the fleet; and delegates were accredited from France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Italy, Russia, Turkey, Morocco, Cuba, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Chile, Peru, Venezuela, Ecuador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Salvador, Uruguay, Hayti, Costa Rica, and Panama.

The first event of the greatest celebration in the history of the New World—the Marine Parade on the opening Saturday in honor of the *Half-Moon* and the *Clermont*—was a conspicuous success. Half a hun-

dred warships, including the Atlantic fleet of the United States, four men-of-war each from England and Germany, three from France, two each from Holland and Italy, and one each from Mexico and the Argentine Republic, lay like a row of grim dragons, for all the gay flags that bedecked them from stem to stern, in the middle of the Hudson, stretching for ten miles. Below them in the river and harbor, reaching from shore to shore out to the Narrows, the water was dotted with craft, which at the Battery and across to Jersey City were so close together that one might almost have jumped from boat to boat as the replica of the ship that brought Henry Hudson over the ocean, and that of the first vessel to move by her own steam, started from Staten Island for the reviewing stand at the foot of One Hundred and Tenth Street. Never was a finer theater for a water spectacle, and never a finer day for taking advantage of it. The newspapers estimated that there were a million people gathered along the two banks of the river as the strange-looking craft that were the center of observation moved northward.

Quaint indeed among the modern steamships and men-of-war appeared the little vessels of three hundred and one hundred years ago, men personating Hudson and Fulton in the respective costume of the two periods on the decks, with all others on board of either craft in similarly appropriate dress. It is doubtful if any but the most venturesome travelers of to-day would care to risk passage in either *Half-Moon* or the *Clermont* to Coney Island if a fresh wind was blowing, whereupon inspection of the ship in the double of which Hudson crossed the Atlantic increases one's respect for the courage of that sturdy mariner and his companions. The *Clermont*, in spite of her uncouth paddle-wheels awkwardly churning the water and seemingly bigger than her hull, did not suggest anything like the remoter antiquity of the *Half-Moon*, with her high bow and poop and great bellying sails.

The parade reached its noisiest and most spectacular point when the *Half-Moon*, in tow of a tug, and therefore leading the *Clermont* (which under her own steam was limited to four miles an hour) by several hundred feet, arrived off Forty-second Street, where the naval yacht *Mayflower* was moored, when the first welcoming gun boomed. The river banks, thronged though they were by enthusiastic spectators, had been

silent until now, but here the sirens of the passenger steamers and the voices of the people broke forth, to be drowned by the roar of the cannon of the squadrons. The *Half-Moon* steadily fired her two guns alternately from starboard and port, while the saluting warships thundered their tribute of twenty-one guns each. The *Clermont*, paddling along the line fifteen minutes later, had no guns to answer the salvos that greeted her but, she easily divided the honors with the *Half-Moon* so far as popular interest was concerned. Making the tour of the line of battle-ships, and returning to the white-pillared Water Gate at One Hundred and Tenth Street, where the ceremonies attendant upon the presentation of the two ships to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission took place, the *Half-Moon* and the *Clermont* were moored, and their part in the pageant was over for the day.

On their cruise the little replica ships were followed by such a flotilla as has never been seen on the water before. One of the New York newspapers, least given to exaggeration, asserts that the parade was more than forty miles long, basing the estimate on the circumstance that the distance from the Statue of Liberty to the northernmost end of the battle-ship line was sixteen miles, and that after the flag-ship that headed the procession had circled this line and got back to the Battery the yacht squadron of the parade was just getting under way, leading miles more of craft up the river. This extraordinary flotilla was made up of every species of vessel that could carry passengers, with the single exception of ocean steamships—and it included a Government squadron, with its flag-ship and fourteen vessels and scouts, the Atlantic torpedo and submarine fleets, and the revenue cutter patrol, while more than six hundred and fifty boats, ranging from transatlantic liners to the tiniest yachts, were anchored on either side of the river from the foot of Eighty-sixth Street to Forts Washington and Lee.

Simultaneously, exactly at eight o'clock that night, the ten miles of warships sprang into electric flame, naught visible except the glowing outlines of hulls, masts, and rigging traced against the night. Most beautiful of all was the great *Inflexible*, flagship of the visiting British squadron, between whose masts glittered in colored light a splendid jeweled crown. The most wonderful part of the electric show, however,

was the searchlight demonstration. At one Hundred and Fifty-third Street twenty searchlights, each of fifty million candle-power, flashed at once, producing indescribable and almost unbelievable effects. The massed glare, changing into every color of the rainbow, played for miles on and across the river and the Jersey shore. Four other huge searchlight batteries were turned upon Grant's Tomb, keeping it constantly a white spot on the river's bank. From nine o'clock until midnight a magnificent pyrotechnical display along the river added gorgeousness to the dazzling exhibition, contrasting with the white glare of the searchlights and the motionless glitter of the electric lights on ships and shore. It was a display such as previously had never been even attempted.

The event of the celebration calculated more than anything else to interest personally the New Yorker, indeed the most notable feature of the entire commemoration exercises, was Tuesday's pageant, setting forth the history of Manhattan Island from before the advent of Hudson to the present day, in three miles of allegory—and something like a quarter of a mile of actual demonstration. Masqueraders as Indians, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Colonists, and real Americans, disposed theatrically on ingeniously devised floats that portrayed the discovery, settlement, growth, culture, and wealth of the city in more or less chronological sequence, provided the figurative element.

In gorgeous uniforms, one delegation after another from the patriotic societies of the city marched between the lines of spectators: Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Norwegians, Danes, and Syrians. The American flag was flying beside each foreign banner, demonstrating on the part of the marchers at once love for native land and loyalty to the Republic, while from the accompanying bands the national airs of many countries alternated with "America" and "Yankee Doodle." The allegorical floats, more than fifty in number, divided the history of New York into four periods—the Indian, the Dutch, the Colonial, and the present—and for three hours they lumbered among the multitudes, each drawn by four horses enveloped in crimson coverings from ears to tails, each steed led by a groom in a crimson domino. The picturesqueness of this effect might have been heightened if the men at the heads of the horses had followed the instructions of the master of ceremonies

and worn the hoods of their robes instead of their own personal and impaired modern headgear.

The floats were elaborate and impressive, however, if not entirely artistic, and they were received with intelligent enthusiasm all along the line of march, though the student of history who might have depended upon them for instruction would have had his ideas of the early course of events on Manhattan sadly mixed. By reason of some one's carelessness or stupidity, these peripatetic allegories came along with little regard to chronological order, and in many instances their titles, which were carried before them by white-robed bearers, accompanied groups of figures to which they did not belong. However, as most of us knew that Washington did not say farewell to his officers before the capture of Major André, and that the reception of Lafayette occurred after the statue of George III was upset at Bowling Green, perhaps no lasting harm was done. Nevertheless, in view of the time and money that was spent on the celebration, it seems too bad that a blunder that might so easily have been obviated should have been allowed to occur.

The Indians masquerading on foot in the procession presented the spectacle of some two or three hundred aborigines of Irish, Italian, and Russian descent. The imitation red men seemed to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves, an emotion their artificial complexions failed to conceal, and they skulked under the shadows of the towering floats very much unlike the Manhattanese warriors we read about in books. On the floats devoted to the Five Nations and the legend of Hiawatha real Indians took part in the tableaux, their stolidity of feature and dignity of deportment in striking contrast to that of the actors who personated the primitive inhabitants of the island. Delegations of students from Columbia and New York Universities and the College of the City of New York enlivened the parade at intervals along the line with their college cries, outdoing the feeble war-whoops of the mock Indians. The greatest applause of the afternoon was excited, however, by two groups of aged men in the ancient uniform of the Volunteer Fire Department, some of them so feeble that they could scarcely keep their places in the ranks, all of them life-savers who had "run with the machine" in the '50s and '60s of the last century.

The Military Parade on Thursday, participated in by 25,000 men, including from the visiting warships the crack marine soldiery of Great Britain, Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Mexico, and the Argentine Republic, with those of the United States, and the flower of the military organizations of the State, as well as veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Spanish War, two companies of cadets from the Military Academy at West Point, and a detachment of soldiers from the regular army, was a credit to all concerned. Popular interest was manifested chiefly in the naval warriors, who led the line after the grand marshal and his staff of Troop A of the National Guard—for soldiers may be seen on parade at almost any time. The English sailors came first, several hundred strong, dressed in blue and wearing broad-brimmed straw hats pulled well down over their eyes. Behind the tars marched the Royal Marines, big men in dark uniforms, the tan of India still on their cheeks, followed by two other companies of marines dressed in scarlet. The Germans, every man of them seemingly fair-haired and many of them wearing beards, were next in line, wearing blue blouses and white caps, and they were followed by the French, in round blue caps topped with red pompons. Italy sent a company of cadets from the Royal Naval Academy, many of them said to be young noblemen of high prospective or actual rank, but who nevertheless earned a cheer for their perfect alignment and soldierly carriage. The Mexican and Argentine sailors, rather smaller and darker-skinned than most of the others, were as well drilled as any in the parade. The American sea-fighters easily held their own in the spectacular competition. Preceded by the Marine Corps, seemingly never-ending phalanxes of men in blue and red, nearly every one under the age of thirty, the rolling battalions of bluejackets of the Atlantic fleet were a tribute to the success of the effort to improve the class of men who are entering this branch of the service. Keen-eyed, bronzed youngsters in blue and khaki, with white caps atop, they won the admiration of two million observers. It was particularly noticeable in the parade that, while the sailors of each foreign nationality were nearly always of the national type, the men of our navy embraced types of all of them, and even went the other several better by reason of a sprinkling of Filipinos in the ranks.

After the sailors the West Point cadets and the regulars of the

United States Army got the most general applause along the line of march, but the real enthusiasm of the day, as on the occasion of the Historical Parade, was brought about by a similar circumstance, when, in the very last division, a broken company of a German regiment in the Grand Army of the Republic passed. The National Guard, the Sons of Veterans, the United States Volunteer Life-Saving Corps, the Spanish War Veterans, the Old Guard, the German Veterans of the Franco-Prussian War, the Polish Independence Legion, the Italian Rifle Guard, all received a warm welcome, but these aged, white-haired men, among the last of the rapidly diminishing number who fought in the Civil War nearly half a century ago, meant something that every one could understand. The climax was reached when two old soldiers, both apparently in the seventies or eighties, each with a row of medals across his breast, one blind and holding fast to the other's arm, stepped bravely by, although it was a struggle for them to keep up with their comrades. The medals may have been conferred for valor, or they may have been won at a schuetzenfest, but the picture the fine old fellows presented was at once so heroic and so pathetic that tears came to the eye of many in the great throng of spectators even as they shouted applause.

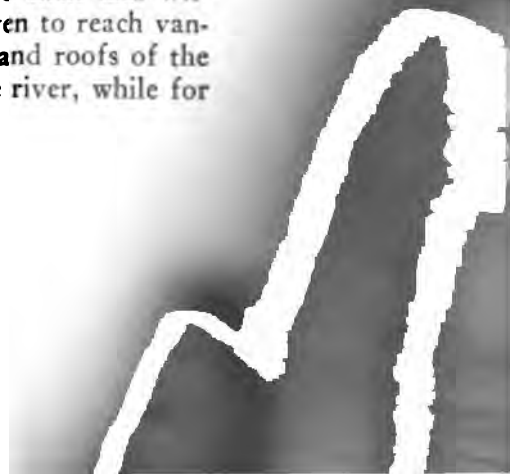
One of the most interesting features of the celebration was Children's Day on Saturday, the ceremonies of which were participated in by some 150,000 of the smaller pupils of the public parochial schools of the five boroughs. In Dutch costume of Hudson's time boys and girls recited, sang, and danced at the Court of Honor.

The Carnival Parade on Saturday night, arranged by the German, Austrian, and Swiss societies of the city, which closed the Hudson-Fulton Celebration so far as New York was concerned, except for the aviation exhibition and the beacon fires, was one of the most attractive events of the week. The fifty floats were artistic and picturesque; the marchers were arrayed with splendor, and practically the same great crowds were gathered along the line of march that had witnessed the Historical and Military Pageants go over the same route earlier in the week.

What every man, woman, and child of years of comprehension among the teeming millions in the city during the celebration seemed more anxious to see than any other feature of it was the flying men—

Wilbur Wright and Glenn H. Curtiss. Only once during the first week were the winds at all favorable for a trial, and that was a little after eight o'clock Wednesday morning, when the waiting crowds witnessed the newest wonder of the centuries, as Wright in his great machine appeared from out the mists that overhung the harbor, and, circling the Statue of Liberty with all the smoothness and ease of a sea-gull, flew back to Governor's Island. Some trouble with Curtiss's machine made it impossible for him to take advantage of the light breezes that morning; and, indeed, until the end of the week, when he was compelled to leave the city to keep professional engagements in St. Louis, he went into the air only once, and then for but a few seconds.

It was on the second Monday of the celebration that Wright made his record trip from Governor's Island out to Grant's Tomb and over the warships in the river. My view of the actual start was cut off by one of the military buildings, but I heard the machine rise a hundred feet away with a noise like the buzzing of a horsefly through a megaphone. When I caught sight of it, scarcely a second later, Wright was already clear of the Island and making a bee-line for the entrance to the Hudson, flying about fifty feet above the water and moving at a speed of forty miles an hour. He swerved once to avoid the smoke of a tug-boat under him, but it seemed scarcely a minute before he had disappeared in the autumn haze. There was no demonstration on the Island as Wright started his flight, for he had risen into the air and sped out of sight almost before we realized it; but a Staten Island ferryboat whistled a signal to the rest of the craft in the river and harbor, and pandemonium reigned on the water. It was half an hour later, the sun having dissipated the mist in the meantime, that we caught sight of Wright returning along the Jersey shore of the river, flying scarcely higher than the roofs of the ferry-houses, and in thirty-three minutes and thirty-three seconds from the time of leaving the ground the aeroplane landed lightly as a bird within a few feet of its starting-point, after having covered a distance of nearly twenty miles. The number who saw the return flight of the aviator at the Battery was estimated to be 100,000 more than had witnessed him go up the river, as short as was the time given to reach vantage points, and thousands saw him from the windows and roofs of the sky-scrapers and from buildings along both banks of the river, while for



the first time officers and men on warships were able ocularly to realize what it would be like to have an enemy sailing above them carrying missiles capable of sending them to the bottom.

Telling his own story of the flight, Wright said that he had planned to travel at the height of seventy-five feet, but that the gases from steamers, the air disturbance caused by their whistles, and the air currents from the skyscrapers obliged him to ascend higher at times. "I headed over to the Jersey shore of the river to get as far away as possible," he explained. "I suppose I was two hundred feet in the air, for I could see the Metropolitan tower, and I was not as high as that, while I could discern the Jersey meadows over the Palisades. I could feel the vapors from the war-ship funnels while I was among them. The currents of air from the tall Manhattan buildings made the machine tremble. The air just seemed to tumble down from the sky-scrapers. Coming back, I found by just shaving the wharves and staying low I escaped those currents somewhat. When I caught sight of Grant's Tomb on my right, I decided that I had gone far enough, and, turning in a large circle, I faced about to the south. I think I came back in half the time I took going up the river against the wind. I might have circled the Tomb, but I didn't. I kept to the water and made practically the whole circle to reverse my direction directly above the river. I was well to the north of the Tomb when I made the turn, and I could see war-ships above me in the river, but I could also tell from the cheering and waving of arms aboard them that they could see me and could witness the aeroplane's flight, and so did not try to go around the fleet. To make such a trip regularly one ought either to go well above the sky-scrapers or else keep close to the water, for a lot of wind spills over them in downward gusts upon the river. I haven't quite conquered the air yet," concluded the modest pioneer of the sky.

Before the first week of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration in New York was over, the *Half-Moon* and the *Clermont* started up the Hudson for Albany and Troy, escorted by the Dutch cruiser *Utrecht*, two United States cruisers, a fleet of torpedo-boats and submarines, and six squadrons of passenger vessels, to visit the larger cities and towns along the river, where ceremonies similiar to those that took place in New York, though on a smaller scale of course, were held. Newburgh had her celebration

on Friday, and Governor Hughes reviewed her street parade. On Saturday the celebration was at Stony Point, where the Govtrnor dedicated a monument to General Wayne, of Revolutionary fame, as part of the ceremonies. From the next Monday to Friday Yonkers, Poughkeepsie, Catskill, Hudson, Kingston, Ossining, Croton-on-the-Hudson, and Haverstraw welcomed the *Half-Moon* and the *Clermont*. On Friday the replica boats and their escort reached Albany, where Governor Hughes, who had spoken at nearly every one of the other points visited, delivered a formal address in the morning and reviewed the Carnival Parade in the evening. On Saturday the *Half-Moon* and *Clermont* reached their journey's end at Troy. The actual culmination of the ceremonies, however, was in the beacon fires that, from Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton, guarding the Narrows, flashed " Good-night and good-by " promptly at nine o'clock Saturday night one hundred and fifty miles along the Hudson to Albany.

FRANK M. WHITE.

Outlook, NEW YORK.



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XI

THE HUNTERS' AMBUSCADE

THE plans of the hunter Balt, when he was permitted to arrange the movements of his party for the night, were well laid in every respect save one; the omission, on the part of De Roos and his counsellor, to keep up a communication with Greyslaer, either by messengers or signals, to be available in case they met with any obstacle to the consummation of their design. The unfortunate issue of the ambuscade was mainly attributable to this oversight. "The attempt," they argued, "must either be fully successful, when we shall rejoin our comrades without molestation, or, if we are interrupted by a sally from the fort or other untoward occurrence, the report of our firearms will soon show Greyslaer how things are going." In guerilla warfare, however, so much often depends upon an instantaneous change of the mode in which you would effect your design when carrying any given piece of stratagie into execution, that the most perfect concert of action should be observed if you would avail yourself of their flexible councils without endangering your brother partisans.

The two parties, led severally by Balt and De Roos, gaining the bottom of the hill upon which they had left the ill-starred Greyslaer, separated near the base of the promontory before described, and betook themselves to their appointed stations. De Roos posted himself, with his men, in a swamp that fringed a little bay a few hundred yards below the Indian stockade, from which it was divided by the river, which was here about a rifle-shot in breadth. The promontory extended out into the stream upon his right, and the canoe, which was the object of attack, was just turning this headland as he reached his position, and might be said to be thus already cut off from the fort had he dared to fire upon her. But Balt, who gained the shore, amid tangled vines and thickets

of elder, upon the lower side of the promontory, awaited there his opportunity to seize the fishermen in a more peaceable manner.

Placing his followers in a copse near the mouth of the brook already mentioned, he proceeded cautiously to a clump of chestnuts near, and selecting one fit for his purpose, he cut off a stick about two feet in length from a green sapling, and, after rolling it between his palms for a few moments, succeeded in drawing out the woody part from its bark casing, forming thus from the latter a hollow tube, which might answer the purpose of a speaking-trumpet. Placing one end of this to his mouth, and bending his body so as to bring the other within an inch of the ground, and partly to smother the sound he intended to produce from the instrument, he drew from it a deep discordant noise, not unlike the distant roaring of a bull. The call almost immediately brought a reply, both from the hill-side and from the water. From the hills it came back in a wild bellowing, that was evidently that of a real animal answering a beast of its own kind. Upon the water it was replied to by the Indians, who, equally deceived by sounds that seemed to indicate their vicinity to a moose-deer buck, or bull-moose as our hunters call it, attempted, by putting their closed fists to their mouths, to mimic the cry and lure the animal to the water-side, where the torches in the bow of the shallop would enable them to fix the buck at gaze, and to approach sufficiently near to destroy him with their fishing-spears.

Guiding their birchen vessel now into an eddy of the stream by a scarcely perceptible motion of the paddle, they approached with care the spot where Balt and his comrades lay. But the next moment, exchanging some words with each other in a low tone, which made them inaudible to those on shore, the steersman gave a flirt of his paddle, and the light bark swung round again to the centre of the stream. Here the Indians paused, as if listening intently; and the wary Balt, fearing, now that their attention was fully awakened, to repeat the same lure, which might fail to deceive them when so near, resorted to another less easy of detection.

He took a cup from his hunting-pouch, and, stooping down to the brook, dipped up the water and let it fall again into the current, to

imitate the plashing footsteps of an animal stalking along the bed of the stream. The Indians had drawn out toward the channel of the river, in order to give the supposed moose a wide berth between themselves and the shore, where, as he waded out to lave his flanks, according to the custom of the animal at this season, they would hold him to advantage in the deep water. But as the plashing sounds which they had just heard grew fainter, as if the moose were retiring from the river side, they abandoned this expectation, and, mimicking his bellowing cry once more, they gave the canoe a direction toward the cove, and glided silently into the mouth of the brook. Their glaring torches shone double upon its shallow and pebbly bottom, and lighted up the overhanging thicket with a ruddy glare.

“Captur, but slay not!” cried Balt, leaping into the frail shallop with a force that drove his feet through the flimsy bottom and anchored it to the spot, at the same moment that an Indian in the bow was vainly attempting, with his long spear, to push back into the parent stream. A blow from the hatchet of the woodsman snapped the shaft, leaving the barbed end quivering in the bank, and the other a harmless weapon in the hands of the Indian, who was instantly secured by his opponent. Not so, however, with his two comrades; one of those, who held the steering-paddle, threw himself backward over the stern, floundered with mad desperation through the shallow water, and, diving like a duck the moment he attained that deep enough for swimming, struck out for the opposite side of the river, which he gained in safety. The remaining Indian was not less successful in his attempt to escape. This man, a warrior of powerful frame and great prowess, deeming himself surrounded, leaped from the canoe at the first alarm, and charged into the midst of his enemies; grasping his fishing-spear by the middle, so as, at the same time, to protect his person and prevent the long shaft from becoming entangled in the underwood, he levelled a yeoman with a blow from either end at the first onset, and, seizing a rifle from one of the men as they fell, bounded off, unharmed, into the forest.

“Old Josey himself, by the Eternal! there’s no Injun breathing but he could have done that,” cried Balt; “we have let the head-devil of them all, boys, slip through our fingers, and we shall have the hull

kennel of hell-hounds let loose upon us in an instant. We must lose no time in crossing from these parts, or our scalps will fly off like thistle-down; we must make a divarsion, too, or we'll lose our prisoner." And binding the hands of his only captive with a tendril of grapevine, the hunter hastily consigned him to the care of his comrades, and told them to move down along the banks of the river as rapidly as possible, without attempting to regain the place first designated as a rendezvous. With these hurried directions, Balt sprang forward to give in person the necessary warning to De Roos, whom he met midway, hurrying with his men to join him.

"Turn, Balt, turn, or the dogs will be on our trail in a moment; I've seen a dripping savage emerge like a musquash from the water on the opposite side, where a dozen canoes are drawn up before the station, and we must put the rapids between them and our party as quickly as possible."

"What, risk our only prisoner, squire? when I've sent my men that way with him, hoping that we could lead off the pursuit toward the cliff, where the capting awaits us."

"It will never do," said De Roos, still keeping his party in motion; Greyslaer will get sufficient warning to retire in time, seeing the movements around the fort; and as for our joining him, it is too late. My men have already seen one armed Indian skulking between them and the hill, and we may be at this moment surrounded by a hundred."

As these words passed hurriedly between the commander of the expedition and his unlucky adviser, Balt, who had for the moment allowed his course to be turned, and himself borne along with the rapid march of his comrades, stopped short, exclaiming, "On, then; on, Squire Dirk; you may have changed our plans for the better, and the capting, mayhap, would consider your retreat sodger-like, seeing so many lives are at stake; but I cannot leave him to take his chance of first hearing of it from the Injuns themselves."

With these words, only the first of which were heard by De Roos, Balt broke away from his comrades, and ran back until he reached the

brook which the retreating party had crossed a few moments before; turning then, and following up its current as the readiest highway that offered, amid the heavy forests through whose glooms its course occasionally made an opening toward the moonlit sky.

"Tarnal crittur! she's hid her vixen face," he exclaimed, as, looking upward through one of these openings, he saw that the planet was obscured. "Shine out, old lily-white, shine out, for shame, upon the Redskins, or they'll cross the river and be upon the capting afore I can stir his kiver."

The prayer of the woodsman was quickly answered. The moon, indeed, shone out but too soon, for the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by the war-whoop, and answered by a brief and irregular discharge of firearms, showed that her reappearance, instead of being the harbinger of safety, had been but the signal for onslaught. Rushing forward, the hunter gained the top of the hilly ridge whereupon he had left Greyslaer, and was moving with hasty but cautious steps toward the shelf of rocks where that luckless officer had taken post with his party.

"The capting, the capting, what have ye done with the capting?" cried Balt, as he met Greyslaer's men in full flight from the spot.

"Run, Balt; for your life, run; it is all up with Captain Max! a rifle from the woods, below the cliff, picked him off the very moment the moon got high enough to bring his body out of shadow. The woods are alive with Redskins, and our legs must save us now if we would live to avenge him."

An incessant whooping, that each moment came nearer and nearer, seemed to prove the truth of what the man said; and with a light heel but a heavy heart, the sorrowing woodsman turned and fled with the rest; muttering imprecations on himself the while for having left for a moment, amid such scenes, his commander, friend, and protégé.

De Roos, in the meantime, hurrying along with his prisoner, followed the course of the Sacondaga, which here runs in a northeast direction for a few miles, and then leaving it abruptly, struck due south, making for the nearest settlements upon the Mohawk. The approach

of morning found his party in the neighborhood of Galway; and crossing the highway, or trail as it might rather be called at that day, between Saratoga and Johnstown, he made a sweep to the south of the latter place, and, striking due west, passed Stone Arabia, famous afterward for the gallant fight and subsequent slaughter of the brave Colonel Brown and his regiment, reached the Mohawk at Keeder's Rifts, equally noted in the border-story of after years. The retreat, considering that De Roos had not only to escape from his Indian foes in the first instance, but that he carried his prisoner through a district, the great portion of whose scattered inhabitants were as yet either lukewarm patriots or zealous adherents of the Johnson party, was creditable to his address as a partisan.

Worn down with fatigue and long watching, Derrick and his companions were rejoiced to find shelter and refreshment in the hospitable mansion of Major Jelles Fonda, a faithful officer and confidential friend of the father of Sir John Johnson, but who, having now sided with the patriot party, was exposed to the vengeance of the royalists, which was afterward so terribly wreaked upon his household by the devastating hand of the stern and inexorable son of his friend.

The Mohawk captive, during the route, had borne himself with dogged indifference to his fate, obstinately refusing to answer any of the questions with which De Roos, who spoke his language, plied him, whenever occasion offered, during a brief halt of his party. Refreshments were now placed before him, but he refused to partake of them, replying only to the repeated invitations of his captors by glancing, with a look of mute indignation, from their faces to the bonds by which his right arm was still pinioned, the left having been temporarily released to enable him to feed himself. This silent appeal, however, produced no effect upon his wary captors.

"If the scoundrel is too proud to help himself with one hand, let us see if fasting won't bring humility with," said one.

"The cunning cat! he only wants to get his claws free to use them," cried another; "but he can't come the mouser over us with his mock dignity."

De Roos, who had been looking at the accommodations of his party for the night, at this moment entered the room, and ordered a guard of three men to repair with the prisoner to the kitchen, which was assigned them as their quarters. He at the same time handed the Indian a blanket, wherewith one of the women of the family had provided him, and, for the first time since his capture, a gleam of pleasure shot athwart the dusky features of the Mohawk as he stretched out his left hand to receive the boon. Indeed, he folded it about his person with as much care as if he took pride as well as comfort in his new acquisition; nor had he completely adjusted its folds to his satisfaction, before a corner of his new mantle had more than once swept the edge of the table, as he brushed along its sides, while making his way out of the apartment.

The kitchen was not entirely vacant when the prisoner and his guard reached their quarters. For, besides several negro slaves, which at that time formed an essential part of the household of every opulent farmer in the country, there sat in the chimney-corner a shabby-looking wayfarer, who, in those days of infrequent inns and open hospitality, had been allowed a stall for his horse and a shelter for himself during the night.

The dress of this man, which was a sort of greasy doublet, or fustian shooting-jacket, of dingy olive, with breeches of the same; shoes without buckles, and a broad-leaved chip hat, having a broken pipe stuck beneath the band, marked him sufficiently as belonging to the lower order of society. For, while among our wise fathers a man's apparel was always thought more or less to indicate his social position, a traveller's especially, who presumed to take the saddle without being either booted or spurred, would be set down as near akin to a beggar, who had his horse only for some chance hour. Some, however, beneath the neglected beard and generally sordid appearance of this wayfaring horseman, might have detected features which, if not those of a true cavalier, belonged at least to the class which was then generally supposed exclusively to furnish such a character. The man's look was sinister, if not decidedly bad; but there was a degree of haughtiness mingled with his duplicity of expression, and the intelligent and assured heir of his coun-

tenance was far above the rank which his coarse habiliments would indicate. He started as the Indian entered the apartment; and as the name "Au-neh-yesh!" escaped his lips, the emotion seemed for the instant to be sympathetic with the prisoner. It was so slight, however, upon the part of the Mohawk as not to attract observation. He moved at once toward the kitchen fire, and, though it was a summer's night, threw himself on the floor with his feet toward the ashes, and, covering up his head in his blanket, seemed soon to be forgetting the cares of captivity in soothing slumber.

Two of the men to whose custody the prisoner had been consigned, soon afterward imitated his example, and stretched themselves upon a flock-bed in a corner of the apartment, while the third paced up and down the room, to keep himself awake while acting as sentinel over the prisoner. The slaves, with the exception of a single old negro, had all slunk away, one could hardly tell how; and this worthy, with the sinister-looking traveller, were left as the only waking companions of the sentinel. The traveller, too, at last, after ruminating in a drowsy fashion for some time, expressed his intention of seeking a bed in the haymow, and, procuring a stable-lantern from the negro to look after his horse in the first instance, withdrew from the apartment. In passing through the door, he fixed his eyes earnestly upon the sleeping Indian, and his face being thus averted from the passage-way, he stumbled awkwardly, so as to make his tin lantern clang against the lintel so sharply as to startle both the sentry and his prisoner, though the slight movement which the latter made beneath his blanket was not observed by the soldier, who turned to close the door behind the retreating traveller.

"What tink you of dat trabeller-man, massa?" said the old negro, with a knowing look, as soon as he heard the outer door closed after the other.

"Think of him? why I don't think of him at all, Cuff; that sleeping hound by the fire is enough for me to trouble myself about, after tram-pousing for twenty-four hours on a stretch, with not even a loon's nap at the eend of it."

"Trabeller-man hab mighty fine hoss, massa!—Him look as like

as two peas to de hoss dat Wolf Valtmeyer bought last week for Massa Bradshawe, and drew to here, mighty like dat same hoss, massa."

"Well, what of that? you don't take the chap for a hore-thief, do you? He's more like some travelling cobbler, that's going his circuit through the settlements."

"He be berry like a cobbler, certing," said the complaisant negro; and then, after musing a few moments, added, "He be berry like lawyer Wat Bradshawe too, massa."

"I never saw that rip, Cuff, though, if the traveller had heard as much of him as I have, he wouldn't be beholden to you for discovering the likeness."

"Lawyer Wat has shaked hands wid de debbil, certing!" said the negro, shaking his head mysteriously.

"Why do you say that, Cuff?"

"'Cause he no fear de debbil."

"Why, what the devil do you know about him, you old curmudgeon?"

"Hab not old black Violet told me of his doings long ago, when he was but a boy? Let Cuff alone to find out de secret; he know all about Massa Bradshawe, and he know how to keep de secret too."

"Now, Cuff," said the soldier, stopping short in the middle of the room, "you see that Injun there! Well, he's a raal Injun juggler, and, unless you tell me instantly your secret, as you call it, I'll stir up that fellow with the butt end of my rifle, and he shall fill this room with fiery serpents in a moment."

The poor superstitious negro recoiled with horror at this alarming threat. He had all the awe of his race for the red man, who, having never been reduced to subservience by the white, is regarded by the docile African partly as a wayward, wicked, and disobedient child, who refuses to be guided by those who have a natural right to authority, and partly as a hybrid, heathenish mortal, in whose paternity the devil has

so large a share that the Indian is unfitted to take a part in the ordinary lot of mankind.

"Why you see, massa," said he, beginning at once, with trembling lips, to tell his story, "it was when old Dinah, the black witch, that perhaps you have heerd tell on, was living. She used sometimes, of a winter's night, to be let in at de house of Massa Walter's papa, where she slept by de kitchen fire, but always went up de chimbley on a broomstick before de morning. Violet herself say—and Violet live at de house for many years—Violet say she often let Dinah in, but she nebber in her life see her go out, 'cept one morning, and den she went out a corpse; and she die wid pains and aches, oh horrible! so Violet say—"

"The devil take Violet; out with your story; what had Wat Bradshawe to do with the business?" cried the impatient soldier, thinking matter might be forthcoming from this kitchen gossip that would reward him by adding something worth repeating to the many strange stories that were told of Bradshawe throughout the country.

"What Massa Walter do?" exclaimed the negro, lowering his voice; "why, who but he dat kill de old woman! Massa Wat, he watch Dinah go up de chimbley, he see dat de black witch always slip off her skin, and hang it up behind de pantry-door before she go up. So he watch him chance, like a mad boy he was; he go to de dresser, take de casters, put pepper, mustard, and plenty salt on de skin; him chuckle, laugh, say 'he make de *debbil* ob de old woman.' Well, de witch come back, slip into her skin, she kick, she holler, she fall down in fit, and so she die, and dat de end ob Missy Dinah."

"Why—you—tar—nal—old—black—fool!" said the soldier, with a ludicrously indignant expression of baffled curiosity. "You—you—you jackass—you. I've more than a mind to stir up this Injun juggler, to show what raal deviltry is, Cuff, for making me listen to such heathen stuff as that."

As the soldier spoke, he advanced so near to the sleeping Mohawk as to strike him with his foot while heedlessly throwing it out to annoy the apprehensive negro. He had better have alarmed a coiled rattlesnake. For a knife, as deadly as the fangs of a serpent, was the next

moment plunged in his bosom as the captive leaped upon him. A window was thrown wide open by some unseen hand in the same moment. The negro stood speechless with horror; and, before the slumbering comrades of the unfortunate sentinel could rouse to avenge him, his scalp was filched from his head by the carving-knife which the Indian had secured beneath his blanket while brushing past the supper-table. He shook his gory trophy in the affrighted eyes of his half-awakened foemen, and bounded like a deer through the window.

In the morning there were no traces to be found either of the young savage or the suspicious-looking itinerant.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued)



BOOK REVIEWS.

ITALY FROM 1494 TO 1790. By Mrs. H. M. Vernon (K. Dorothea Ewart). 12mo., VIII+516 pp. Maps Cambridge: at the University Press. 1909. Price 5/6 net.

The reviewer has failed to find in this volume anything which indicates that the author has treated of any phase of American history. The volume appears to treat with especial fullness of the period, 1559-1700, of Italian history. Therefore, no trustworthy statements of its merits should be expected in the reviews of the *Magazine of History*.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE AND HIS TIMES. By Theodore D. Jervoy, Vice-President of the South Carolina Historical Society. 8vo. Illust. XIX+555 pp. New York: The MacMillan Co., 66 Fifth Ave. 1909. Price \$3.00 net.

This volume deals with the public career of a southern statesman little known in northern circles—a statesman who was an associate of, and ranked with, the great political leaders of the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century, viz., Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton.

Robert Young Hayne, a native of South Carolina, was chosen to represent his state in the United States Senate at the age of thirty-one years. As a child he was silent, thoughtful and self-controlled, observing what was going on about him. He was not precocious. He was not brilliant. The

world has no reward for precocity or brilliancy.

On account of a lack of funds he was unable to pursue a collegiate education, but graduated from a private school at the age of seventeen and immediately took up the study of law under the direction of the learned and eminent jurist, the Hon. Langdon Cheves of Charleston.

At the age of twenty-three, Mr. Hayne commenced his political career by delivering an address before the Palmetto Club, on July 4, 1814, which was keenly criticized on account of its political sentiments, not for its literary merits and defects.

The same year Mr. Hayne was sent to the State Legislature, where he received the appointment of quartermaster-general with the rank of colonel. At that time the coast of South Carolina was threatened by British men-of-war, and his position was no sine-cure. The war soon closed and he was elected attorney-general of the State, and a few years later he was honored with a seat in the United States Senate.

Immediately he identified himself with two important questions—the tariff and the public lands question, and his speeches on those subjects were powerful and effective, making him leader of his party in the Senate.

At that time there was factional bitterness over the tariff, as there always has been since the government placed a tax on imports, and the young Senator from South Carolina threw himself into the fray, declaring eloquently his convictions that the bill for protection then under consideration if passed "was calculated to create jealousies and banish all common sympathy among the people, array particular States and certain

peculiar interests in deadly hostility toward each other, and put in jeopardy the peace and harmony of the whole Union."

Portions of his speech as quoted by Mr. Jervey, show it to have been a political masterpiece, remarkable for its oratory, sound in logic and from the standpoint of simple justice unanswerable.

In closing, the young Senator became prophetic, saying: "Grant what you may now, the manufacturers will never be satisfied; do what you may for them, the advocates of home industry will never be content until every article imported from abroad which comes into competition with anything made at home shall be prohibited until foreign commerce shall be entirely cut off. If we go on in our course the time is at hand when these seats will be filled by the owners of manufacturing establishments, and these will call upon you with one voice for a monopoly of the raw material at their own price."

So, conflicting interests in a country of wide industrial and commercial diversities will ever present a two-sided question for public consideration. Where the expenses of maintaining government are constantly increasing, it becomes more difficult to provide for the financial requirements of maintaining government on a low revenue from imports and manufactures. There is no way to meet a billion-dollar Congress but by raising a billion and more to meet the expenses and appropriations annually forced on to a great nation. The game is to throw all the expenses possible "on the other fellow." But in the end the consumers have to pay the extra expenses from duties and revenues in advanced prices.

In 1828, Mr. Hayne was re-elected to the Senate by the unanimous vote of South Carolina, and a few months later he crossed swords with Daniel Webster in a debate which placed both names high on the pages of political history. At its beginning this debate was over the sale of the public lands, and Hayne was inadvertently drawn into a consideration of the question of nullification

which was at that time agitating the country.

The principle contended for was that every citizen had a right to construe the laws to suit himself, and also the right to resist with force such laws as he considered unjust, oppressive or tyrannical. According to this principle any citizen could declare any Federal law null and void and forcibly resist its execution. The doctrine was not confined to South Carolina, but was promulgated in Boston in Faneuil Hall, shortly before the second war with Great Britain. It was one of the questions upon which the permanency of the Union depended at all hazards, and Robert Y. Hayne was a principal in bringing about the ultimate solution of that fifty years later.

Touching this episode in the life of the two great statesmen, Mr. Jervey says in this volume:

"Webster was a mighty genius; Hayne was not abnormal, therefore it is doubtful if he could be called a genius, in one accepted sense of the word. He had not received the advantages of education which had been bestowed upon Webster, and to a great extent was a self-educated man. But the grasp of his mind was immense, the profundity of his judgment has not been fully fathomed, and his readiness in debate has never been surpassed if it has been equalled. In argument he went beyond Webster and in effective use of sarcasm, he shone more brightly. In beauty of diction he rose to a lofty height, and if he failed to reach the inaccessible peak to which, on strong pinion, Webster soared, it should be remembered that his cause gave him none such to mount to. . . . In his ability to win and hold the affection of those with whom he came in contact, and the respect and esteem of those with whom he found himself in opposition, very few have equalled him in the history of his country."

Thus the author portrays the leading characteristics of a distinguished statesman whose public career has heretofore been too

slightly known to be candidly estimated and fully appreciated by the present generation of political students.

To the reviewer it appears to be true that the major principles for which Mr. Hayne so ardently struggled in the United States Senate have not become the dominant principles by which this government is controlled, nevertheless they deserve the most careful consideration by all students of political history even though their application to government would ultimately end in the down-fall of the republic. A republic must construe its sovereign powers so as to provide for its own permanency even when those powers rest upon the consent of the governed.

It took the people of the United States more than fifty years to learn that the constitution does not make a division of sovereignty, but that it makes a distribution of the power of government between the States and the Union, giving some to the latter and leaving all other with the States or the people. This is not a division of sovereignty as will clearly appear to one who thinks carefully. Over whatever subjects the United States is given power, its sovereignty is perfect and complete. The same is true of the states as to all subjects left to their control. There is nowhere a divided sovereignty; there is everywhere distribution of topics over which the Union or the States have jurisdiction. This was not understood at the time Mr. Hayne occupied the Senate with his great debates, but it is the outgrowth of the most hostile struggle that was ever enacted on American soil. Mr. Hayne's interpretation of the rights and duties of citizenship under the constitution were those held by the majority of legislators prior to his debate with Webster, while the latter outlined a new field of interpretation. It had the elements of permanency in it and it became dominant.

The volume is illustrated and tastily printed in large type. Its value is enhanced by foot-notes and a copious index.

SOME HIDDEN SOURCES OF FICTION. By Benjamin Matthias Nead. 8vo. 61 pp. Philadelphia: Printed for private circulation by George W. Jacobs & Co. 1909.

A paper read before the Historical Society of Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, is published in this neat little volume. The author, a member of many historical societies, touches life at many points from a literary and historic standpoint.

He tells us that "the development of a literary spirit among the Pennsylvania pioneers was slow." Continuing he says: "They understood better how to handle the rifle than to use the pen, were too busy making history to record it, and the every day events in their lives furnished them with subjects for thought sufficiently exciting without entering the domain of fiction and fancy." . . . "The romantic incidents, the heroic deeds, the actual occurrences in the lives of individuals, except in the case of the more conspicuous actors, have been left unrecorded, perhaps because they lacked sufficient dignity to warrant mention in history; but they are, nevertheless, pregnant with great possibilities in the hands of a modern master of fiction."

The story of the English regicides at old Hadley may be discovered in Scott's *Peveril of the Peak* as well as in Cooper; the doings of the Doanes of Pennsylvania, and of the notorious Nugents were used by Bayard Taylor in his *Story of Kennet*, and by Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird in his *Hawks of Hawk Hollow*. The prototype of Irving's "eel-skin queue in old Keldermeester" was a Revolutionary hero of the name Butler of the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania.

The author's principal contention is to show the points of agreement between a story entitled *Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo of the Virginia Regiment* which was published in 1854 and Sir Gilbert Parker's

Seats of the Mighty published in 1905. From the parallel readings cited it appears that the whole plot of the latter was drawn from the earlier publication. While the gifted author of *The Seats of the Mighty* borrowed the real hero's coat and "put a new nap upon it," Mr. Nead suggests that the graceful thing to have done would have been to acknowledge indebtedness to Neville B. Craig, the elder, and to the manuscript in the British Museum where was preserved one of the most thrilling and romantic tales associated with old Fort Du Quesne.

The suggestion is timely; but, is not the construction of history the discovery of what was once well known but which in the lapse of time has passed from memory and is rapidly passing from all ancient records and can only be preserved by placing the neglected, forgotten story of the past in a new dress and in a new attractive volume?

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DOVER, MASSACHUSETTS, SOLDIERS. By Frank Smith, Author of the History of Dover. 8vo. 88+IV pp. Map. Printed by the Town. 1909.

In this pamphlet the author gives exact and full particulars of each of one hundred and forty-three men who lived within the territory of the present town of Dover and who rendered military service in their day and generation.

The author shows that the town had one or more representatives in each of seven wars, viz., King Philip's, the French and Indian, the Revolutionary, 1812, the Mexican, the Civil, and the Spanish War. The work is well done and the author is the only living authority who knows thoroughly the history of the town of Dover, which was set off from the ancient town of Dedham in 1784.

The town is to be congratulated upon having a historian who knows the exact spot

in the town where these soldiers were born and lived and who has transmitted that knowledge to future generations. An individual index is found.

HANDBOOK OF ALASKA: ITS RESOURCES, PRODUCTS, AND ATTRACTIONS. By Major-General A. W. Greely, U. S. A. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. XIII+280 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909. Price \$2.00 net.

Heretofore it has been impossible to find a volume giving trustworthy information concerning the territory of Alaska. At the time of its acquisition there was a general impression throughout the United States that the territory which the reviewer was taught to call "Russian America" was an ice-bound, uninhabitable waste.

As our people came to realize fully that this territory was in reality a part of the United States, there appeared a set of enthusiastic writers whose knowledge of the country was gained by a six-weeks' visit to Sitka and its environs, who described the country as a veritable Garden of Eden in beauty and productiveness, everywhere sparkling with gold.

Between these extremes have appeared representations of the most varied character as to the availability of the country for civilized races and uses. After so much untrustworthy and unreliable literature on this subject the appearance of this volume is most welcome.

Prepared by an accomplished and experienced officer of the U. S. army—an officer who has made six visits to that country—who had charge of the construction of over 4,000 miles of telegraph lines there, who thrice travelled the whole Yukon Valley, visiting Fairbanks, Prince William Sound and

Nome, and who was twice supreme military commander of the territory. Major-General Greely's experience most admirably qualified him to become the author of this handbook. He has had extraordinary opportunities to become familiar with conditions as they exist there.

His personal observations were supplemented by a careful, systematic collation of all data relating to its productions and resources.

What the miners, farmers, fur-hunters, fishermen and traders have been able to secure is stated in figures taken from official documents. The author frequently says that a portion of these toilers have been "moderately successful." While millions have been gained, much of the effort hitherto put forth there has ended in disappointment. Compared with many other areas of the United States this country, we are told, has a heavy handicap, nevertheless it possesses vast resources.

In his descriptions the author indulges more freely in superlatives, intimating that in the magnificence of its scenery it has no parallel elsewhere in the world. Modestly disclaiming the power to describe adequately what he has seen, he quotes many passages from others which he affirms are correct portrayals of what critics have branded as extravagant.

The author's account of the native popula-

tion, including the Eskimos and the Aleutian Islanders, is especially interesting. Endowed with capacity and attractive qualities as these rude races are it is painful to learn that white men—Americans!—have sought them mainly "for exploitation and debauchery," under which contact they are rapidly doomed to extinction in the land of their nativity. The land and sea animals upon which these natives depended for subsistence have been pursued by the new-comers almost to extermination, while liquor and licentiousness have hastened the extinction of the natives.

The work of the missionaries, and the educational work of some of the commercial companies, is commended and the introduction of the reindeer is to some extent compensating for the destruction of the whale, the walrus and the seal. The conservation of our national resources in the presence of the greed of commercialism is an urgent need everywhere and especially in Alaska where men seek solely for wealth.

Well indexed, illustrated and printed, the volume is invaluable as a book of reliable reference. It could well supplant most other volumes relating exclusively to Alaska in our public libraries.

Should that be done many libraries would be enriched in books of reliable information and reserve space for other permanent literature as it appears from time to time.

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
JAN 22 1910

VOL. X

No. 6

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

DECEMBER, 1909

WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK

Published Monthly

\$5.00 a Year

50 Cents a Number

JUST PUBLISHED
“Ancient Handwritings”

By WILLIAM SAUNDERS

Written especially for the assistance of those Genealogists and Historians who find a difficulty in deciphering Old Records.

In the Text of the book, besides much information about the History of Handwritings, Explanations of many of the old perplexing Abbreviations are given.

This useful and handsome work, which is printed on special paper, contains in an Appendix also Eight Photographic *Facsimiles* of Documents (with full explanations), illustrating those Handwritings which present the greatest difficulties to the searcher for genealogical and other data in old records.

A careful study of this interesting volume is to be recommended to all who wish to make their own researches.

Many others besides genealogical students will regret that this helpful work was not in their hands years ago.

64 Pages, Demy 4to, Large Paper

Price \$1 Post Free

Published by CHAS. A. BERNAU
Walton-on-Thames, England

International Money Order (Post Office) is generally the most convenient way of remitting from America to England. American checks should be drawn for five cts. over the sum due.

I have the pleasure of announcing a small edition—one hundred copies only—of MR. ISAAC J. GREENWOOD'S

THE CIRCUS

ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH

PRIOR TO 1835

WITH A SKETCH OF
NEGRO MINSTRELSY

Save for the small edition printed ten years ago by the Dunlap Society for its own members, and therefore almost unknown to the public, this is the only edition of this unique and very interesting work.

It is the story of an amusement dating from early in the sixteenth century, and a rival of the drama in Shakespeare's time.

No less a person than Dr. Johnson uttered in its favor the sage remark: "Sir, such a man (the bareback rider of the day) should be encouraged, for his performances show the extent of human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinions of the faculties of man."

The illustrations—all in Bierstadt artotype—are from scarce originals, *e. g.*, Astley's Riding School (London), Astley himself, Mlle. Taglioni as "La Fille de l'Air," the old circus buildings in Philadelphia and Boston, etc.

The size is octavo, large type, on a fine paper. The price is Five Dollars *net*.

I solicit your order for a copy.

WILLIAM ABBATT,
141 East 25th St., New York City.

